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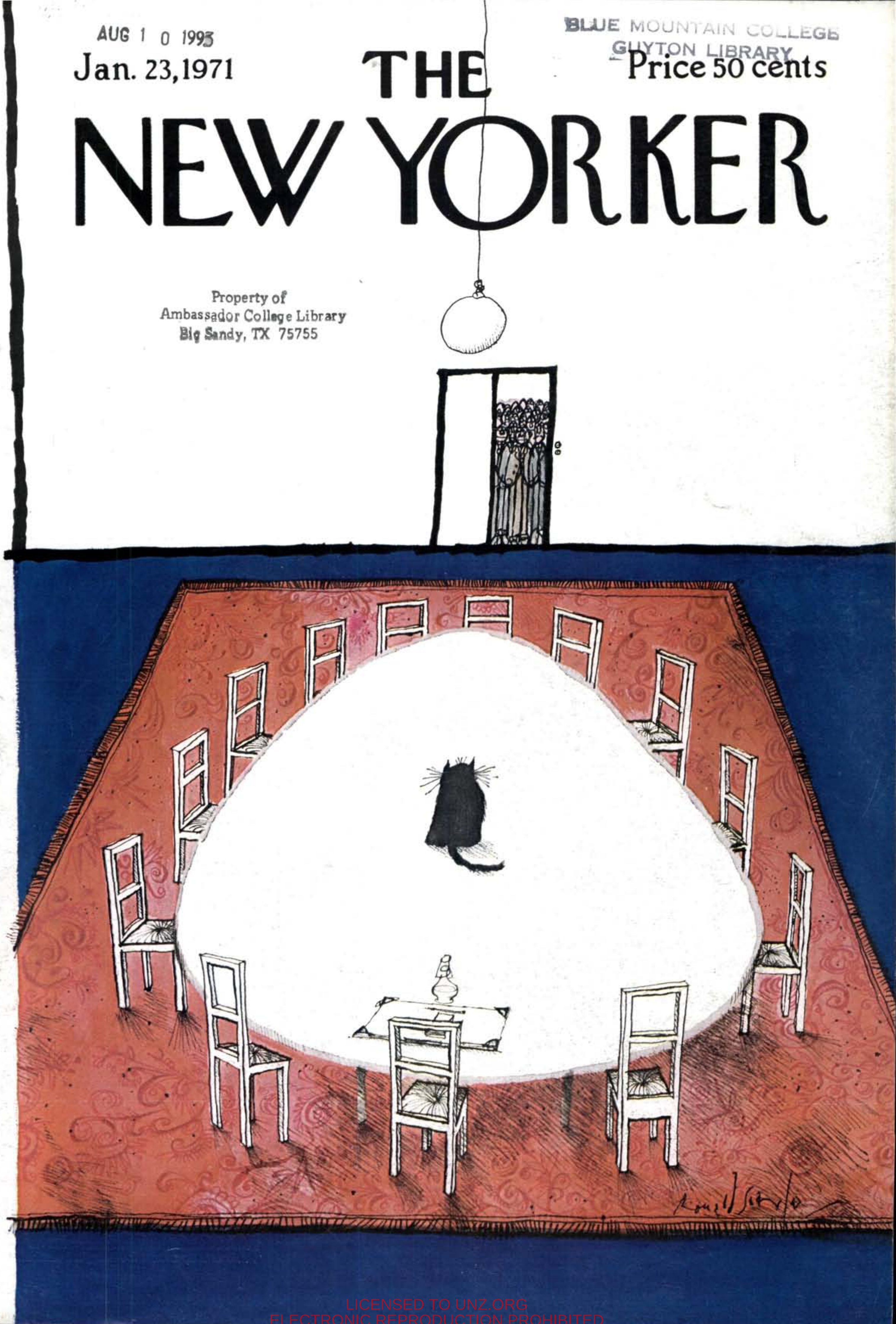

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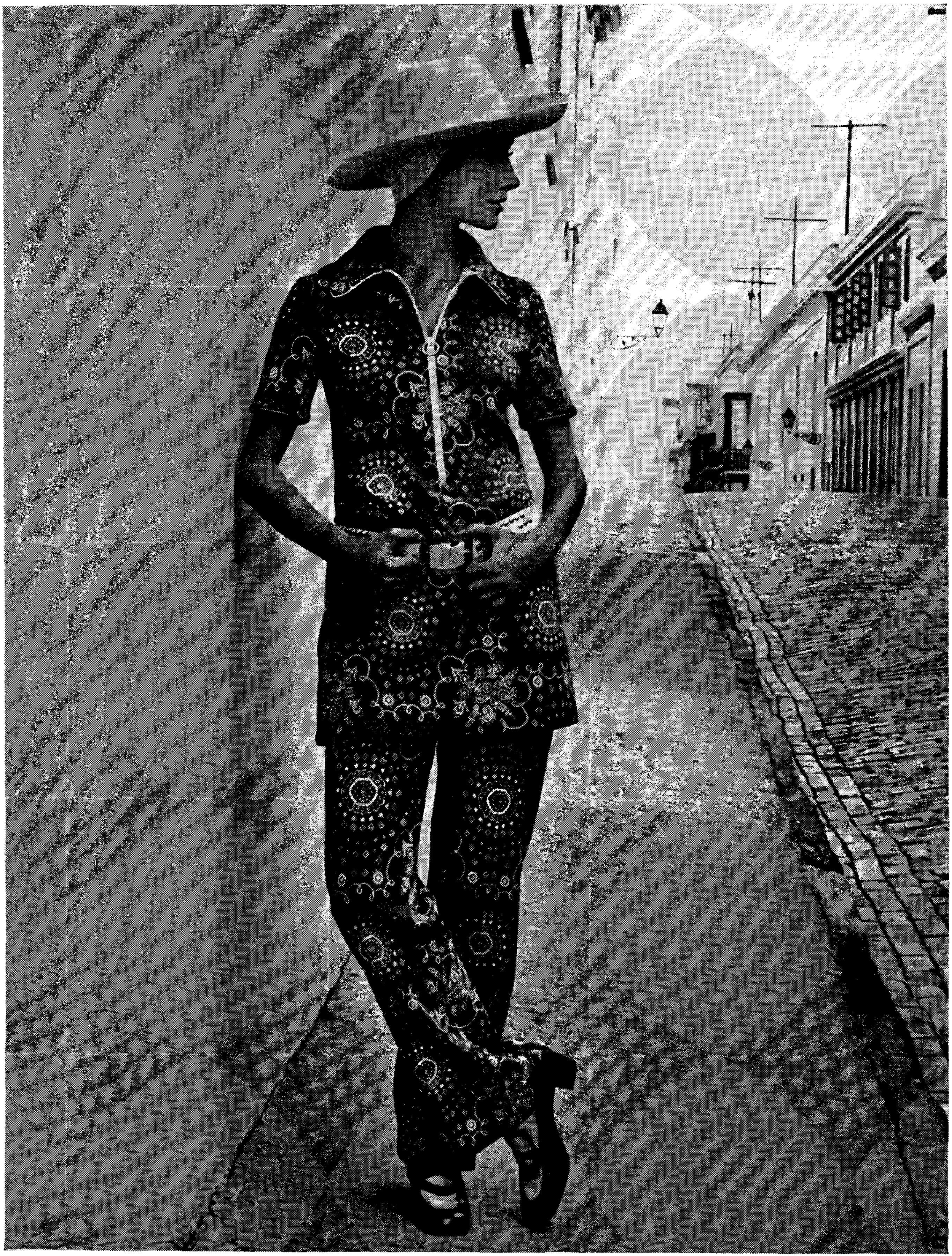

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(One of the major changes for the new year is that for all Broadway, and some Off Broadway, shows the evening curtain time is at 7:30. And most matinées start at 2....¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A delightful evening of skits about radio and TV by two stars of radio and TV, cunningly directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 7:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A melodrama falling somewhere between Kipling and Agatha Christie, set in nineteenth-century India and superbly acted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

A Doll's House—A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Dream Out of Time—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowry. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Four on a Garden—Carol Channing and Sid Caesar in a comedy written and directed by Abe Burrows. Previews through Friday, Jan. 29. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 30. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—In which the playwright, Neil Simon, puts a reformed alcoholic through a rather too carefully carpentered wringer. Ably acted by Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Heritage—A play written and directed by P. J. Barry, presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the final program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Jan. 25, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 2.)

Home—Four lonely people in a vast, decrepit English madhouse find life well worth getting on with. A brilliant play by David Storey, superbly enacted by Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Mona Washbourne, and Jessica Tandy, under the direction of Lindsay Anderson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett—This arrangement of excerpts from Beckett's novels and poems and plays, beautifully acted by Mr. MacGowran, makes a most extraordinary evening in the theatre. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—A limited engagement of the production of the Royal Shakespeare Company, from Stratford-Upon-Avon. Directed by Peter Brook. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 20. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:40. Matinées the first week on Thursday and Saturday at 2; subsequently on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Perry's Mission and **Rosalee Pritchett**—Two one-act plays, the first written by Clarence Young III and directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the second written by Carlton and Barbara Molette and directed by Shauneille Perry. The second in this season's series of three offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fri-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23

"HOW NOW?" . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 28

"THE FINDER" . . . . *Elizabeth Spencer* 30

"SNOW IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND" (POEM) . . . . . . *Ted Walker* 32

"CROW PAINTS HIMSELF INTO A CHINESE MURAL" (POEM) . . . . *Ted Hughes* 38

PROFILES (ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE AND THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON—I) . . . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 40

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 66

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 66

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 68

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS (CUBIST ART EXHIBITION IN LOS ANGELES) . . . . . . *Francis Steegmuller* 70

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 76

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 85

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 91

BOOKS . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 92

BRIEFLY NOTED 94

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

DRAWINGS: *Alan Dunn, Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Perry Barlow, Lee Lorenz, Kenneth Mahood, J. B. Handelsman, Barney Tobey, Edward Koren, Robert Day, William O'Brian, Stan Hunt, Chon Day, Warren Miller, Donald Reilly, Robert Minter*

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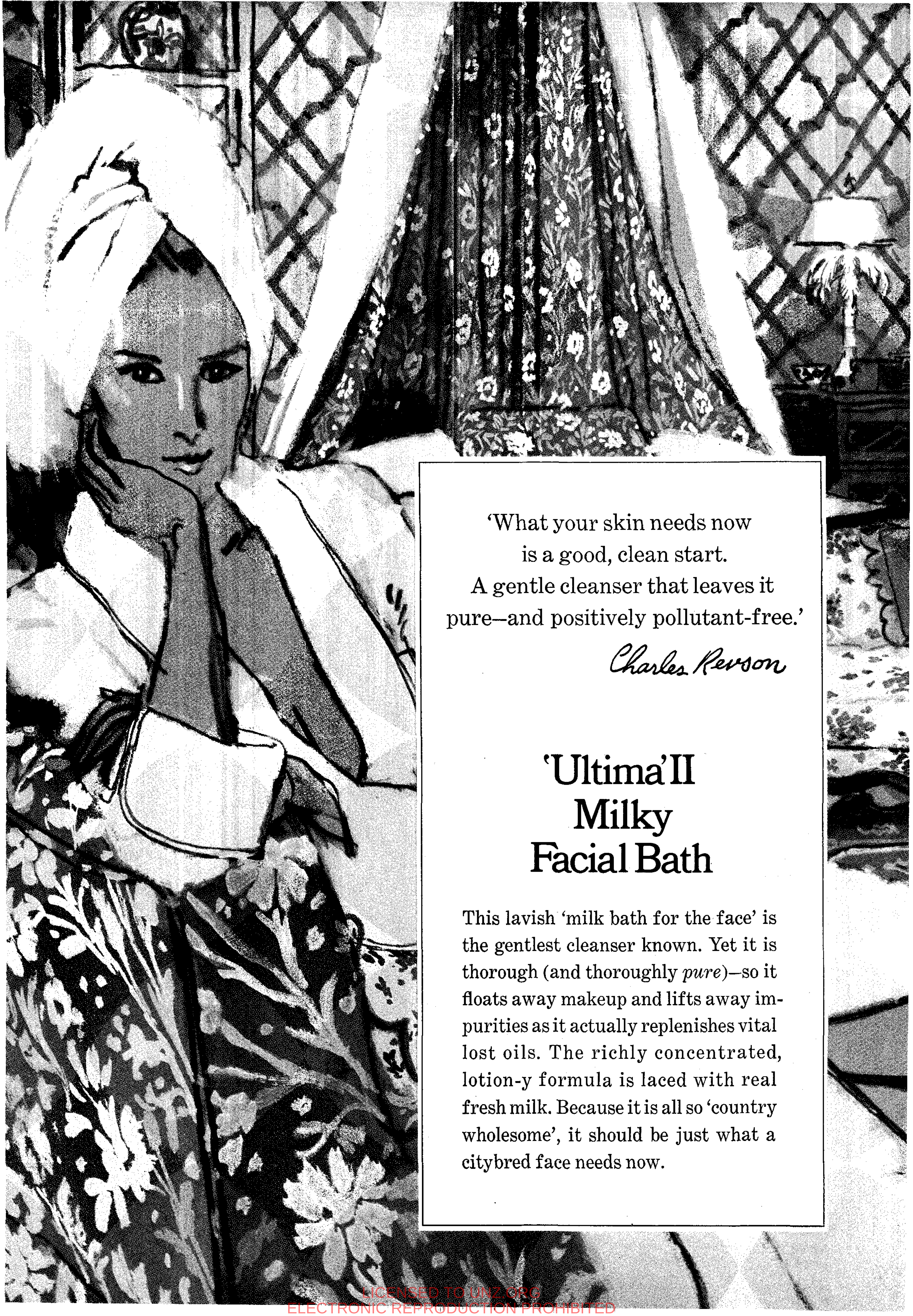

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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24	25	26	27	28	29	30

days at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Synge's **THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD**, with David Birney, is the second in this year's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 24.)

Story Theatre—In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Ari—A talentless musical adaptation of Leon Uris's best-seller, "Exodus." Mr. Uris is responsible for the book and lyrics, and Walt Smith for the music. David Cryer and Constance Towers have the leads and do their best. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Company—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Earthlight—A rock musical with a score by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 533-8270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—The 1925 musical with a book by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel, music by Vincent Youmans, and lyrics by Irving Caesar and Mr. Harbach. Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, Helen Gallagher, Susan Watson, and Patsy Kelly head the cast. Directed by Burt Shevelove, with the production supervised by Busby Berkeley. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—APPLAUSE: Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —All Ireland is washed by the gulfstream, Stephen said as he let honey trickle over a slice of the loaf. Haines from the corner where he was knotting easily a scarf about the loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke: —I intend to make a collection of your sayings if you will let me. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Speaking to me. They wash and tub and scrub. Agenbite of inwit. Conscience. Yet here's a spot. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —That one about the cracked lookingglass of a servant being the symbol of Irish art is deuced good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** His good looks and his rank had one fair claim on his attachment; since to them he must have owed a wife of very superior character to any thing deserved by his own. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Lady Elliot had been an excellent woman, sensible and amiable; whose judgment and conduct, if they might be pardoned the youthful infatuation which made her Lady Elliot, had never required indulgence afterwards. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** —She had humoured, or softened, or concealed his failings, and promoted his real respectability for seventeen years; and though not the very happiest being in the world herself, had found enough in her duties, her friends, and her children, to attach her to life, and make it no matter of indifference to her when she was called on to quit them. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** —Three girls, the two eldest sixteen and fourteen, was an awful legacy for a mother to bequeath; an awful charge rather, to confide to the authority and guidance of a conceited, silly father. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 2, and no performance that evening.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Irish Fantasy," "La Source," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Four Last Songs" (première), "Concerto for Two Pianos" (première), and "Irish Fantasy."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:15: "Kodály Dances," "The Cage," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:15: "Concerto for Two Pianos" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Four Last Songs," and "Firebird."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 24, at 1:15: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Firebird."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 24, at 7:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Four Last Songs," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8:15: "Reveries," "Concerto for Two Pianos," "Pas de Deux," and "Four Last Songs."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Concerto for Two Pianos," "The Cage," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:15: "Episodes," "Illuminations," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:15: "Suite No. 3," "In the Night," and "Prodigal Son."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:15: "Harlequinade" and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:15: "Agon," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Australian Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week engagement by this company, appearing here for the first time. Through Sunday, Feb. 7. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30 and Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Don Quixote."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Les Rendezvous," "The Display," and "Raymonda."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Symphony in Gold," "La Source Pas de Deux," "Esmeralda Pas de Deux," "The Display," and "Raymonda."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2 and 8: "Don Quixote." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Mazowsze—Final performances of a two-week engagement by a company of a hundred Polish folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 2; Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30: "Streams," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 20, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, at 8: "Toccata," "Reflections in D," "Blues Suite," "Archipelago" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Monday, Jan. 25, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Jan. 27, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "The Beloved," "Flowers" (première), "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 26, and Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30: "Toccata," "Journey," "Flowers," "Archipelago," and "Revelations." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

Maurice Bejart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Opening performances of a two-week engagement by this company from Brussels, appearing here for the first time. Through Sunday, Feb. 7. Monday, Jan. 25, at 7:30: "Choreographic Offering" (première), "Bach Sonata," and "Bhakti."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Choreographic Offering," "Nomos Alpha," "Erotica," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 27-28, at 8: "Messe pour le Temps Present." ... ¶ Friday, Jan. 29, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2: "Actus Tragicus," "Bach Sonata,"

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and "Bhakti.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Actus Tragicus," "Nomos Alpha," and "Les Vainqueurs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Siberian Dancers and Singers of Omsk—Opening performances of a ten-day engagement by a company of a hundred folk dancers, singers, musicians, and bear-actors, appearing here for the first time; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8; Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Paul Sanasardo—With his dance company. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

Daniel Nagrin—In a dance recital. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Curtis Mayfield, best known as a singer with the Impressions, is doing a solo act with his own social-consciousness songs. On Wednesday, Jan. 27, Miles Davis, who has been magnetizing part of the rock audience lately, will come in with his quintet. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Warmth, comfort, and pleasant jazz by Joe Chambers—playing a piano powered by Con Edison—and bassist John Orr. They will be relieved on Tuesday, Jan. 26, by pianist Welden Irvine and bassist John Williams. The music runs from ten to two. Dinner is served until one. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Barney Josephson, who long ago made night-life history with Café Society Uptown and Downtown, is repeating it by seating Mary Lou Williams at a piano. With Michael Fleming on bass, she plays from eight to one, except Sundays, in a restaurant gaily ornamented by Refregier.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, dark corner where some of this city's best guitar work can be heard. Attila Zoller, who can get pretty advanced on his axe, is working with bass player Lisle Atkinson. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Spare ribs and other dishes that constitute soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Old-time blues are sung by Jimmy Rushing Fridays through Sundays in this casual club. With him—and without him the other nights of the week—is an easy swinging jazz quartet. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Lovers of the traditional can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your old plastic boater and grin, and maybe you'll believe it's not 1971 at all but some never-never time before social problems began and everything was hunky-dory, striped like a barber pole, and accompanied by two banjos and a piano. Peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Leon Thomas, who has been singing for twenty-five years or more, recently came into his own, in some circles, with his idiosyncratic yodel. He performs until Tuesday, Jan. 26, when Elvin Jones will bring his quartet over from the Vanguard. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gaslight, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Cramped basement quarters where steam pipes crackle overhead while patrons sip coffee, tea, or cider. Forget the material considerations, however, when Tim Hardin—who hasn't been heard in these parts lately—comes on to sing his own songs in his moving, inimitable way. He starts Wednesday, Jan. 27. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers on stage.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Saxophonist Lee Konitz, who has been broadening his approach to jazz, leads a quartet every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Jazz, pop, and dancing. Larry Coryell, a versatile demon on guitar, leads his trio through Saturday, Jan. 23. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 26, J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt will share the stage with folk singer Oscar Brand and the Fabulous Road Apples. On Sundays, Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra investigate the unusual and the bizarre. Mondays are devoted to Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Drummer Elvin Jones—explosive, polyrhythmic, and engrossing—leads his quartet in this hoary jazz cellar. On Tuesday, Jan. 26, other performers will come in. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a five-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Jan. 24, tenor saxophonist Al Cohn will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoop-la and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An urbane but relaxed club whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A fairly restrained evocation of the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Like something off the old M-G-M lot, equipped with sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and danceable. Three times nightly, the Victorians entertain, until Monday, Jan. 25, when a singer named Cody Marshal replaces them. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—The "24" in the name indicates round-the-clock action. So far, this Las Vegas principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu. Fancy lamps and artificial plants.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The Ol' Man River of discothèques—it just keeps grooving along. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Down where the Würzburger flows. The Alps in this case are Bavarian; so are the singers, prancers, and musicians, the red cabbage and sauerbraten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Hope springs eternal, and so do the balletomanes who follow the lead of José Molina across the stage. The old Spanish custom is properly honored by his troupe. The place is in operation every single night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), a small haven filled with divans and Latin lyrics in several tongues, all of them forked into the air by an efficient but not too effulgent sound system. Mostly listeners, a few dancers. Nine to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Jackie De Shannon, the Blue Grass belter, departs on Wednesday, Jan. 20, and one night later along come Marvin Braverman, a Village-circuit humorist, and Jerry Vale, a pop as well as a sometimes short-circuit tenor. The songfests occur twice a night in general, thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Las Vegas. No quiet nights here, either.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Not a forest primeval but a forest primavera is **LA FORÊT**, a de-luxe limited edition (only Tuesdays through Saturdays) of a supper club. Phil Wayne's quintet (the most inventive group he has ever put together) begins at seven-thirty and carries on until well after the theatre. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ**, dance music every night, and (except Sundays and Mondays) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until twelve-thirty is the working night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, at eight-thirty and eleven, the fetching little Judy Carne has a harum-scarum time doing her song-and-dance act, mostly in the manner of the English music-hall turn, and each good turn deserves (and gets) another. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—Don't stop them if you think you've heard it before, because the frolicsome cast of "Dames at Sea" are parodying, and perfectly, the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the creators of this laudable feat of total recall; Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the efficacious players; Baldwin Bergersen, who has written some memorable songs himself, is at the entr'acte piano. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; at four and seven-thirty Sundays. A reasonable amount of dining, but absolutely no dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the grand old **EDWARDIAN ROOM**, the traditional violin weaves its way through the prandial hours every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court mu-

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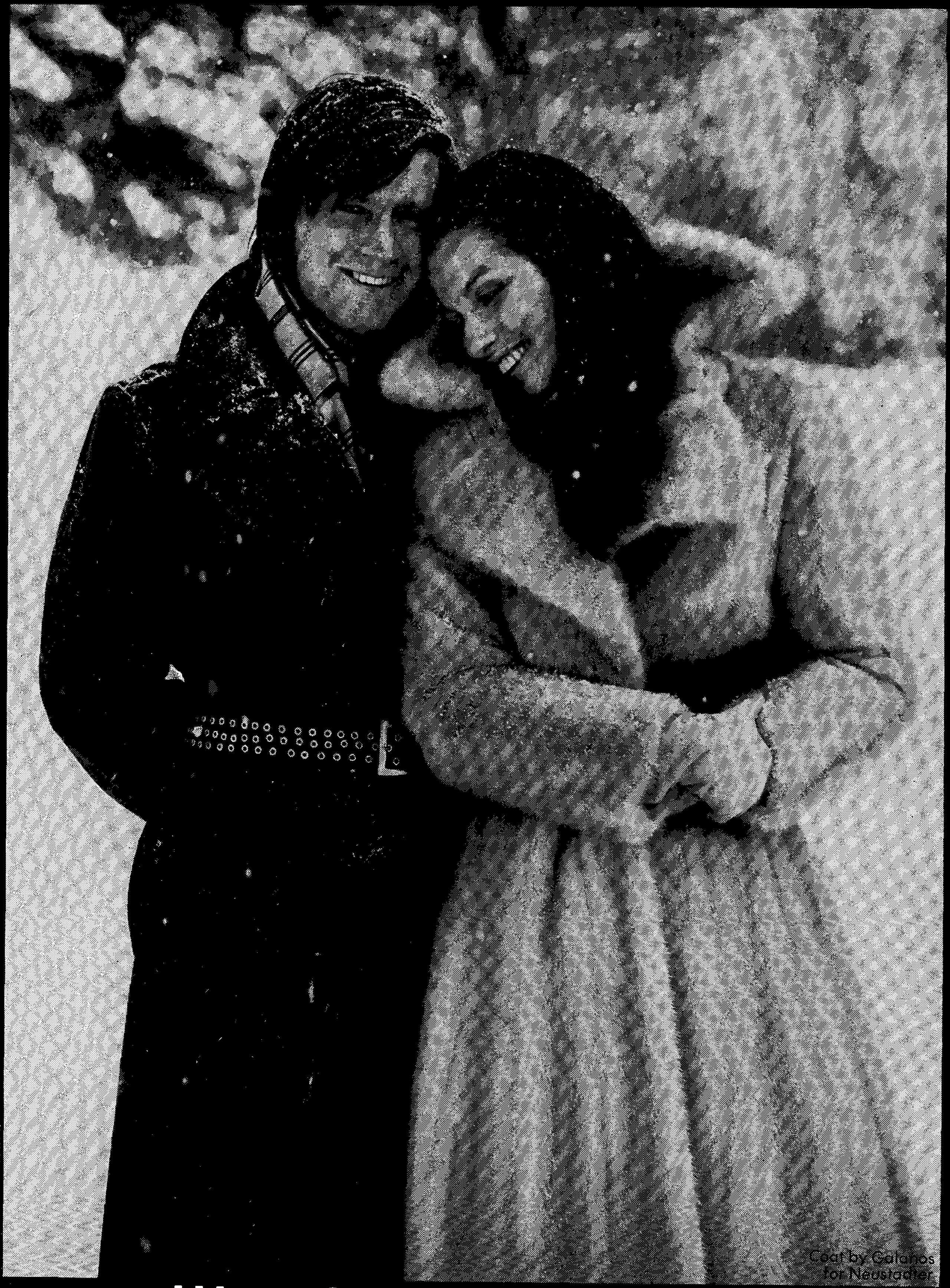
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sicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—All-people people keep trying to turn young girls like Tamiko Jones into all-things-for-all-people singers, but now and again Miss Jones becomes self-taught, which is just great. So is the restless, broody band that works with her. Dinner and supper are her *hours. On Monday, Jan. 25, she will be suc*ceeded by Hildegarde, still the lady of the manor being benign and bland as she has the tenant farmers in for the annual Christmas party. Dancing. Sundays are dark.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The old barony has settled down to a long and useful life. It begins at five-thirty in the **st. regis room** with an *avant*-theatre buffet dinner-and-piano session, proceeds to dinner and supper in both the **maisonette** (Quintero's masterly *paso-doble* bandsmen and Hal Turner's brisk Americanos) and **la boite** (those old Viennese courtiers Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen at their stringed instruments), and returns to the **st. regis room** for the *après*-theatre songs of a firm young man, Jason, and a lissome nymph, Maryhazel. The St. Regis Room is in service every night but Sunday; the others shut down Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

café carlyle, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Songs of sixpence, songs worth their weight in gold, pockets full of wry: these are the arsenal of Mabel Mercer, and her performance of them is the definitive one. The piano of Jimmy Lyon is her supporting cast. Not until well along in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **dangerfield's**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **el avram**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., is soliloquizing, but the ambience never flags anyway. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **chez vito**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **dionysos**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night, and admire the scenery. . . . **la paella**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small world from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **château henri iv**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **carlton lounge**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley has moved his piano into this town house, and—along with dinner and supper—he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **drake room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **sherry-netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **café renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; *the nourishment is both American* plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **rembrandt room**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Just about the perfect host and just about enough grandeur. The enterprise is presided over by George Feyer, whose piano recalls both the Austrian and the Hungarian aspects of Empire. He operates from eight-thirty until one-thirty, and he is invisible on Sundays. . . . **monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A busy-bee and Romanesque enterprise, through which Rudy Barron often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **marymary**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): A duplex specializing entirely in New York supper-club life as it used to be—a spot wherein people gather to hear someone they know and claim as their own. This time, it is Mary McCarty, who used to say and sing a lot of funny things in revues and *boîtes*. Her reprises are done, commencing about ten-thirty, for that sort of loyal audience. Dining, too, and Marty Napoleon on piano at the head of a trio, and (on Sunday nights) the threesome of Daphne Hellman, whose harp can venture into the classics. No go for anyone on Mondays. . . . **sign of the dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated. He is in session from six until one, though not on Sundays. . . . **blue whale**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach house, with fully equipped kitchen, quiet neighborhood. May be seen every evening but Monday. Wayne Sanders, one of the final inhabitants of Goldie's New York, has taken a new lease—on the local piano. . . . **wine cellar**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes (on the saloon deck) a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef, as well as (on the boat deck) community piano, this every evening but Sunday. Never a dark night for downstairs.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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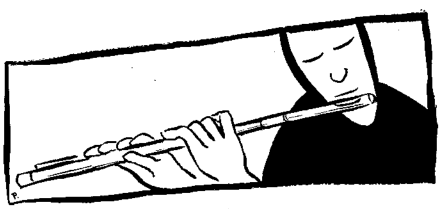

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Samuel Adler—Sculptures in wood; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Leo Amino—A survey exhibition of this artist's sculptures in plastic, from 1945 to 1970; starting Tuesday, Jan. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Stephen Antonakos—Air-brush drawings on black backgrounds; starting Tuesday, Jan. 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mike Bakaty—Strips and light-catching forms in fibre glass; through Feb. 2. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Herbert Bayer—Recent paintings, sculptures, and architectural projects by a well-known member of the Bauhaus; through Feb. 6. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margit Beck—Cubist-derived aerial landscapes; through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Bluhm and Julian Stanczak—Small triptychs by the former, a leading Action painter, and patterns using transparent effects by the latter, a prominent Optical artist; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Camacho—Interweavings of mathematical shapes; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Clem Clarke—Still-lifes by an artist who copies museum pieces; through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Copley—Recent paintings by a Surrealist; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ron Davis—Minimal paintings with the illusion of depth; through Feb. 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robyn Denny—Paintings by a British reductionist; through Feb. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bob Duran—Cloudlike abstractions; through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Sonja Eisenberg—Paintings of vaguely highlighted naturelike shapes in this artist's first show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Escher—Free-form neon tubings on the floor and ceiling; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Etnier—Paintings of Maine and Nassau subjects; through Feb. 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Graham—Wax figures of a woman in a series of movements inside Plexiglas boxes; through Feb. 11. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

John Gundelfinger—Misty New Jersey landscapes; through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Paintings by the celebrated Abstract Expressionist, including works from his early American period, 1936-41; through Feb. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Keith Hollingworth—The artist's first one-man show of sculptures in mixed materials that include recognizable images; through Feb. 11. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Kawabata—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irene Krugman—Suggestive wrigglings of animated plastic sheets; starting Saturday, Jan. 23. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

group; through Feb. 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony J. Lauck—Carvings, terra-cottas, and sculptures in plaster, plus drawings, of religious themes; through Feb. 6. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elliott Lloyd—Six shaped, stained canvases; through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Figurative terra-cotta reliefs and sculptures; through Feb. 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

G. E. Moore—Objects of different materials—rubber, brick, glass, wood, gravel; through Feb. 6. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Parker—Large paintings of colored shapes; through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Passuntino—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics of fantastic subjects by a member of the Rhino Horn group; through Feb. 3. (Sonraed, 542 La Guardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

Picasso—Oil paintings not hitherto shown in the United States, also watercolors, drawings, and recent graphics; through Feb. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Portraits of New York poets by this painter of domestic themes; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Peter Reginato—Welded-steel sculptures; through Thursday, Jan. 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Remenick—Paintings of figures, landscapes, and seascapes; through Feb. 6. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Ross—Static and moving organizations of light; through Feb. 4. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Shannon—Realistically painted individual and group figures with satirical elements; through Feb. 4. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Solman—Figure paintings and still-lifes of the New York scene; starting Tuesday, Jan. 26. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Pat Steir—The first show here of this artist's paintings, all of which include the figure of a man with a wolf's head; through Feb. 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julius Tobias—An environment of concrete slabs; through Feb. 6. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Francisco Toledo—A comprehensive exhibit of figurative works in many mediums by a Mexican Indian who has been exhibiting in New York galleries; through Feb. 6. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Trova—More variations in this artist's polished "Falling Man" series; through Feb. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Tweddle—Naïve paintings of people and landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Voss—Narrative paintings of minute figurations; through Feb. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wasey—Abstract sculptures in stone, a few in wood; through Feb. 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Naïve art by, among others, Rousseau, Bombois, Shalom of Safed, and Grandma Moses; through Saturday, Jan. 30. Closed Mondays.) . . . **danenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and sculptures of the twentieth century; through Feb. 27. . . . **dorsky**, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Paintings and sculptures by half a dozen artists working in as many different contemporary modes; through Feb. 5. . . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: A wide selection of drawings on several themes by younger artists from various United States regions and by draftsmen familiar to New Yorkers, such as Beauchamp, Cajori, Copley, Grooms, and Leslie; through Feb. 2. . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Leading twentieth-century European painters and sculptors, from the Fauves to Dubuffet and from Brancusi to Giacometti; through Feb. 6. . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Friday, Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints emphasizing common elements in different current styles—the show is directed by David Bourdon and includes works by Bannard, Van Buren, Nancy Graves, Warhol, and others; starting Monday, Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . **zabriskie**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Drawings of the past fifty years by Katherine Schmidt, Morris Kantor, and Louis Lozowick; starting Saturday, Jan. 23. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—ranging in time from the second millenium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23. . . . ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, who has been celebrated for his boxes; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family"—more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife Sarah, gathered from many sources; through March 1. . . . ¶ Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21. . . . ¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York cityscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's leading photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The first North American retrospective, consisting of eighty-four paintings, sculptures, and drawings, plus toys (which played an important part in his development), of Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949), well-known South American abstractionist; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Thirty-six works by Wojciech Fangor, a Polish color painter who lives in the United States; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Fifty-five works by thirty-three Japanese artists, chosen to represent the most avant-garde developments in Japan today; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum's traditional biennial survey of American sculpture; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Japanese folding screens dating from the late sixteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through Feb. 16.

(Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Eighty-six contemporary drawings selected from eight regional shows—they include works by de Kooning, D'Arcangelo, Rauschenberg, Rivers, Motherwell, Rosenquist, Samaras, Warhol, Wesselmann, and many others; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Approximately two hundred and fifty prints by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), containing the human and animal themes of his celebrated sculptures; through March 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibit of Henri Laurens (1885-1954), consisting of more than a hundred sculptures, as well as reliefs, constructions, graphics, and drawings, also fourteen paintings and five sculptures by Georges Braque (1882-1963), friend of Laurens; through March 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 22: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Hillebrecht, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Edmond Karlsrud, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 25: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 26: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Hillebrecht, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Edmond Karlsrud, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 29: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." Staged by Osvaldo Riofrancos, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Bruno Maderna. (Juilliard Theatre, Lincoln Center. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 21-23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Daniel Barenboim conducting on Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30, a program for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Artur Rubinstein, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 22, at 2; and Monday, Jan. 25, at 7:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano). . . . ¶ Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Jan. 28, and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30, and Monday, Feb. 1, at 7:30 (all with Masuko Ushioda, violin).

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 23-24, at 8:30, with Claudio Arrau, piano; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 30-31, at 8:30, with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin. All seats have been sold for the first two concerts, and only standing room is left.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a chamber-music program, with George Koutzen, cello, and Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan conducting, with Harriet Wingreen and Seymour Bernstein, pianos, and Albinas Prizgintas, organ. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Jorge Mester directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Maria Clodes—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Samuel Baron—Flute. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Brahms, Mozart, and Haydn Concert—Benita Valente, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank, pianos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

New Amsterdam Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Ivan Davis—Piano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 17. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Charles Treger—Violin, with Beveridge Webster, *piano;* Gary Karr, *contrabass;* and three members of the Tokyo String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Albert Ferber—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Thomas Simons—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Janet Baker, and Daniel Barenboim—Baritone, mezzo-soprano, and piano, in a program of duets. The last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Venetian Brass—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:40.)

Music from Marlboro—Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; David Golub, piano; Miriam Fried and Felix Galimir, violin; John Graham, viola; and James Kreger, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Jaime Laredo and Alexander Schneider—Violin, with Raphael Hillyer and Nobuko Imai, viola, and Jules Eskin and Robert Sylvester, cello, in an all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:40.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Elaine Shaffer and Hephzibah Menuhin—Flute and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Note—Stephen Kates will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 31, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 25, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not be-

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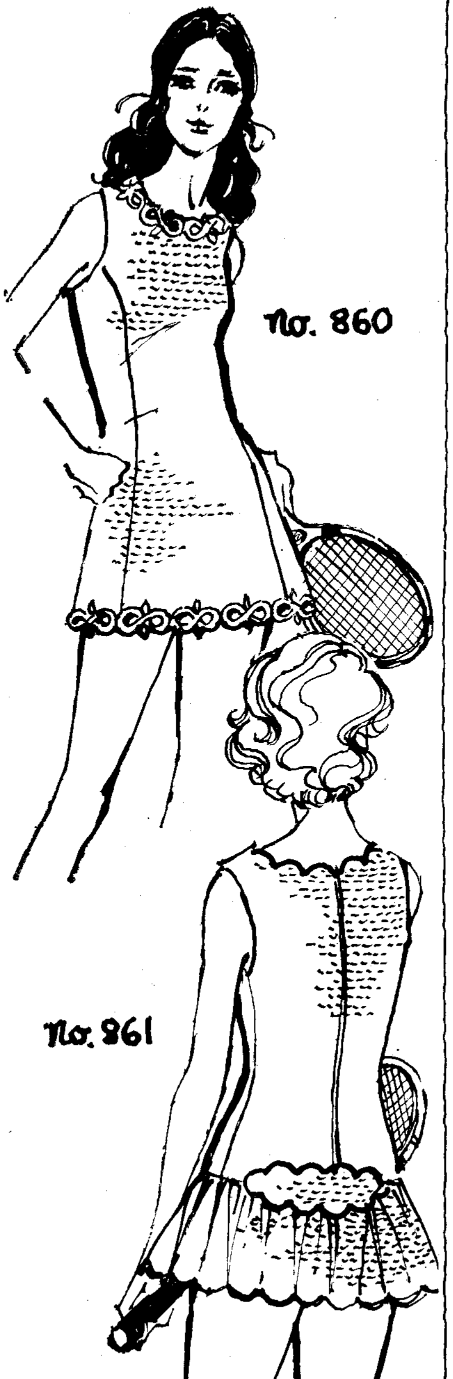

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fore). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

DAVE MASON & CASS ELLIOT, ODETTA, AND LIVINGSTON TAYLOR—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, at 8 and 11:30.

SERGIO MENDES AND HIS BRASIL '66—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8 and 11.

JAMES TAYLOR—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3. . . . ¶ Fillmore East. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8 and 11:30, benefit performances, with Victoria.

FREE—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8.

SPIRIT, BLOODROCK, AND COWBOY—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 24, at 1:05: Rangers vs. Minnesota. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston.

TENNIS—The fifth and seventh matches of the 1971 Tennis Champions Classic. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30: Rod Laver vs. Arthur Ashe. (Preliminary match at 7:30 between Ken Rosewall and Tom Okker.). . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 28, at 7:30: No way of specifying the main card yet, except to say that it will be Pancho Gonzales vs. someone the likes of Ashe, Laver, Rosewall, Newcombe, Roche, Emerson, or Okker. (Madison Square Garden.)

TRACK MEET—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 29, at 7.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Dean Dixon conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 12:10 and 2:30.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **DRAGON MARIONETTES:** "Cinderella." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Pecos Bill and the Legend of Invisibility." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Jan. 24, and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Dandelion." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays at 1 and 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "From the Great Bear to the Southern Cross." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

POETRY READINGS—Michael Benedikt and David P. Young reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8. Admission is free.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—The seventeenth annual event (a benefit, as always) will feature a loan exhibit from the National Trust for Historic Preservations. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 22, through Sunday, Jan. 31. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—The wintertime tonic for summertime skippers. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 23 and Jan. 30, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 24 and 31, from 1 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 25-29, from noon to 10.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 22, at 2: English and Chinese Export porcelain, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2: English furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 2: Americana, including books, broadsides, and newspapers; from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 2: American paintings and drawings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 28, at 2: Art Nouveau glass, porcelain and pottery, and furniture; from the estate of Irma N. Straus and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 23.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Moran of the Lady Letty" (1922), directed by William Marshall, with Rudolph Valentino. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "S:O:S: Iceberg" (1931), directed by Tay Garnett, with Rod la Rocque. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 8: "Devil's Circus" (1926), directed by Benjamin Christensen, with Norma Shearer. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Riptide" (1934), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 11:30: "The Southerner" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Betty Field and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 3 and 5:30: "Wine and Youth" (1924), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Madame X" (1920), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Pauline Frederick. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 1:30: "Devil's Circus" (1926), directed by Benjamin Christensen. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6 and Jan. 26 at 2: "The Olive Trees of Justice" (1961), in French, directed by James Blue; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 5:30: "The Lickerish Quartet" (1970), directed by Radley Metzger; no one under eighteen will be admitted, for goodness' sake. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Le Printemps" (1970), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "L'Hiver" (1969), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 8: "A Face in the Crowd" (1957), directed by Elia Kazan, with Andy Griffith and Patricia Neal. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of French films. Through Jan. 21: "Port of Shadows" (1938), directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin. . . . Jan. 22-24: "Harvest" (1937), directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Fernandel. . . . Jan. 27-29: "The Baker's Wife" (1938), directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Raimu. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Feb. 24.

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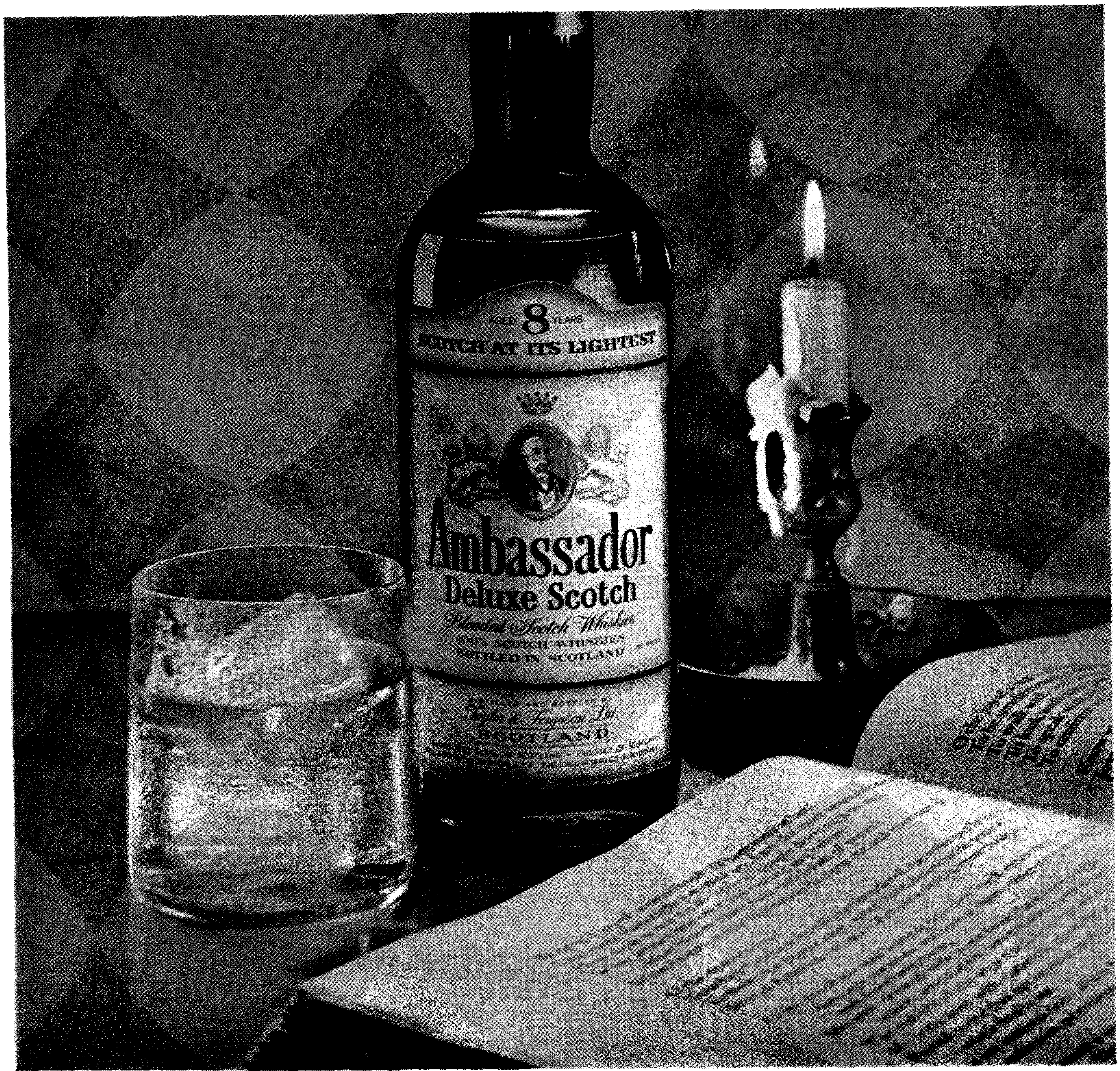
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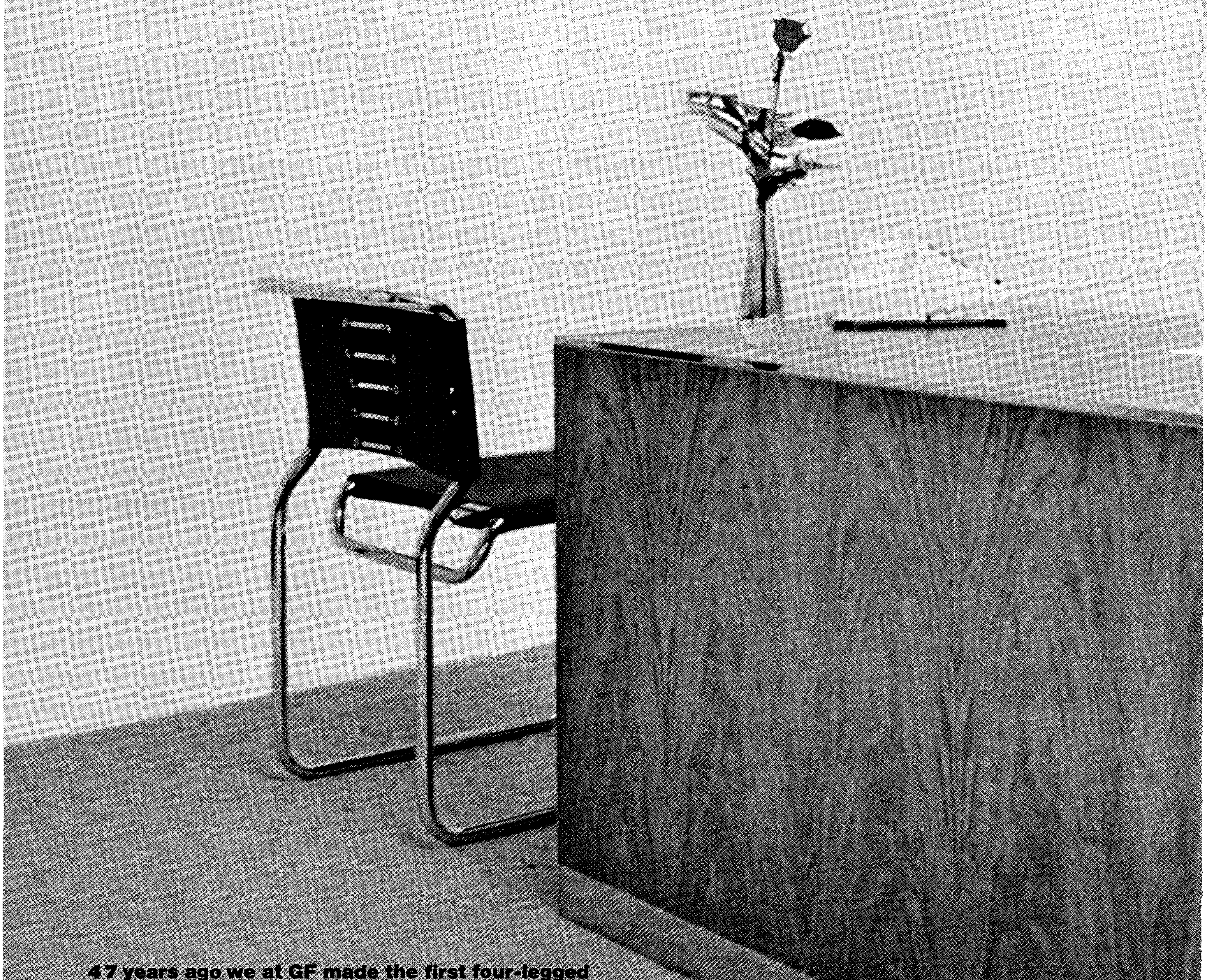

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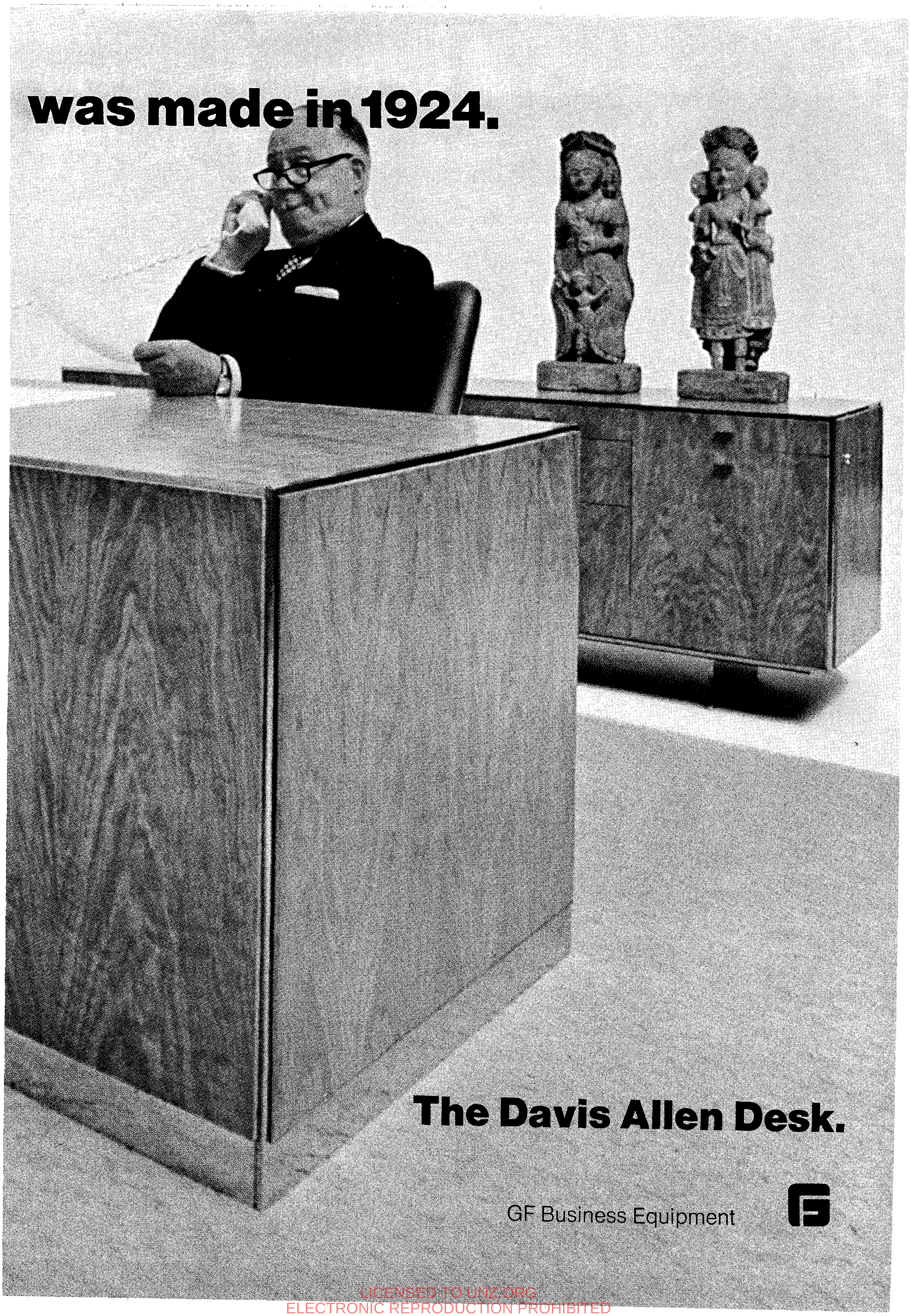
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THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 26: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came."
From Jan. 27: "I Never Sang for My Father" and "A Walk in the Spring Rain."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Twelve Chairs."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Projectionist."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Catch-22."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Jan. 21: "There Was a Crooked Man . . ."
From Jan. 22: "Woodstock."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Jan. 20: "Cromwell."
From Jan. 21: "Bed and Board."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Jan. 23: "Brewster McCloud."
From Jan. 24: "The Music Lovers."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Alex in Wonderland."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands." (On Wednesday, Jan. 27, the 8:30 showing will be by invitation only.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Confession."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fools."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Perfect Friday."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 23: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From Jan. 24: "Zachariah."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 27: "Gone with the Wind." (On Thursday, Jan. 21, the last showing will be at 4:45.)
From Jan. 28: "The Last Valley."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Cromwell."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 26: "There's a Girl in My Soup."
From Jan. 27: "The Statue."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Jan. 26: "The Magnificent Seven," "Return of the Seven," and "Guns of the Magnificent Seven."
From Jan. 27: "Brewster McCloud."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Jan. 20: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" and "The Pizza Triangle."
Jan. 21-27: "The Big Store," "At the Circus," and "A Night at the Opera."
From Jan. 28: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"L'Enfant Sauvage" and "The Passion of Anna."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 21: "Tristana."
From Jan. 22: "This Man Must Die."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Groupies."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"There's a Girl in My Soup."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Jan. 24: "Suspicion" and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."
From Jan. 25: "A Face in the Crowd" and "On the Waterfront."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 26: "The Twelve Chairs."
From Jan. 27: "Beast of Blood" and "Curse of the Vampires."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Jan. 20: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 21: "My Fair Lady."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
Through Jan. 28: "The Cameraman" and "Spite Marriage." (No performances on Sunday, Jan. 24.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Aristocats."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Jan. 20: "Scrooge."
From Jan. 21: "Promise at Dawn."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Reckoning."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Jan. 23: "Five Easy Pieces."
From Jan. 24: "Zachariah."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Lupo!"

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Cromwell."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Love My Wife."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 26: "Cannon for Cordoba" and "Hornets' Nest."
From Jan. 27: "Where's Poppa?"

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 21: "Tristana."
From Jan. 22: "This Man Must Die."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 26: "Borsalino" and "Goodbye, Columbus."
From Jan. 27: "I Never Sang for My Father" and "The Mind of Mr. Soames."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 20: "Mr. Arkadin" and "Gertrud."
Jan. 21: "Gertrud" and "Pierrot le Fou."
Jan. 22: "Pierrot le Fou" and "The Exterminating Angel."
Jan. 23: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
Jan. 24: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Stolen Kisses."
Jan. 25: "Stolen Kisses" and "Hunger."
Jan. 26: "Hunger" and "Last Year at Marienbad."
Jan. 27: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "The Soft Skin."
Jan. 28: "The Soft Skin" and "Accident."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 26: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "Topaz."
From Jan. 27: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 21: "The Madwoman of Chaillot" and "Pravda."
Jan. 22-25: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" and "Mississippi Mermaid."
Jan. 26-28: "The Damned" and "See You at Mao."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 21: "Women in Love" and "Live for Life."
From Jan. 22: "L'Enfant Sauvage" and "The Passion of Anna."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who's had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (New Yorker; Jan. 28.)

Alex in Wonderland—This story about a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject for his next film is so casual and loose that one's attention wanders. Though it's a misbegotten, pseudo "8½," from time to time it manages to capture the super-relaxed palmy-hip style of the new Hollywood. Directed by Paul Mazursky, who wrote the script with Larry Tucker. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

The Aristocats—A new full-length animated film from the Disney Studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Guild.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 21-27.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 20.)

Beast of Blood—About a human-head transplant. An English-dialogue film made in Manila by Philippine filmmakers. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Jan. 27.)

Bed and Board—The post-marital adventures of Truffaut's hero Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). In French. (Fine Arts; starting Jan. 21.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is on the dismal side. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 21-27.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo camping it up in a gangster spoof set in Marseille in the thirties. The spoof doesn't hold, but Delon is a great clothes horse, and there is a nice scene about a bad fish. Directed by Jacques Deray. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 26.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly; the actors appear to be saying anything while waiting for the script to arrive. (Coronet; through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; starting Jan. 27.)

The Cameraman (1928)—Buster Keaton was no longer in control of his productions when he made this late silent film (he wanted to use sound but wasn't allowed to), but his behind-the-scene struggles don't show. It's a film about the making of films, with recollections and echoes of his earlier work. With Marceline Day. (Bijou Cinema; through Jan. 28. No performances on Sunday, Jan. 24.)

Cannon for Cordoba—A Western with George Peppard as an intelligence officer dispatched by General Pershing to capture a Mexican bandit (Raf Vallone). Paul Wendkos directed. (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 26.)

Catch-22—Joseph Heller's novel has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is Captain Yossarian. (Murray Hill.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Beekman.)

Cromwell—The actors waddle around in their Puritan bloomers, then stand still to make speeches at each other. Richard Harris plays Cromwell as a sullen prig who hates power; the movie never explains how he got it. Ken Hughes wrote and directed, both academically. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Lincoln Art. . . . ¶ *Fine Arts; Jan. 20.)*

Curse of the Vampires—A brother breaks the bad news to his sister that "our mother is a vampire" in this English-language film by Philippine filmmakers. So inept that even small children laugh. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Jan. 27.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Thalia; Jan. 26-28.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Art. . . . ¶ Charles and Symphony; through Jan. 26.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—A late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate. The child makes his entrance loping, on all fours, and Itard is a highly sophisticated, clever, decorous man; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film, in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Midtown; starting Jan. 22.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (New Yorker; Jan. 22-23.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (Elgin; starting Jan. 25.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Jan. 23.)

Fools—It's one thing to lose your heart in San Francisco; it's another to lose your mind there. Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. Beware. (68th St. Playhouse.)

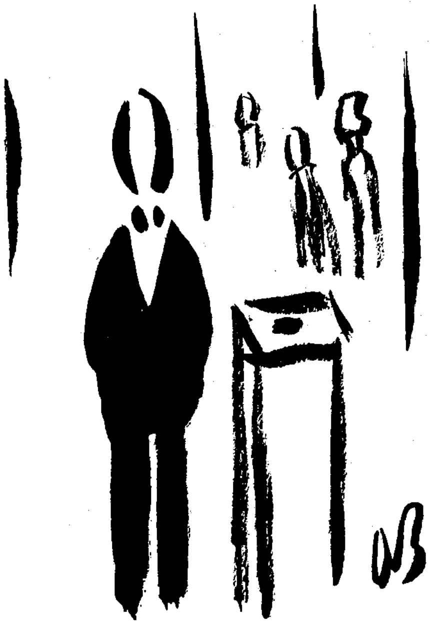
Gertrud (1965)—One of the most maddening films ever made, but in some ways it's also fascinating. Gertrud (Nina Pens Rode) seeks perfect love and is contemptuous of human weakness. Carl Dreyer's last movie before his death is stylized to a degree that makes it seem insanely old-fashioned and at the same time innovative. From a play by Hjalmar Söderberg. In Danish. (New Yorker; Jan. 20-21.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Juliet 2; through Jan. 27. On Thursday, Jan. 21, the last showing will be at 4:45.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 26.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (5th Ave. Cinema.)



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Guns of the Magnificent Seven (1969)—The third of three cowboys-and-bandits movies based on Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai;" the other two—"The Magnificent Seven" of 1960 and "Return of the Seven" of 1966—starred Yul Brynner as Chris. This time George Kennedy, normally and literally a heavy, is the noble Chris. Trying to play a nice fellow seems way beyond his range here, and his attempts at athleticism make the John Wayne of "True Grit" seem a model of agility. The miscasting is only the first mistake of this movie; from there you can take your pick of watching people being trampled to death or twitching to death or jerking to death. Paul Wendkos directed this shambles, set in Mexico, shot in Spain. (86th St. East; through Jan. 26.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 23-24.)

Hornets' Nest—Rock Hudson as an American soldier who organizes a group of Italian children to blow up a Nazi-held dam. With Sylva Koscina. Phil Karlson directed. (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 26.)

Hunger (1966)—Per Oscarsson plays a starving young writer—a performance with brilliant variants of self-mockery and paranoia. The Knut Hamsun novel, transcribed to the screen with astonishing fidelity—and even more astonishing success—by Henning Carlsen. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Jan. 25-26.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal, and in the case of the bit players his method is so insensitive it's sadistic. (Cinema I. On Wednesday, Jan. 27, the 8:30 showing will be by invitation only.)

I Love My Wife—A grossly conceived seriocomic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Paris.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Charles and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 27.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu.)

The Last Valley—James Clavell directed this history of the Hundred Years War, with Michael Caine and Omar Sharif. (Juliet 2; starting Jan. 28.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 26-27.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. It's a hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Midtown; through Jan. 21.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sounds of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Cinema Village and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East.)

Lupo!—An Israeli comedy, with Yuda Barkan, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot (1969)—The remnants of the Jean Giraudoux play can still be perceived in Edward Anhalt's vile modernization, and a lot of famous actors can be recognized even in the performances they give here. Bryan Forbes directed the cast, which includes Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Leighton, Edith Evans, Giulietta Masina, Charles Boyer, Yul Brynner, Donald Pleasence, Danny Kaye. (Thalia; through Jan. 21.)

The Magnificent Seven (1960)—The first of three Westerns based on Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai," and fairly rousing for about two-thirds of the way. John Sturges directed a good cast: Yul Brynner in the lead, with Steve McQueen, James Coburn, Horst Buchholz, Charles Bronson, Eli Wallach, Robert Vaughan, and Vladimir Sokoloff. Ragged when it tries for philosophical importance, but it's fun to see so many stars in an earlier stage in their careers. You can understand why they became stars—they've got something. (86th St. East; through Jan. 26.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—Terence Stamp comes out of a coma after thirty years and acts like a baby. With Robert Vaughn and Donal Donnelly. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 27.)

Mississippi Mermaid—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 22-25.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Elgin; through Jan. 24.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (New Yorker; Jan. 20.)

The Music Lovers—Richard Chamberlain as Tchaikovsky, and Glenda Jackson as his wife. Directed by Ken Russell. (Coronet; starting Jan. 24.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical clunks along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Criterion; starting Jan. 21.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 21-27.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Elgin; starting Jan. 25.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a book clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly charged and rather shattering, but the attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Midtown; starting Jan. 22.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 21-22.)

The Pizza Triangle—An extroverted romantic satire, inventive and full of sight gags. You need a bit of tolerance for some of it, but Marcello Mastroianni's performance as a crank Communist holds it all together, and Monica Vitti, with her supple, humor-filled face, does a charming parody of generations of comic waifs. Ettore Scola directed. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 20.)

Pravda—Jean-Luc Godard shot this film in 16-mm. in Czechoslovakia after the Russian occupation. Image is pitched directly against sound, and fictional narrative is thrown out altogether. The gist of the dialogue is an attack on the Russians for invading Czechoslovakia and an attack on the Czechs for wanting bourgeois pleasures. (Thalia; through Jan. 21.)

The Projectionist—With Chuck McCann and Ina Balin, directed by Harry Hurwitz. (Kips Bay.)

Promise at Dawn—With Melina Mercouri and Assaf Dayan, directed by Jules Dassin. (Music Hall; starting Jan. 21.)

The Reckoning—Nicol Williamson and Rachel Roberts in an adaptation of Patrick Hall's novel "The Harp That Once," directed by Jack Gold. (Festival.)

Return of the Seven (1966)—The second of the three films based on Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai." Yul Brynner and his sidekicks (Warren Oates and Jordan Christopher are among them) fight bandits, do some shooting, and talk a lot about killing and how "it gets inside of you." Brynner deadpans his way through, looking bored; this may help him feel superior to the material, but it doesn't do much for the audience. Burt Kennedy directed this dull oater, set in Mexico, shot in Spain. (86th St. East; through Jan. 26.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

Scrooge—Innocuous musical version of "A Christmas Carol," starring Albert Finney looking glum. The Leslie Bricusse music is so forgettable that your mind flushes it away while you're hearing it. Ronald Neame directed. (Music Hall; Jan. 20.)

See You at Mao—An hour-long film by Godard. Radical politicking to a degree that will drive some people mad with its deliberately battering didacticism. (Thalia; Jan. 26-28.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 27-28.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. He should be hired immediately to do the musical version of "Tora! Tora! Tora!" (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Spite Marriage (1929)—Buster Keaton's last silent comedy, with Dorothy Sebastian, Leila Hyams, and Hank Mann. The hero is a pants presser in a tailor's shop who falls in love with an actress and gets a job in the theatre. The film was a great success, despite Keaton's problems with M-G-M, but the studio dumped him anyway. (Bijou Cinema; through Jan. 28. No performances on Sunday, Jan. 24.)

The Statue—With David Niven and Virna Lisi, directed by Rod Amateau. (Orpheum; starting Jan. 27.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 24-25.)

Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came—Lightweight, peacetime service comedy, with Brian Keith, Tony Curtis, Bradford Dillman, and Don Ameche. Hy Averback directed. (Charles; through Jan. 26.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Elgin; through Jan. 24.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, but she seems to have a hook in her mouth; Peter Sellers struggles with an impossible-to-make-sense-of role. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Greenwich. . . . ¶ Orpheum; through Jan. 26.)

There Was a Crooked Man . . .—This example of commercialized nihilism seems to have been written by an evil two-year-old, and it has been directed in the Grand Rapids style of filmmaking. There's nobody to root for but Kirk Douglas, a red-haired jokester-killer who gets sent to a territorial prison in the Arizona desert in the eighteen-eighties; he makes a fool of Henry Fonda, the warden who is trying to make the place tolerable, and he makes corpses of his buddies. Written by David Newman and Robert Benton; directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Trans-Lux East; through Jan. 21.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. In French. (8th St. Playhouse and Regency; starting Jan. 22.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature is the same spy thriller he's been making since the thirties, and it has become larger, slower, and duller. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking "Late Late Show" romances, an Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab versions of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Symphony; through Jan. 26.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse and Regency; through Jan. 21.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Gramercy. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 26.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Juliet 1; through Jan. 23.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—Christopher Miles' film of a short D. H. Lawrence novel transmits the true feeling of a Midland rectory family, a tribe practicing proscription and sarcasm. The virgin daughter is Joanna Shimkus, the gypsy Franco Nero. The picture is a bit busy but very intelligent, with Lawrence's strength and a passing silent humor of its own. (Thalia; Jan. 22-25.)

A Walk in the Spring Rain—Fritz Weaver and the lovely Ingrid Bergman seen in wedded seclusion in Tennessee while he struggles with creation (writing an academic book) and she pines for a member of the lower classes (Anthony Quinn). No need to join them. Directed by Guy Green. (Charles; starting Jan. 27.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 27.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Midtown; through Jan. 21.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Trans-Lux East; starting Jan. 22.)

Zachariah—A rock Western with John Rubinstein and Pat Quinn, directed by George Englund. (Juliet 1 and Little Carnegie; starting Jan. 24.)

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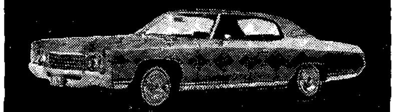

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT has come to light that the United States government and its South Vietnamese allies are planning a mass deportation within South Vietnam that appears virtually certain to open an entirely new and bloody chapter in the Indo-China war. A recent story in the *Times* reveals that a project to deport hundreds of thousands of people—and, in the end, perhaps millions—from the five northernmost provinces of South Vietnam to southern provinces is "now in its final planning stages." So far, the American and South Vietnamese government officials concerned have been covering up the enormity of this measure with the customary euphemisms. In the *Times* article, a Vietnamese official says that several "village representatives" from northern provinces will be brought down to the south to look at the land where their villages are to be relocated, as though to suggest that this forced mass deportation would be nothing more than a kind of real-estate deal. In reality, if this brutal project is carried out, it will be nothing less than the first openly totalitarian act in the history of this nation's relations with other nations, and one of the few such acts in any nation's history. The closest precedent may be the Soviet Union's infamous deportation in the nineteen-thirties of Ukrainians, White Russians, Armenians, Jews, and Georgians to Siberia. It is true, of course, that through bombing and through thousands of small-scale projects of forced deportation the American military have already uprooted something like six million Vietnamese from their homes. The obliteration of their villages was also covered up with euphemisms—words and phrases such as "pacification," "resettlement," "rural development," and "Operation County Fair." At the "county fairs," along with free buffet lunches from portable Army kitchens, piped-in music, showings of cartoons and propaganda movies, and handouts of candy to the children, there were offered such novel attractions as the torture of the customers and the machine-gunning from helicopters of anyone who didn't want to attend. In cases where there was resistance from a village slated for "resettlement" (and who can doubt that the current project of mass "resettlement" will be met with heavy resistance?), the military very often simply bombed the village out of existence. These are the true precedents for the new plan, and they afford the best indications of what its execution will bring. Yet, terrible as the effect of these policies has been, the policies have been different in several crucial aspects from what is now being proposed. The forced emigrations and the killings of civilians that have so far taken place have occurred in a twilight zone of public confusion and half-knowledge and with official approval that has been only tacit. The new project, on the other hand, cannot take place without the full and energetic support of the entire military command and civilian administration, and without being fully and frankly announced to the American public and to the world as a major new policy of the United States government.

Ordinarily, this is the kind of plan that it is better not even to mention, since by merely discussing it one runs the risk of making it seem acceptable, of helping to raise it from the level of a wild, unthinkable scheme to the level of one of those myriad "options" that the government is "keeping open." And one wants at all costs to avoid adding one's voice to the voices of the official analysts who, for a price, will discuss, in their own weird, ambiguous, pseudo-scientific language, the "pluses" and "minuses" of any option, scenario, or game plan that is put before them, whether for building an orphanage or for carrying out mass murder. However, since the current project of mass deportation has moved beyond the option stage and got into the planning stage, one is compelled to discuss it. In fact, it is a striking demonstration of how deeply the nation is sunk in anesthesia when it comes to events in Vietnam that the press and television have failed to comment on this project since it was reported in the *Times*—a project that, if we imagined its being undertaken in the United States, by, say, the Chinese, would consist of deporting the entire population of New England to the Southwest, destroying all the cities and towns, defoliating the landscape, and shooting all the people who refused to leave or who hid in the woods.

One must remind oneself that five and a half years ago, when the Marines landed in the provinces of South Vietnam now scheduled for depopulation, the officials of the American government imagined that the job of the American military forces was to help a friendly population repel a foreign enemy. But in actuality, as the Marines soon came to realize, most of the population supported the supposed foreign invaders and regarded the Marines themselves as the real invaders. The people of these provinces had supported every insurgent force in South Vietnam since the late nineteenth century, and if in 1965 they had any doubts about the justice of the National Liberation Front's cause, these doubts were dispelled when the Marines landed. The Marines, and the Army units that joined them in the spring of 1967, adjusted quickly to this unexpected situation and altered their strategy accordingly. And if they did not announce to the world that they were fighting a war against nearly the entire population of the provinces they were in, they did announce it to the South Vietnamese people. In leaflets titled, among other things, "Marine Ultimatum to Vietnamese People," they announced a policy of reprisal bombings against villages in South Vietnam that supported the National Liberation Front in any way. After this policy had been in effect for about two years, most of the villages in these provinces had been bombed, and about half of the population of these provinces was living in camps. Every soldier, whatever he had been told before he arrived in South Vietnam, learned from bitter personal experience that he was engaged in a war against the South Vietnamese people. The bomber pilots who bombed villages day after day knew it; the Psychological Warfare officers who dropped leaflets knew it; the G.I.s—who were indeed often attacked by small children and old women, as they have claimed—knew it. The highest levels of the military acknowledged this situation in many of their statements, although in other statements they denied it. Some officers began to read the works of Mao Tse-tung, in which it is said that guerrillas live among the people the way fish live in the sea, so a new strategy was developed in the hope of catching the fish by drying up the sea—which is to say, by tearing the entire Vietnamese society to pieces and then putting it together again according to some plan that was being worked out in the think tanks in Washington. At that time, officials proudly announced that millions of Vietnamese had been pulled out of their homes in order to "deprive" the enemy of their support, and the official analysts spoke of "war-induced urbanization." But in adopting this strategy based on the insights of Mao Tse-tung the Americans obliterated the very purpose for which they had been sent to Vietnam. The aim had been to save the society, and counter-insurgency had been the means to that end. Now this policy was reversed; destroying the guerrillas became the aim, and destroying the society became the means. However, if the men in the field had some knowledge of what was really happening, Washington did not know, or pretended not to know, or refused to know. What all this meant was not that the military were doing things the wrong way, or that the "mix" of bombing and camp construction was unbalanced, or even that a sound policy had been corrupted by bungling or by berserk execution. What it meant was something much harder for the officials and experts in Washington to accept; namely, that the South Vietnam they had sent the troops to protect had been a hallucination, which had little resemblance to the actual country in which the men were fighting. In the last analysis, what the men were fighting to protect, and are still fighting to protect, was not a country but this hallucination. The truth is that the job that the politicians had assigned the military, the job of protecting the people of South Vietnam from a foreign enemy, was simply not there to be done. There was no such job. If you send someone to protect a friend from a common enemy, how does that someone proceed when he discovers that the friend isn't a friend after all and doesn't want his help? The answer is that he leaves. But this alternative was not open to our military. Having been sent to do a job that turned out not to exist, our military men, who were forced, after all, to live and work in the real Vietnam, and not in the imaginary one in the politicians' heads, began to do something else. They began to make war against the people whom they were supposed to be saving but who didn't want to be saved. To be sure, this was not a job that anyone had explicitly ordered them to do, nor was it a job that served to advance any objective ever stated by our government, but it did have the reassuring advantage of being, in a sense, real.

Now this war against the South Vietnamese people, based on willful official ignorance, and working at cross purposes with official policy, has got completely out of control. None of the scenarios are turning out as they were supposed to, particularly in the northern provinces, and all the game plans have gone haywire. Instead of producing a peaceful, prosperous, democratic society, they have produced massacres, a desolated landscape, and squalid detention camps. For six years, the "social engineers," both in and out of uniform, have been at work with their hot dogs and their napalm, their fertilizers and their crop poisons, trying to build public-relations utopias on the burned villages and the corpses of villagers, and the result has been a swamp of red tape and blood. And now, perhaps themselves dismayed and revolted by the monstrous results of their experiments, the social engineers have come up with their "final solution" to the problem of the northern provinces—the deportation project. Like scientists whose experiment has failed, they have decided to get rid of the whole mess, so that they won't have to think about it anymore. However, the new "solution" is not really new at all. It is only the old solution writ large. The social engineers are trying to escape from the present debacle by recommitting the very errors that led to it, but on an even huger scale, by doing to whole provinces what they used to do to one village at a time—as though they thought that through the sheer grandiosity of their new plan they could escape responsibility for the chaos and suffering they had already caused. If the plan goes into effect, it will signal the full official acceptance of a way of looking at the people of South Vietnam that has dominated our policy unofficially since the beginning of the war. In this view, the problem in South Vietnam is not the traditional village system, or flaws in the pacification program, or even the Vietcong or the North Vietnamese. The problem is the South Vietnamese themselves. Ordinarily, we regard people as *having* problems, but in Vietnam we regard them as *being* problems. Get rid of them—send them somewhere else—and you solve your problems. There will be no more starving, begging refugees, no more children throwing hand grenades, no more massacres of villagers. Get rid of the whole civilian mess, with its crying children and their crying mothers, its old people and its babies, its pigs and its chickens, and its sly but intractable spirit of resistance and defiance, and at last the Army and the Air Force will have a clear field of fire for hundreds of miles, and will be able to start fighting the war the way a war should be fought.

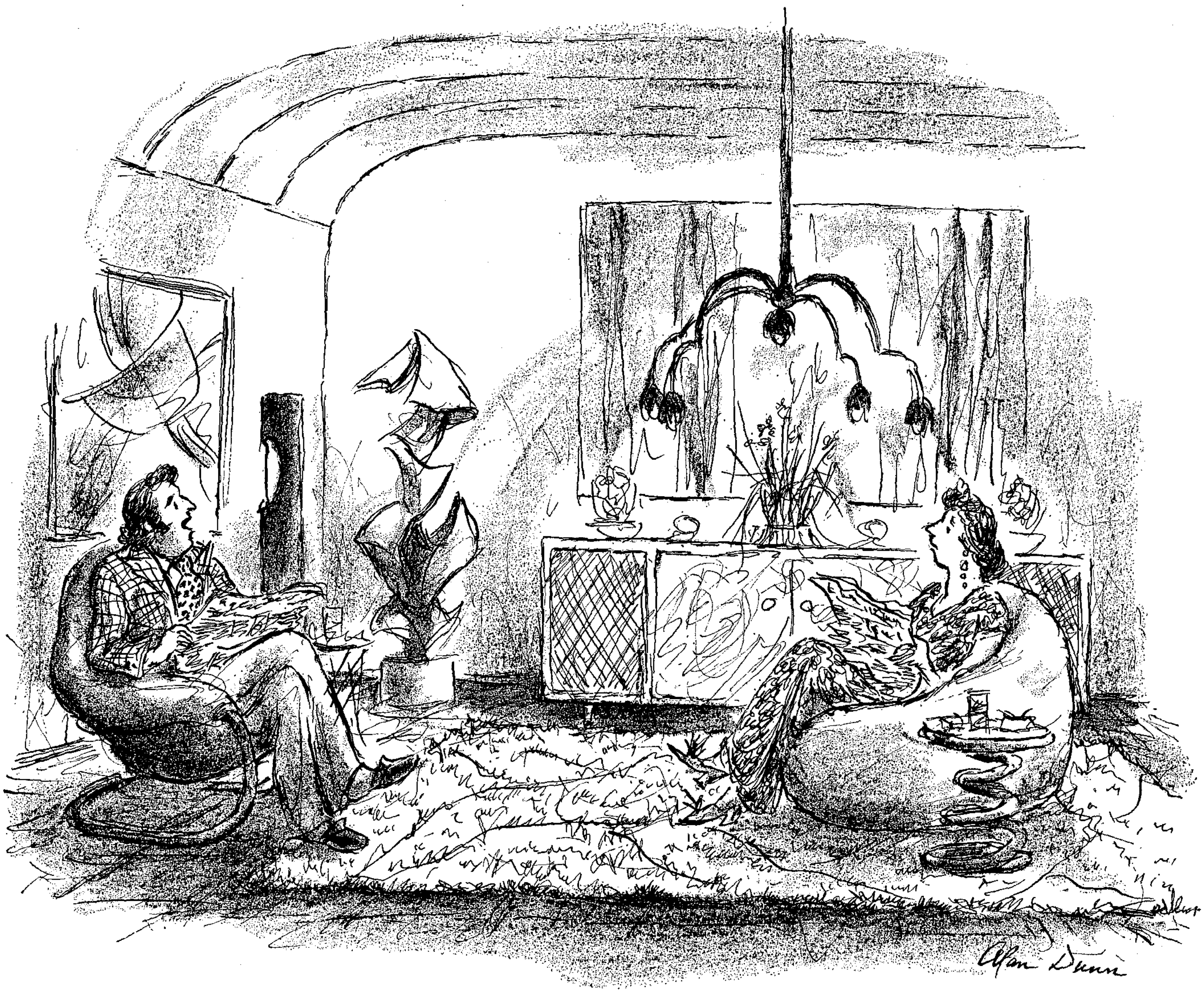
But fighting for what?

Back to the Apollo

WE have a report from a self-appointed rock correspondent:

"I decided last week that it was time to go back to the Apollo. The Apollo is on West 125th Street, in Harlem, in case you don't know, and, except for the Radio City Music Hall, the Apollo is the only theatre in New York to be listed by *Variety* as a vaudeville house. Radio City has the Rockettes and the Christmas Pageant, but the Apollo has the best soul acts anywhere, and sometimes there is dancing in the aisles.

"I hadn't been to the Apollo since I was fifteen—back in the fifties. When I was fifteen, I went to see Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers. I had their single 'Why Do Fools Fall in Love?' and I had an album with a picture of Frankie and the Teenagers looking very clean-cut in white sweaters. I still have that album, by the way. The white sweaters have a big 'T' on the front, like a varsity letter, and the picture shows the group outdoors, in some healthy rural environment. Frankie and the Teenagers were lucky to get their pictures on the album cover at all. In the fifties, a lot of albums by black singers had anonymous covers (two white bobby-soxers dancing in front of a jukebox, for instance), and if there was a picture of the group, it was small and on the back. I had wanted to see Frankie in person. To see him, I took a train



“The trouble is a trillion-dollar economy doesn’t say *anything to me.”*

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from Westchester, got off at 125th Street, and took a crosstown bus to the Apollo. I don’t remember what Frankie wore, but it wasn’t a white sweater. He was incredible. I was thrilled and frightened by him, and by the atmosphere of the Apollo, which was not the atmosphere of a healthy rural environment. It wasn’t an ordinary thing for a white kid to go to the Apollo in the fifties, but it wasn’t out of the question, and I knew a lot of kids who, like me, made it a point to go once. I think this custom has died out.

“The night I went back to the Apollo, Wilson Pickett was heading a bill that also included Brenda and the Tabulations. Wilson Pickett—sometimes known as Wicked Wilson Pickett—is a crowd-pleaser, and, next to James Brown, is about the biggest man around, but he has been around for a *while*. I met a black friend at Frank’s Restaurant, near the Apollo, and we went to the show together. We passed a guy selling ‘Free Angela Davis’ buttons, and my friend took some abuse because he wouldn’t buy one and because he was going into the Apollo with ‘the Master.’

“The Apollo is different from the Fillmore or any hip-rock hall. The Fillmore, patronized by the children of the bourgeoisie, strives for (and achieves) a certain level of funkiness. The Apollo strives for (and achieves) a certain class. The stage of the Apollo is bathed in red light and is surrounded by eight Doric columns. The patrons of the Fillmore are all about the same age, whereas whole families come to the Apollo.

“There are two basic styles of performing you can see at the Apollo. There is the classic choreographed style, full of special gestures and quick turns, and there is the super-soul style, which demands a heavy response from the audience. The super-soul style is the riskier, because it is easier to fake a quick turn or a gesture than it is to fake feeling. The audience at the Apollo knows both styles—knows how to evaluate them—and a performer has to be quite special to meet this audience’s expectations. The night I was there, the first group on—The Posse, dressed in red-and-white jumpsuits—worked in the choreographed style. ‘You and I must make a pact,’ they sang, and their hands came together in an elaborate pact-making gesture. ‘Jackson Five sound, with Temptations steps,’ my friend said, dismissing them. The next group—The Victones, also in jumpsuits—also worked in the choreographed style, and sang in the fifties falsetto manner of the Flamingoes. Between acts, Eddie O’Jay, a Harlem disc jockey, worked with the audience. ‘Madam, are your stockings white or are your legs ashy?’ he said. Then a girl named Laura Lee sang ‘Wedlock Is a Padlock’ (‘Wedlock is a padlock when you’re married to a no-good man’) and worked hard for a response from the audience. ‘If you got a good woman, one you’re not ashamed of, come up here and shake my hand!’ she shouted, and she did get one guy to come up. ‘Sure did mess that boy’s mind up!' said the man behind me.

"'Is it all right so far?' Eddie O'Jay asked, and the response was small.

"Brenda and the Tabulations came on—three stunning girls in long white dresses—and sang their most important recorded number, 'Don't Make Me Over.' Brenda has class. She got the response without asking for it.

"Then Wicked Wilson Pickett came on in a black jumpsuit cut down to his waist, sang 'Funky Broadway,' and began working for the super-soul response. 'Clap your hands,' he said. 'Get up and do it. You can shake what you brought with you. Can I get one in this aisle?' He came down off the stage. He got the response, but it was work, and no one really did dance in the aisles.

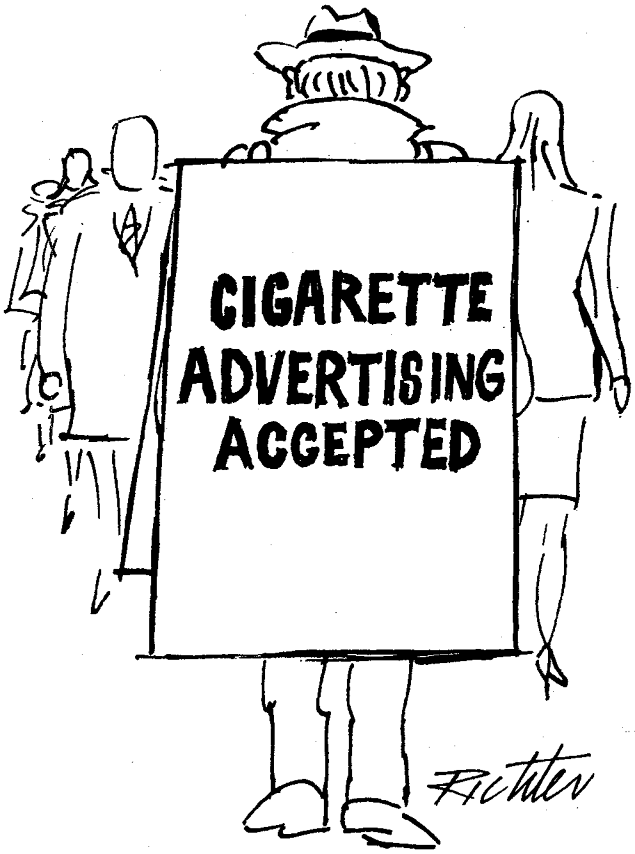
"My friend and I went backstage to see Brenda. I asked her where she had been playing. 'I was at Cheetah for twelve days,' she said. 'Then a night in Wilmington, and two in Queens, and then with James Brown, then home to Philadelphia for a day, and now we're here. We're going to Boston, and then to Canada. I've been on the road for five years, but I was green when I started. I was thirteen. It's just beginning to happen for me.' "

Eleven O'Clock

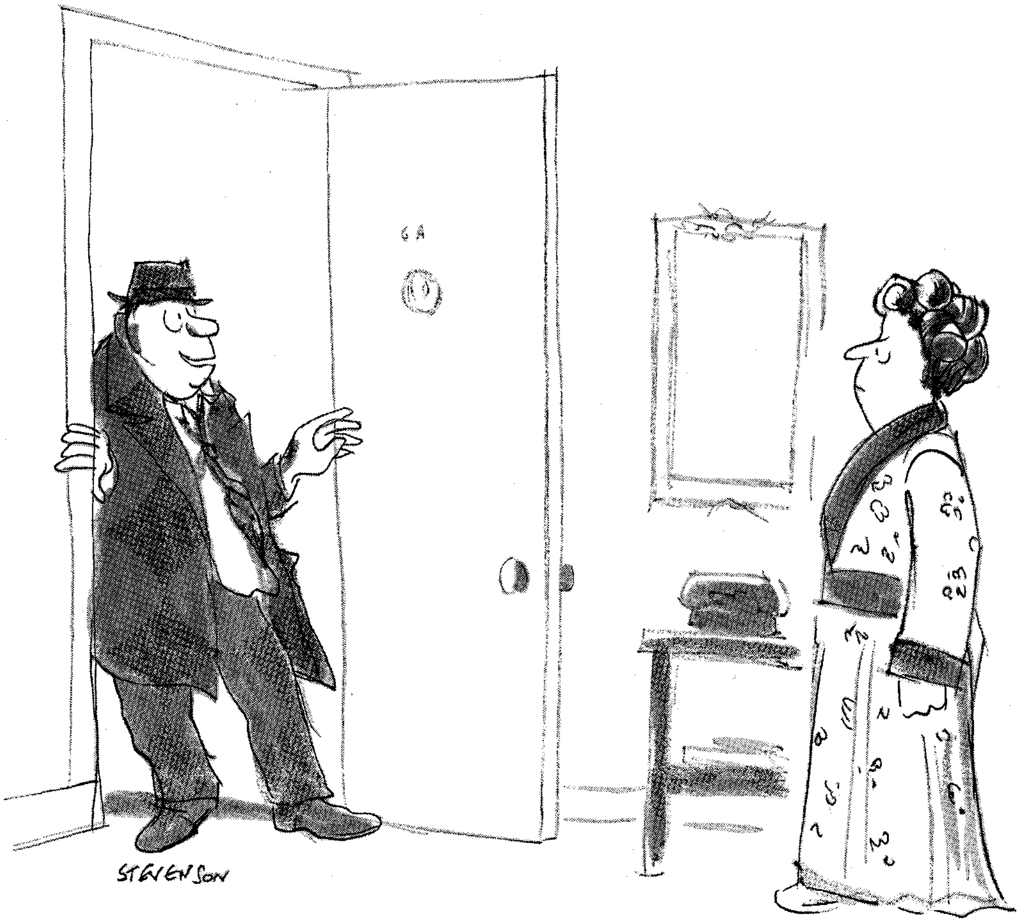
AT eleven o'clock in the morning on Tuesday, January 12, 1971, Terence Cardinal Cooke was meeting with members of his staff, who were filling him in on events that had taken place while he was away on his visit to servicemen in Vietnam. Charles F. Luce, chairman of the board of Consolidated Edison, was at his desk reviewing Con Ed's 1971 construction goals in preparation for a meeting with his executive staff. Professor Meyer Schapiro was in the slide room of the Art History Department of Columbia University collecting slides for a lecture. Charles Masson, the owner of La Grenouille, was in his restaurant arranging forsythia, flowering quince, tulips, star-of-Bethlehem, and anemones for his tables. Bruce Gimbel, president and chief executive officer of Gimbel Brothers, was at his desk going over a list of about two hundred and fifty friends and business acquaintances to whom he sends the *World Almanac* each January, thus carrying on a tradition started by his father, the late Bernard Gimbel; he deleted the names of a few people who had died, or who had retired and, he thought, might not want to be reminded of the workaday world, and added the names of some new acquaintances, including a man connected with the Museum of the City of New York, of which Mr. Gimbel is a trustee. Cass Canfield was at his desk at Harper & Row reading the morning mail. Dr. Abraham Pais, a professor of physics at the Rockefeller University, was thinking about two pieces of research in neutrino physics. United Nations Secretary-General U Thant was at the dentist. Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, president and publisher of the *Times*, was making a quick tour of the *Times* newsroom to see that everything was under control before he left for Florida to look over three newspapers that the *Times* was about to acquire from Cowles Communications. Harry B. Helmsley, president of Helmsley-Spear, the real-estate company, had just arrived at his office after attending a meeting elsewhere and was riffling through the messages his secretary had taken for him since 9 A.M.

At eleven o'clock, Arthur Penn, the director, was meeting with his attorney in his attorney's office. David Rockefeller, chairman and chief executive officer of the Chase Manhattan Bank, was at City Hall discussing New York City's finances with New York City's comptroller, Abraham Beame. Sol Hurok was talking to the publicity director of Hurok Concerts about an attraction he was considering to fill the four-week period at the Metropolitan Opera that was open as a result of the cancellation of the appearance of the Bolshoi Opera and the Bolshoi Ballet. John Hightower, the director of the Museum of Modern Art, was arranging a meeting of the Planning Corporation for the Arts with its director. William Bernbach, chairman and chief executive officer of the advertising agency of Doyle Dane Bernbach, was going over an ad with a copywriter and an art director. H. Romnes, chairman of the board and president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., was conferring with two of his executives about the company's 1971 construction program. Austin J. Tobin, executive director of the Port of New York Authority, was meeting with the director of Marine Terminals and members of his staff to discuss the development of the Port Newark and Elizabeth Container Ship Terminals. Amyas Ames, chairman of the board of Lincoln Center, was presiding over a monthly meeting of the executive committee of the Center, at which fund-raising, the Lincoln Center Garage, the programming of the Mozart Summer Festival, and government support of the arts were discussed. Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., president of the New York City Central Labor Council, A.F.L.-C.I.O., was attending his second meeting of the day—an advisory-committee meeting of the New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations of Cornell University, at the Cornell Club. Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was in a quarterly meeting of C.B.S. "top officers," discussing the various plans and operations of the various C.B.S. divisions and groups.

At the same hour, Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League, was in his office talking on the telephone with the president of the Freedom National Bank, in Harlem, about economic development in that community. Mrs. Clyde Newhouse, a co-hostess of the February 8th benefit for the Southampton Hospital, was talking on the telephone in the elevator of her New York town house with a friend, whom she asked to model a dress at the benefit. David Frost was



on the telephone in his office, ordering flowers. Dr. Benjamin Spock, who usually spends the whole month of January sailing off the Virgin Islands but who was laid low by a slipped disc, was flat on his back on a sofa in his New York apartment, placing a long-distance call to an acquaintance in Tucson, with whom he hoped to discuss a political project. Richard R. Shinn, president of Metropolitan Life, was riding in a company car to LaGuardia Airport to catch a plane for Chicago, where he would be attending a Metropolitan Life territorial meeting on the thirteenth. Police Commissioner Patrick V. Murphy, who had flown out of New York on the eleventh for a short vacation (what with the police crisis, it turned out to be *very* short), was sitting on a beach in Florida with his wife. Arthur D. Dooley, vice-president and general manager of the Plaza Hotel, was in Boston attending a conference of Sonesta International Hotels Corporation general managers. Dr. William J. Ronan, chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, was in Albany discussing New York State's financial situation with Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Philip Johnson, the architect, was out of New York—in Minneapolis (where, when it was 11 A.M. in New York, it was 10 A.M.) to check on the progress of his new building, the Investors' Diversified Service Center, which is a hundred-million-dollar commercial complex. Dustin Hoffman, also out of town, was in London (where, when it was 11 A.M. in New York, it was 5 P.M.) rehearsing for his new movie, "Straw Dogs." Beverly Sills was also in London, rejoicing over her well-applauded performance in "Lucia" at Covent Garden the previous night. George Plimpton, who was in Los Angeles to film his third TV special ("Plimpton! Did You Hear the One About . . . ?"), was asleep (when it is 11 A.M. in New York, it is 8 A.M. in Los Angeles). Francis T. P. Plimpton, a partner in the law firm of Debevoise, Plimpton, Lyons & Gates (and the father of George and brother-in-law of Amyas Ames), was dozing in his New York apartment, victim of a heavy cold. Lauren Bacall, who is starring on Broadway in "Applause" these nights, was asleep in her New York apartment. Natalia Makarova, who had a week off after her début with the American Ballet Theatre, was asleep in New England. Joe Namath was lying in bed, awake, in Florida.



"I've been in round-the-clock talks at the Shamrock Bar & Grill."

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Also at eleven, Larry Rivers, the painter, was in his studio, on East Fourteenth Street, lying on a couch that was covered with a Confederate flag, and being photographed by a photographer from *Time*. Charly, a Ford model, was in a photographer's studio on Fifth Avenue, wearing a towel and a pair of bluejeans, and putting on her makeup in preparation for being photographed for a fashion spread in *Vogue*. Norman Mailer, whose latest book, "Of a Fire on the Moon," had been published the day before, was talking to the *University Review*, a new college magazine, about moviemaking, about writing in general, and about the problem of narrative in particular—the difficulty of finding narrative, if one has a modern temper, and even of believing in it. Kate Millett, the Women's Liberationist, was having breakfast and talking with her husband about what her next book would be like. Jonas Mekas, the filmmaker and film critic, who is a director of the Anthology Film Archives, was more or less simultaneously greeting a lady from the Baltimore *Sun* who had an appointment to interview him and sorting out the numerous gloves, neckties, and scarves that had been left at his Film Archives theatre by the customers the night before—a remarkable number of forgotten belongings, as usual. Dr. Marie Nyswander, a pioneer in the methadone program, was in her office more or less simultaneously talking with two young people in a methadone program for adolescents—about some poems one of them had written and about an excursion to the Museum of the American Indian to see some jewelry—and dictating a letter to a friend about raising money to aid an elderly friend of theirs who was badly in need of funds. Mayor Lindsay was in his office at City Hall, a Flair pen in his hand. From 8 A.M. to 10 A.M., he had met with his cabinet to discuss the current housing shortage for welfare recipients; at that meeting it was decided that the Mayor would make a statement on the subject at his 11:30 A.M. news conference. At 10:50 A.M., he had received a draft of the statement, and at exactly eleven o'clock he was changing the phrase "the housing situation for welfare clients" to "the crisis in housing for welfare families"—a change he hoped would make people realize just how serious matters were.

In short, an ordinary morning for the people of New York.

HOW NOW?

TOO many urban Americans are ill at ease with cows. No matter how much milk, butter, cheese, or sirloin they may put away during the average work week, their gnawing sense of alienation bars them from a really satisfying relationship with the source of these gifts. Confronted with the "real thing" in a pasture on country weekends, they fall prey to nameless anxieties. Nine times out of ten the basic problem is ignorance; the important facts about cows cannot be found in Sunday supplements or mealy-mouthed animal-husbandry tracts, and most dairy farmers hesitate to reveal them. Here, then, frankly and fearlessly, are the straight answers to those "difficult" bovine questions:

Q. How big is the normal cow?

A. The question of the aeon! No matter how successful she may be otherwise, Bossy is forever checking her own dimensions and wondering nervously whether she "measures up," and the funny thing is she's never satisfied. It's a bit like the remark that Zebulon Pike made when one of his grandchildren asked him to name the highest peak in North America. Fixing the pesky young varmint with his gimlet eye, Old Zeb replied, as only he could, "Mount McKinley."

Q. Are today's cows the biggest ever?

A. No. The twentieth-century bovine doesn't hold a candle to his prehistoric ancestor, the aurochs, who stood six feet high at the brisket, had a horn spread of eight feet, and could hold eye-to-eye confrontations with Neolithic neighbors like the Woolly Rhinoceros, the Lurid Mammoth, and the Hippocratic Oath. Today's Angus and Dotted Swiss may be fatter, but the era of really outstanding cow physiques is past.

Q. Is it true that people used to worship cows?

A. Yes, indeed. The ancient Egyptians went in heavily for cow worship, and got good value from it. Their top god, Osiris, was supposedly born of a cow impregnated either by a stroke of lightning or by the divine influence of moonlight, he could never remember which. Osiris was worshipped at Memphis in the form of a sacred bull named Apis, who lived in a marble palace surrounded by parks, ate flour cakes and honey, bathed twice daily, and maintained a harem of sensuous cows. Each sacred bull enjoyed a term of twenty-five years. If he was still alive after twenty-five years, the priests drowned him in a sacred spring, but the experience was thought to be worth it. Hathor, the Egyptian sky goddess, was also represented as a cow; unfortunately, she engaged in some salacious romps with the man in the moon, which were slyly memorialized in the nursery rhyme à clef "High Diddle Diddle." Cows figure prominently in Greek theological circles, too. Both Zeus and Dionysus liked to go around dressed in bull suits, much to the embarrassment of their acolytes. The Romans, on the other hand, whose word for cattle ("*pecus*") had the same root as their word for money ("*pecunia*"), saw only the materialistic side of the bovine nature, and habitually scoffed at their cows' spiritual pretensions. A Roman cow named Sophia nevertheless foretold the destruction of Pompeii. Another prophesied both the Battle of Pharsalia and the assassination of Julius Caesar, but everyone thought she was kidding. In modern times, Phil Rizzuto, the baseball announcer, evokes echoes of the old reverence by frequently exclaiming "Holy cow!" True cattle worship, however, is prevalent today only in India—but then what isn't?

Q. How do cows reproduce?

A. About time we got to that one. There are heaps of books on this subject, all terrible. Half of them make it sound dull and mechanical, while the other half keep lapsing into verse. Personally, I think we're mature enough to talk openly and honestly about Reprocow, as modern vets call it. After all, it's an absolutely normal and natural part of the bovine experience, so why should anybody feel embarrassed? Cows reproduce by having little cows, which are called calves.

Q. Then what happens?

A. The boy calves become dogies, then critters, and finally, if they have any luck, bulls. The girl calves become heifers, and at the age of two years they "come out" as cows.

Q. How do you tell bulls and cows apart?

A. Cows are softer.

Q. What are the figures on cow promiscuity?

A. Fantastic! Why, there's hardly an even-toed ungulate on earth that a sexually active cow won't mate with if they can get a little privacy, and this includes zebus, yaks, gaurs, gayals, bantengs, and other schismatic Eastern sects. The sole exception is the buffalo, a fundamentalist whose rigid apartheid policy where other ungulates are concerned has so distressed the Davis Cup Committee.

Q. Where do oxen fit in?

A. Let's get our terminology together on that one, shall we? The word "ox" (from the German "*Ochs*," meaning "sorry") referred originally to all cattle, male and female. Nowadays it refers mainly to the castrated male bovine, or "choir bull," a great favorite in German households.

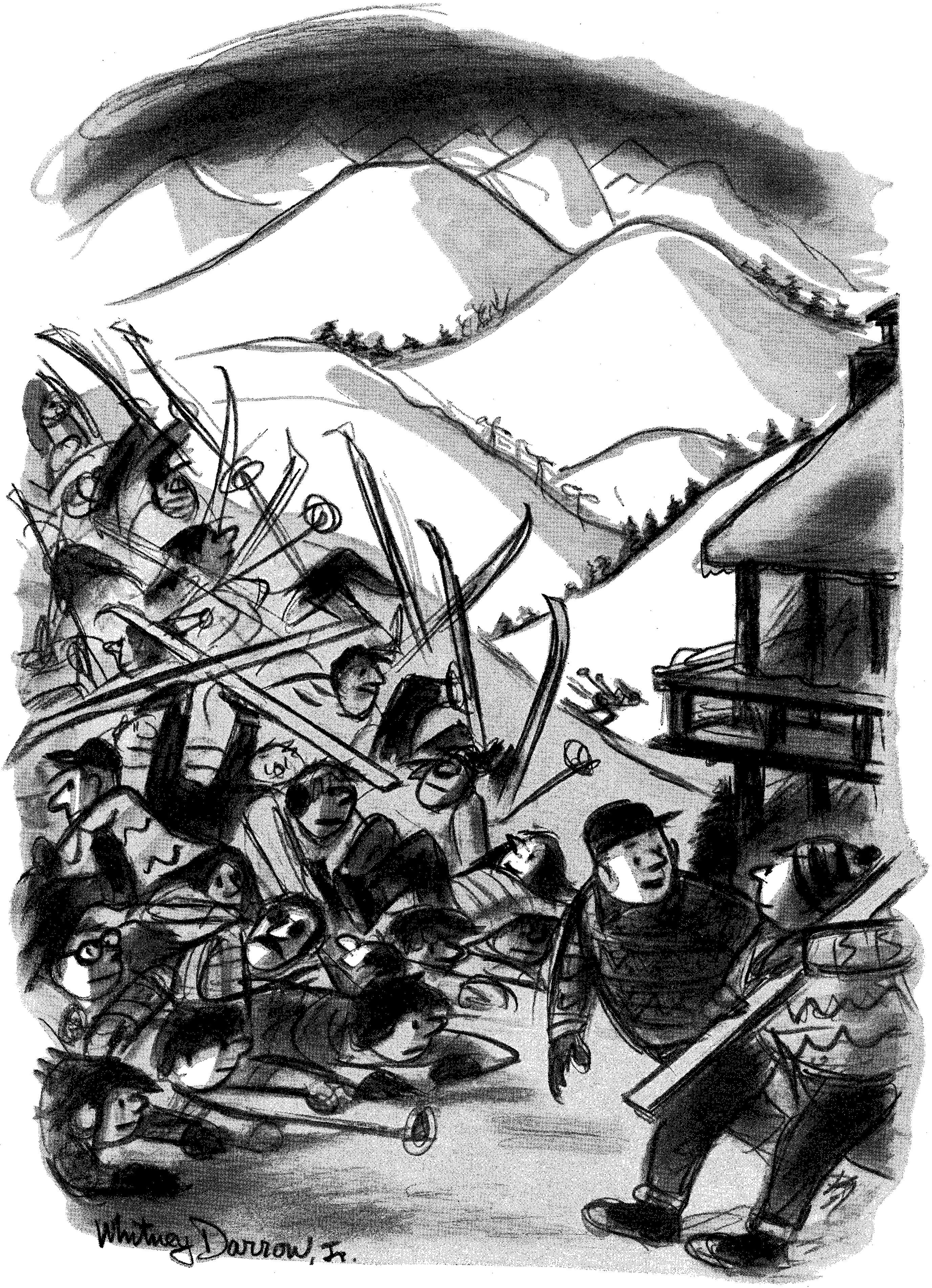
Q. What about stampedes?

A. A red herring if ever there was one! People who are secretly terrified of meeting cows often try to scare others with talk of cattle risings, "great stampedes," and other trumped-up rumors of bovine unrest. There has been a lot of angry criticism of our so-called permissiveness in this area, and I myself have had two telephone calls from Martha Mitchell. To all this, I cry, "Nonsense!" A few maladjusted mavericks may dash about from time to time, in an attempt to "cow" decent, hardworking ruminants, but the great silent majority of American cattle is not going to lose its head.

Q. What's the future for cows?

A. I don't believe we should look for overnight changes—Mrs. Cow is a natural conservative, after all. But any animal that has provided us since Neolithic times with food, clothing, shoes, transportation, luggage, baseball mitts, and (during the Christmas season) eggnog, in exchange for nothing more than second-rate rural housing and a little grass, may very well be doing some serious ruminating about her future. A lot can happen, after all, in the next ten thousand years.

—CALVIN TOMKINS


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

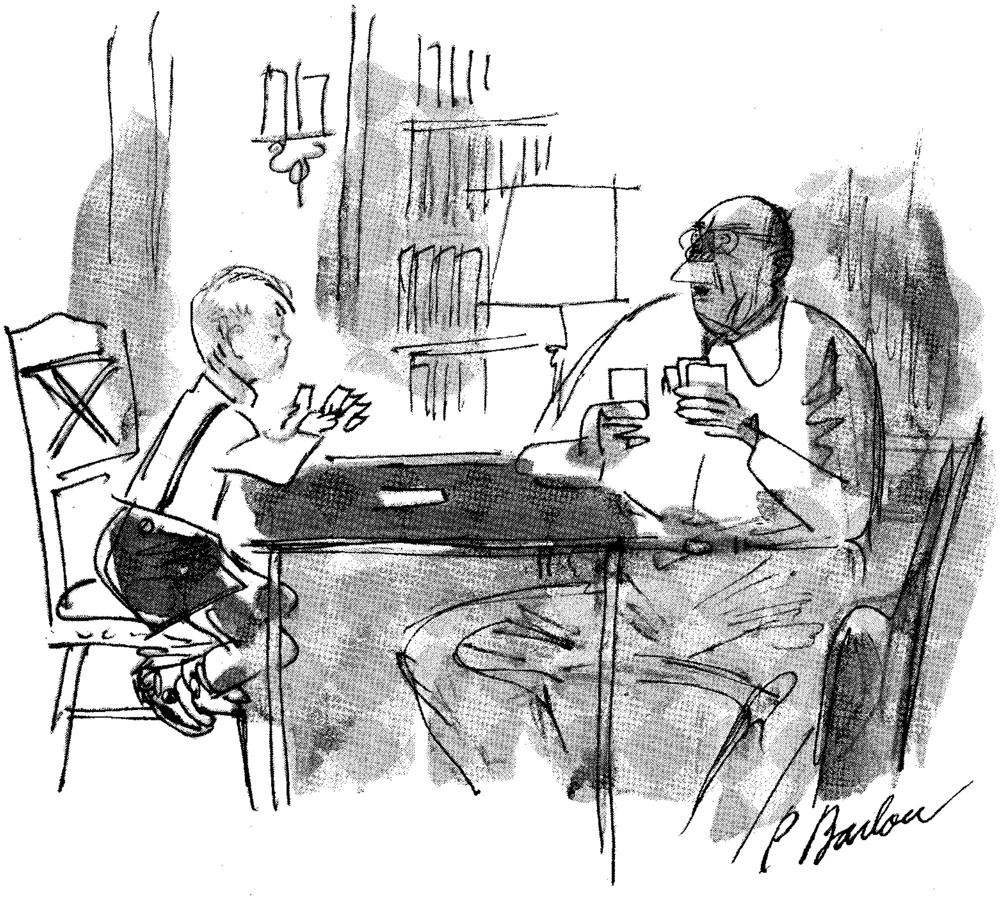
"This is our beginners' slope."

THE FINDER

DALTON was a pleasant town—still is. Lots of shade trees on residential streets, lots of shrubs in all the front yards, ferns in tubs put outside in the summer, birdbaths well attended, and screened side porches with familiar voices going on through the twilight. Crêpe myrtle lined the uptown streets. The old horse troughs on the square were seen by some in authority to be quite fine, so they were never removed but ran with water even after the last mule had died and the last wagon of the dozens that used to creak into town on Saturday from out in the country had fallen apart in somebody's barn or had been chopped up for kindling. So even on the hottest summer day the persistent murmur of water could be heard through still moments, and the lacy shade of crêpe myrtle lay traced on the sidewalks, on the heads of passing ladies, and on the shoulders of shirtsleeved men.

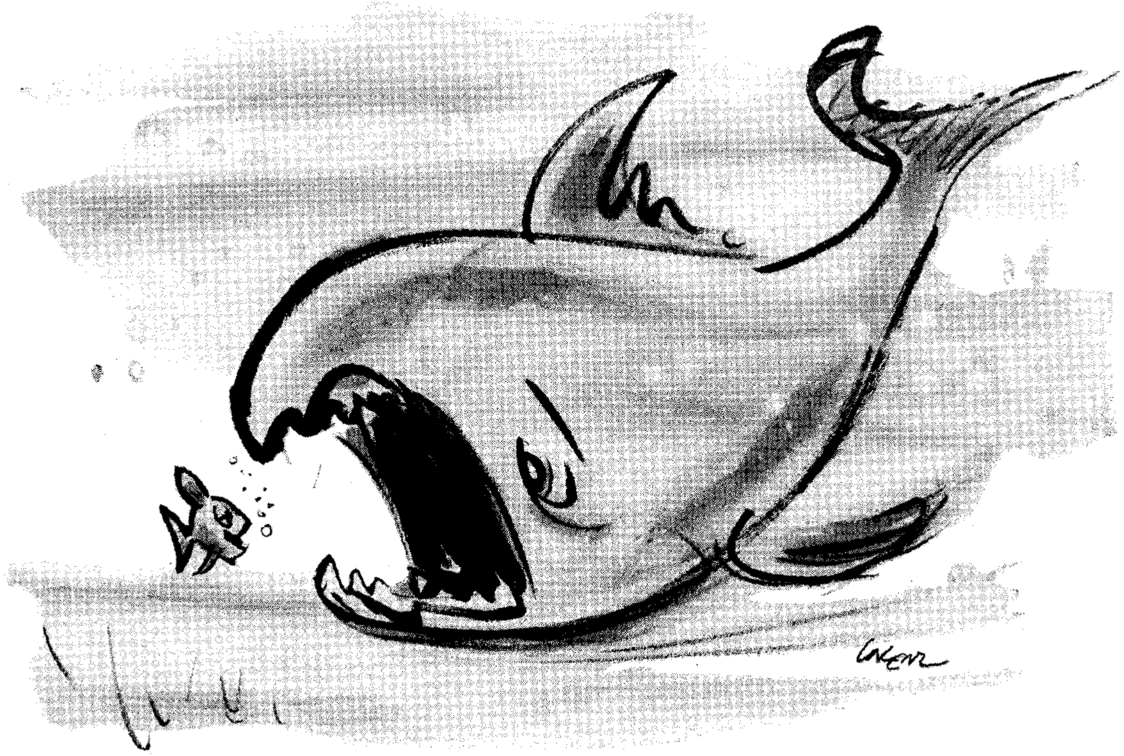
There were several strong families in the town, and Gavin Anderson belonged to one of these. In the nineteen-thirties, there must have been seven or eight branches of the original Anderson parent stem living in and around there, in addition to others who had been taken North or into cities, according to the professions they picked or the men they married, but all of the Andersons had "kept up" and they came back from time to time. No matter where they went, they always said they felt as if they were living right there in Dalton on the Waukahatchie, where all the good picnics were held, down on the sandbar. Since most of the Andersons were from a little distance alike and since nearly all of them were full of the same cordial sayings and the same way of chuckling with forbearance over what they couldn't help, making it funny if possible, it was hard to remember which of them were dead and which had been more recently born. Not that they lacked personality, but only that together they were like one continuous entity, a long table of a family, rather than a history in which the people might be thought of as different shapes and sizes of beads on a string. And the way they talked of one another—with such clarity and wit about the ones who had passed away—you would think the dead were still right there and about to come in any minute.

Gavin Anderson was not different from his family in any discernible way. Looking at him, a stranger would never have guessed what there was about him. It must have started just as a game when he was little, out in the sandpile with all of them. Perhaps somebody had said, "I lost my favorite agate. Now, where is it?" and Gavin's eyes might have been closed just from shutting out the sun as it came too strongly through the cedar limbs, or closed to keep cedar twigs from dropping into them, and maybe the question "Now, where is it?" hadn't been asked of anybody in particular; but lying there with his bright, healthy tan-colored Anderson hair, dry as spun glass, in the remains of a sand castle, and one short practical Anderson hand thrown over his eyes, Gavin suddenly sat up and said, "It's rolled back behind the kindling box in the kitchen. I saw it there." Or if it was a letter that was lost, he would say, "You left it in the ninth-grade history book." Or if it was a book somebody had borrowed, he would say, "It's on Miss Jamie Whittaker's library shelf; she's put it up with her own by mistake." It got to be noticed he was always right. It was further noticed by an old-maid aunt, who had a sharp ear for picking up the flaws and lapses in what was said to her, that when he said he saw something, he had not, in the ordinary sense, seen it at all. Thereupon she questioned him all one afternoon, announced to the family at supper that it was right uncanny, and returned before day the next morning to a town near Jackson where she had taught Latin for twenty-three years. She herself was known to have second sight, and could generally be counted on "to get a feeling" a few days in advance of a death or disaster. Nobody paid much attention to her discovery about Gavin, as it was a busy fall and too much work to do. None of the Andersons were ever spoiled, because there were too many of them. Still, nothing was ever quite forgotten, either.



"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

When Gavin's gift came to general attention, it was over the incident of the seed-pearl star pin that his father, Robert Anderson, had given to his mother and that had been lost so soon they suspected a servant of taking it. They did not want to suspect anybody, of course, and especially not Lulu, who was such a good cook. It was then that Gavin said right where it was—his mother, in her excitement, having hidden it even from herself. Lulu always said that the Lord spared her through that child. She announced this several times, coming once into the living room, and another time out of the kitchen into the dining room while they were eating. She never mentioned any



"Before you do something you may regret, I think you should know that I contain six parts of mercury per million."

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gratitude to Gavin, and when the story was told in later years Gavin would add this observation with the particular little chuckle of the Andersons.

The story stuck. Even in Gavin's young manhood, somebody uptown would stop to ask him about it. "Was that really true about your mama's pin?" they would ask. He shrugged it off: "Should have gone on the stage, I guess. There was somebody up at the Orpheum in Memphis just the other day. Did you see it in the paper? I missed my chance for ever amounting to anything." But by then he was in his rugged, handsome stage and courting the girl he loved. All the Andersons married for love, and they always loved the right kind. One of the girls married a pharmacist who turned to dope and lost his license, but she stuck to him and he finally got over it. Her character was unbeatable; everyone was proud but none surprised.

It was soon after Gavin turned the insurance agency over to his brother and took the local hardware store over from his father—one of the many Anderson interests—and was every day now up on the town square, the father of two fine children, member of the Kiwanis Club, deacon in the church, with a boat on the lake for fishing every day in the summer with his boys, that the stories about him revived. Every once in so often, somebody would come to see him from out in the country or from a neighboring town, and it got to be known that a peculiar kind of worried look, like a bird dog uncertain of the scent, foretold the sort of errand they were on. Sometimes, too, a letter would arrive. He would get a thick packet, and inside, ink- or pencil-written on lined sheets or on cheap-grade blue stationery from the back counters in dusty drugstores, the entire story would come out in every detail. Something was lost: "Where is it? . . . Where is it? I feel like I just got to know—" Gavin's clerk and the bookkeeper would see him glance through page after page, refold the letter hastily, stuff it in his back pocket, and begin at once to do something else, some kind of straightening up he'd never think of otherwise.

ONE day in autumn, Gavin made a long-distance call to a neighboring town—a call he did not mention. He closed up the store and drove to that town, thirty miles away. He told his wife he had bank business in that part of the country; he didn't say exactly where. She had "a place" in that direction—something she had inherited. He always saw to it for her. She trusted him so much she never was quite sure where it was, and wouldn't have known how to find it if she had tried. Her name was Ethel. He got in the car and drove.

The minister was watching for his car to enter town, and had already reached the silent weekday church grounds before Gavin could cut off the motor. To reach the minister's study they first had to walk through the church itself. They unlocked the door, opened it, and Gavin stepped into the vestibule and encountered smells he had always, from time immemorial, associated with "religion." Hymnbooks, Sunday-school literature, the pulpit Bible, the uncertain cleanliness of aging congregations, the starch of little girls' dresses, the felt in the organ stops, the smell of sunlight filtered by panes of stained glass discoloring the musty maroon carpet. Here there had been flowers sometime recently. He saw some white petals near the stove in passing, and coal dust left scanty by a broom's motion. He passed, following a step or two behind the gray brushed head of the minister—a man he remembered from the time when he had held the pulpit at Dalton but whom he had not seen in twenty-odd years. Dandruff flecked the good brown shoulders of his suit.

"All you all O.K.?" Gavin asked him.

The minister did not turn to answer. "Can't complain. Mrs. Cooper, though, 's got nothing to brag about."

"Serious?"

"Oh, no. Hope not."

The door to the Sunday-school annex stuck. The minister had to push, then rap the base with his toe. Back there it was cold. Gavin remembered his boyhood. Church-cold. Wasn't it always? Voices returned to him—the all-his-life voices. From last Sunday, from thirty years ago: ". . . not enough money to heat the auditorium, much less the Sunday-school annex" . . . "They're only back there a little while; can't they keep their coats on?" And they did, hunched in uncomfortable chairs, snivelling with cold. And voices from those Sunday-school classes: "Yes'm, He meant you had to have faith." . . . "Did He mean faith changes things?" Long pause. Somebody had to answer. If nobody answered, there might not be any more Sunday school. There had to be more Sunday school. "Oh, yes'm. That is, it might." "Always?" "It might and it might not, I guess." "Does God answer prayer?" "Yes'm, He does." "You mean God does what I tell Him to?" "Guess He don't always. Don't for me." Laughter. "Well, now, to tell you the truth, Billy, He doesn't for me, either." "Sometimes He does, don't He?" "Yes, sometimes He does. So . . . can you summarize?" "Can I what?" "Can you tell me what we've just decided?" Long pause. "Well, uh . . . we decided sometimes He does and sometimes He don't." "There might be a better way to put it. I'd say . . ." The bell rang, a tinkle from the hallway, and the superintendent entered and asked for the collection. The teacher gave it, an envelope already counted and recorded. "We'll be right there. I just want to leave you with this thought for the day. God always answers prayer. Sometimes He says yes, sometimes He says no. And the third answer, we didn't have time to get to. It is this: Wait. Remember that—all week. Now you can go." They would be gone already; there had been a shoving and creaking of chairs from the minute the bell rang.

SNOW IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND

Not rare, or common, the snow
that visits our winters here:
a thin inch for every year
perhaps, and a foot or so
lost from the north one year in four;

and sometimes a stifled door
pushes back on a path of dead
sparrows gray as bits of bread,
broken to the dark before
some white moor fallen from the night.

But we live in a temperate
place, and never know true cold.
Brittling bones can grow old
in us, unsplintered by ice. Not
harder than my cruel summer doves

is the flocculence that lives
its day on the barren damson tree.
Warmed over by this January
sun, tomorrow the blush roofs
will show another season gone

of snow. I'd wish no more, more often,
than the falls we have, frequent as
sorrow. Or, brief as happiness,
want less, less often. The moon
risen this night is a white crow

roosting in a blizzard of stars.
The wind is stilled, and all I know
that I'd desire would be eyes
for dark beyond our buried places,
further off than this illumined snow.

—TED WALKER

A country man, a Southern man, a small-town man, not given to book knowledge—he read for entertainment—Gavin Anderson did not recall these things critically. He had a moment's self-doubt—himself and his religion, what did they have to do with one another? If he had once respected, been so impressed by this minister—this Mr. Cooper with the direct sympathies and the earnest plain speech, who could also field in baseball and hit a home run, who had a way of expressing great truths simply and a way of carrying within himself plainly the love of God—why had he waited twenty-odd years to look him up? Gavin noted that what had stirred a boy of twelve and convinced him of deep truth was almost nothing but a memory to a man of thirty-five. Still, he had come there about something.

They entered the study. The minister snapped on an electric heater. "Bought it myself," he explained. "I come over here to get my sermons up. Couldn't live with a cold all winter. It'll just take a minute to heat up." Theological texts, green-black and red, stood in bookcases covered by protective glass panels.

"Let me take your hat. Have a seat. Now." The minister was back of his desk. Gavin Anderson could not see through the frosted windows. The smell of the electric heat seeped into the room.

"Your family all all right? You've married, I understand? Who was it? Don't tell me—that little old Davis girl."

"You've got some memory."

"She O.K.?"

"Yes, oh yes—she is. Two boys. All fine. You thought I'd come about somebody being sick." His bemusement vanished. The Anderson charm, always there to save, made a swift return. He smiled warmly.

The minister glowed with relief. "I was just 'fraid it might be—"

"No. Nothing about illness. No, you'd never guess." He laughed his genial uptown chuckle. "It's something worries me. You may not remember; no reason why you should. You might, though. It's right unusual—I don't recall outside the show-business circuit ever hearing of such a thing, and even that might be a fake. Well, to refresh your mind, I always had this certain gift."

"You weren't the one could find things?" The minister broke out laughing.

You'd think I rode all the way over here to have a tea party, Gavin thought. He was very nearly angry.

"It ain't funny, Mr. Cooper. I mean, it's true. I really can. I could then and I can still. I'm telling you the truth, Mr. Cooper. There's a world of people in this state that know about me, and when they lose something they write to me. Recently it's got worse. It's never going to stop. I realized that about six months ago. I got three letters in one day—one from way off in Texas somewhere. It's a gift. I can't give it back. Every time I get a letter, I hesitate to open it. Because I don't like to practice it. I think it's a sin."

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," said Mr. Cooper.

"I thought about that, too."

They were silent. What did I ever see in him, thought Gavin Anderson. "It might be the Devil's gift," he suggested.

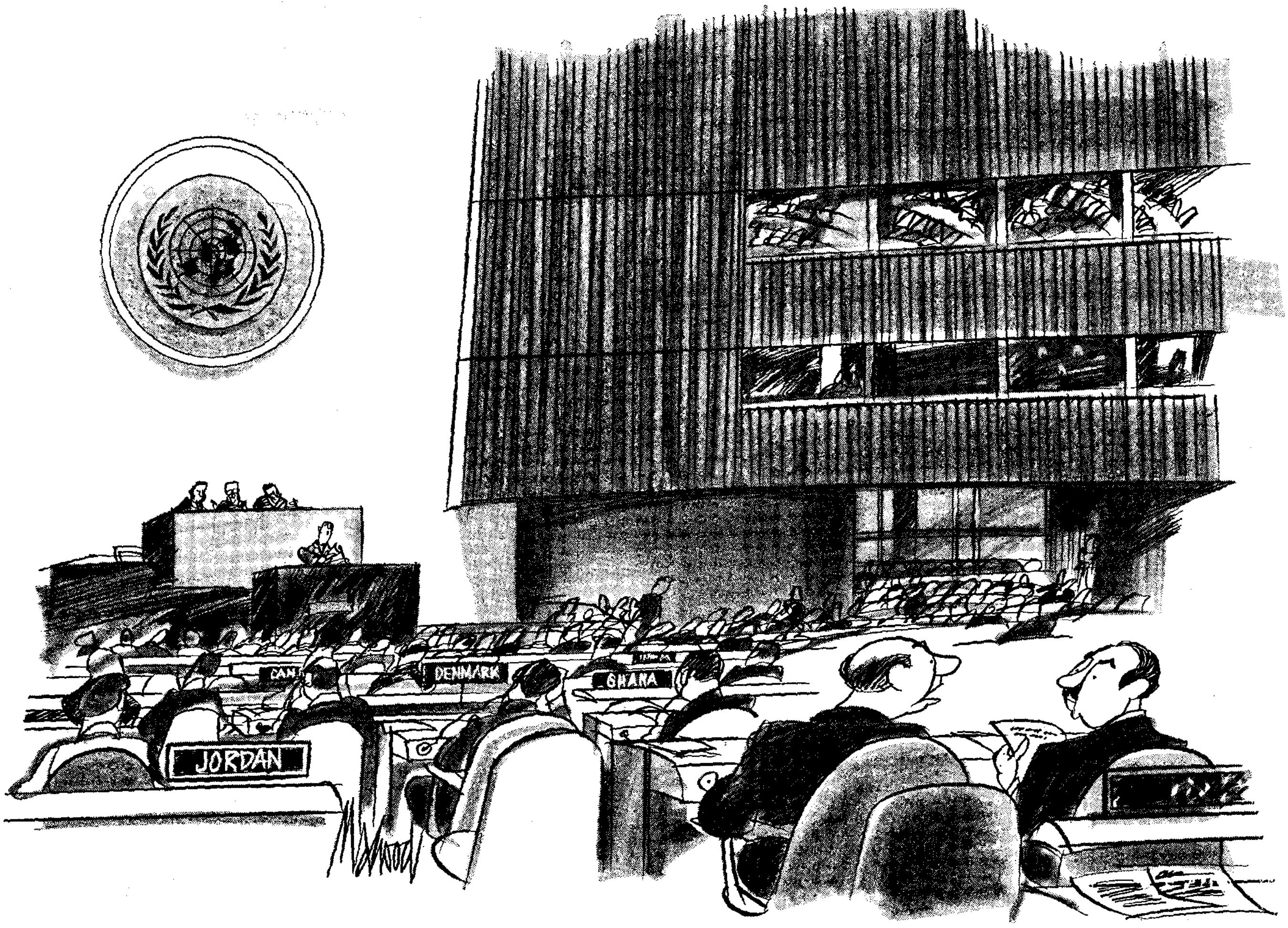
"Why, I know your family, Gavin. Everybody knows the Andersons. Nothing you folks have got 's ever been near the Devil."

"It's mighty nice of you to say that," said Gavin. "You've helped me a whole lot."

But really the minister had not told him anything. He thought, I went all the way over there to say out loud what I thought myself.

It was later said in Dalton that Gavin Anderson had gone to see a minister and the minister had told him to give up his finding gift, it was a sin. But this had not happened, as Gavin knew. He let it go as truth, but it was not true. So sometimes still he opened the letters. Sometimes he didn't.

THEN it was the day of the thunderstorm—a spring day when the sky suddenly got black as pitch around



"What is most depressing is that these platitudes are being simultaneously translated into five languages."

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about noon. The tree leaves, which were just coming out, turned an incandescent green in the shift of light; they seemed to be burning with green fire. Just back of the square, a wall of velvet black hung flat as a curtain. The girl who came in to keep books half a day twice a week took off an hour early. "Go on," said Gavin Anderson. "I'll stay here. If you run, you can make it." She was out already, going headlong for her car. There was a short warning jab of lightning. The phone rang. It was the clerk's mother. She had been ailing all winter and now she was scared, up on that hill by herself. "Go on home, Percy," said Gavin Anderson. "Yo' mama sounds like it's blowing up Judgment Day." "What about you?" Percy Howell inquired. "Oh, I'll either lock up or stick it out. You're 'bout as safe one place as another." He called home, but no one answered. He had just replaced the receiver and stretched to switch a light on as the dark intensified when the phone rang a second time. He reached his hand toward it, but light snapped and thunder exploded simultaneously within the boxed area of the store. Fire leaped from the black mouth of the phone. He felt himself hurled aside, and lost consciousness for a moment or two—or was it longer? A livid turmoil of air stood at the door, loftier than flame. Rain like a white wall was now in swift advance. Not only leaves but the limbs themselves cross-whipped in crazy ways. He had been thinking of his family when the phone had rung and gone dead; now his thought, like an interrupted current, resumed. Where were they? Why, in his own vision, couldn't he find them? It had never occurred to him before; he had never yet tried to find a person, nor had he ever been asked to.

Then he was hastening to close the door, which had blown wide, and the woman shot through half screaming, a scared rabbit of the storm. It wasn't the bookkeeper back. He never thought it was.

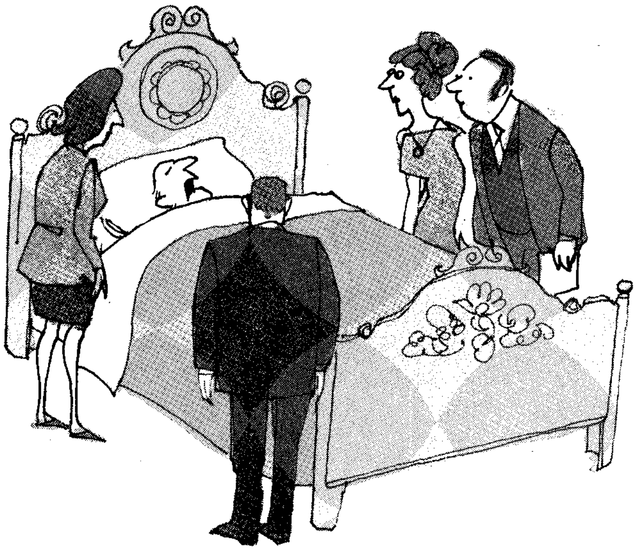
The wild smell of the whole spring rushed terrible and vivid through the door, into his face and nostrils, charged with new life, white and cold. Then he slammed it. She stood in mid-floor, drenched, her face screwed up and her hands to her ears while thunder shook at the walls and ceiling, banged against the high transom.

She opened her eyes just long enough to say, "It's a tornado," then shut them tight again.

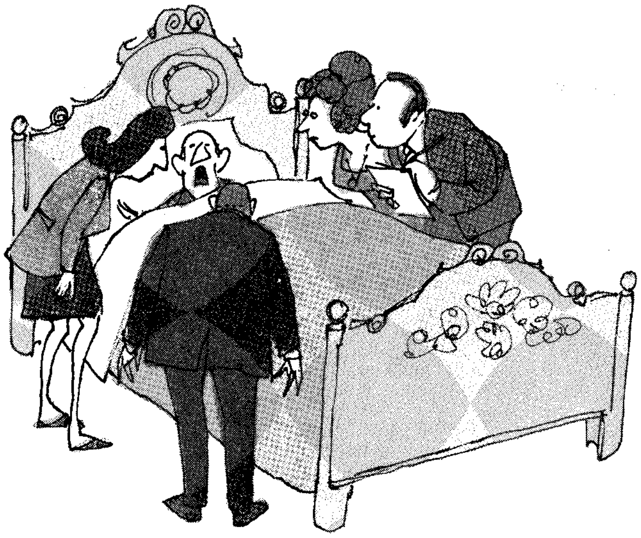
He'd never seen her before. The protection he felt toward his family, wherever they were, extended suddenly to her. Alone there, he might not have done anything to make himself safer. "Come here," he said.

He led her with him by the hand—she was not tall, and her hand was like a little wood-wet wild paw, trembling—to the back of the store, and, opening a rough wooden door, went down some steps into a storage room, half underground, that his father had built during the Depression for storing potatoes. The walls were earthen and the whole hardly man-high, but as a storm pit he could see it functioning, unless debris fell in to bury them. "Sit down."

He crouched down himself and pulled her down. Drawing herself close to him, she waited in childlike terror, eyes, he could dimly make out, still shut up tight and one hand to her ear, the other hand clutching his



"My last words are as follows:"



" 'Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.' "

hand. "Oh!" and "Oh!" she sobbed, and "Jesus, Jesus!" No woman in his own family said that. She wasn't from around here.

Some minutes later, gently putting her aside, he opened the door. Store air came into the earthen-smelling dark, and with it the steady beat of rain. "Come on," he said. He shook her. "It's O.K. now."

She opened her eyes—they were large and blue—and pushed her dark hair into place. She smiled, climbed the steps after him, and stood before him in the back area of the store among the crates of stock—a small full-breasted woman in her thirties, smartly dressed in black linen with a wide shiny belt, more than a hint of good living about her. She smoothed her hair a second time. "I've always been like that—storms scare me to death."

"Well, that was a bad one," he said, forgiving her. He gestured toward the store, but she took his hand first and turned it.

"I scratched you." She touched the red marks of her nails—there were three of them, one deeper than the rest.

"I see," he said.

He got out a chair for her and offered her a Coke—all he had. They sat together. The rain still lashed, swaying above the town and countryside. The tree limbs blew freely, and some were broken. The rain sluiced against the store windows and closed doors, but there was something domestic and ample about it now.

"You just passing through?" he asked. "You not from around here."

But she said what he already suspected. She had been looking for a Gavin Anderson, because she had lost something.

It was nothing ordinary. Her grandmother had had it from a man who had died, and some had said he was the real grandfather—here a little laugh—but never mind. The stone was large, and valuable. She had written to Gavin Anderson two weeks ago, but had got no reply. She had the air of a small woman who tried things. If there was a finder to be found, she found him.

"You didn't get my letter."

"I often don't open those letters anymore."

"You mean too many people worry you?"

"Something like that."

"You know, I thought that. I really did imagine it."

"I think—" He stopped. His innermost thoughts, his long struggle. Why give it all away, suddenly, to her? Yet he almost had.

"So I thought if I came and told you that it was special, a special case . . ."

"Everybody's case is special," he said. "Some little girl's pencil box is as important to her as a ruby ring to you."

"How did you know it was a ruby?"

"I didn't know it. Of course I didn't."

He brought matches—store matches—to light her cigarette. The rain beat steadily before the door, on the town square, on the town. As the smoke rose, he closed his eyes. He saw the ring. It had fallen in the crevice of some old, dark broad-boarded floors. A piece of string and the head of a thumbtack lay beside it. The corner of a rug lay over it. He thought, She must have taken it off at night and didn't know she dropped it, going to bed after a party. It lay there in the dark, canted to the side, square-cut, wine red. A little more and he thought he might have seen the silver evening sandals she had probably removed, the stockings fallen beside them. But he opened his eyes. Through the smoke, she was half smiling at him. Now that the danger had come and gone, she looked blue-eyed and young, just out of high school.

He told her where to find the ring.

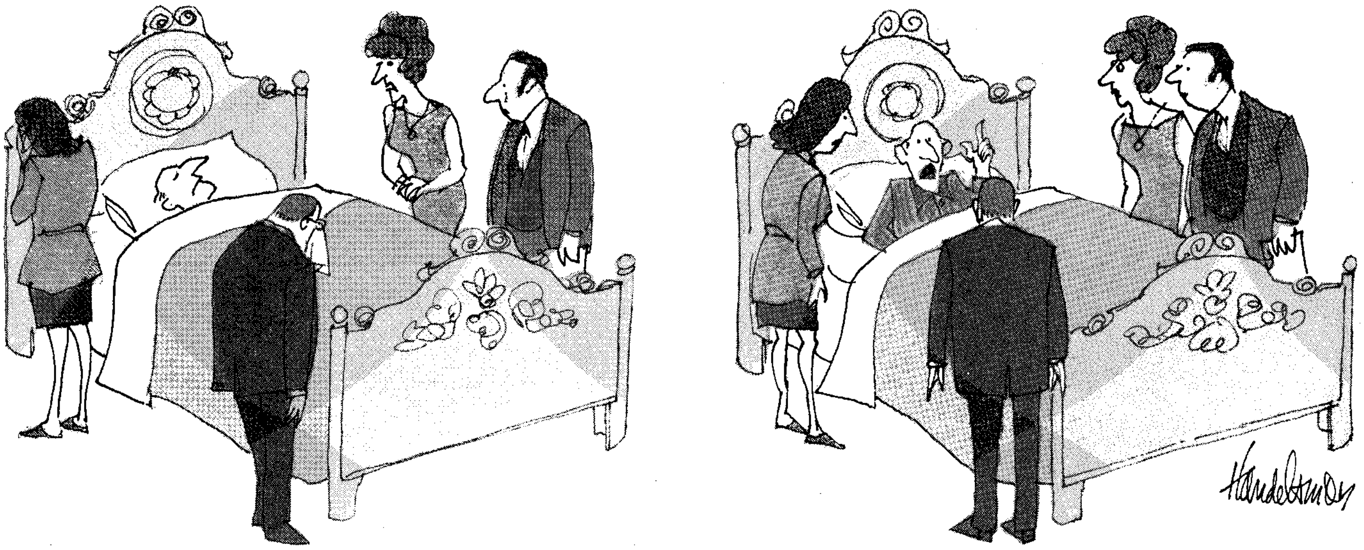
It was that very evening, after ten, she tried to reach him, but the lines were still down from the storm. She told him this the next morning, excited on the phone, not five minutes after service was resumed. "Right where you said! Can you imagine?"

"Listen," he said. "Please listen. I'm so glad. Yes, I really am, but you've got to listen. I don't want you to tell anybody." For suddenly, vast as an army, scattered out all over the South, maybe all over the country, the numerous connections a woman like that would have stirred to shadowy life in his consciousness. My God, I'll have to explain, he thought, and said, "Listen, are you at home? Will you be at home this evening—afternoon, I mean? Sometime around two or three o'clock?"

"Come to a party tomorrow night! Why don't you? Are you free?"

He was free, but he hesitated. A party was another thing entirely.

"It's nothing fancy," she went on.



"Correction! Make that 'There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time.'"

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"Just cocktails and dinner. We'll have a drink or two, then eat. Some friends from Birmingham are bringing me a horse."

"Well, yes, Ma'am," he found himself saying. "We'll try. It's sort of far for a party, but maybe we can make it." He hung up.

She would go around saying to everybody, "He has this gift, the most remarkable thing, you can't *ima*-gine, honey!" and her eyes, no longer clear blue and just out of high school, would burn overbright from alcohol. He wouldn't see her—not the way she had seemed in the store just with him. And he would be the travelling magician, the oddity led by the wrist. Then he knew the truth about his fears, too—or were they hopes? Even if she did tell that world of people she knew, to them it would just be another of her stories about the backwoods. Most of them wouldn't even believe it. They'd tell the story maybe, but nobody would come look him up. They wouldn't, after an hour, be able to think of his name. And she—after a week or so, would she be able to?

He did not go to the party.

HE went to see her instead. He was in that part of the state one afternoon. He got to the town and asked the way from a filling-station attendant. It was out of town, off a side road, over a cattle gap, through a pretty stretch of woods. The fences were all painted white. The house was at the end of a tree-lined path, quite a walk from the car, but the gate to let cars through was closed. He should have telephoned from town. He walked up the path. The trees, though oak, were not imposing, but small instead and rather twisted, as though storm-battered at an early age. And the house, even as it drew closer, was smaller than he had been expecting. It was white with a deep front porch, made private with thickset square pillars and a large bed of azaleas, past their prime. It was hard to get azaleas to bloom in that part of the state. The porch had a swing and white-painted iron furniture with comfortably padded green cushions. There were white-painted iron tables with glass tops, and lamps of wrought iron—all as it should be. No one there. Where was she? Should he stand, like the country man he was, and call? If he called, should he say Mrs. Beris or Naomi? Naomi Beris. It was an odd name. He ascended the front steps and knocked on one of the hollow white pillars. "Anybody home?"

There was a stir from within and a boy came out, tall, in his late teens, with wavy blond hair, wearing beige corduroys and beige suède shoes. The corduroy and suède went with the azaleas in the yard and the shadowy, waxed, thick-carpeted look of the hall. It went with the horses that Gavin Anderson already knew were out back, and would have known about even if she had not mentioned the horse she was getting from Birmingham.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Beris. Is she home?"

"She ought to be back pretty soon." The boy half turned to go inside. "Sit down, if you want to wait." He nodded toward the porch furniture. That was good enough, thought Gavin, feeling himself correctly defined. From a distance, the cattle gap rumbled.

She came in her car through the gate he had thought locked (it was automatic) and, parking in the side yard, got out and started toward the front porch. She was wearing short gloves and a dark cotton dress and carrying, along with her bag, a brown parcel. Near the steps, she paused and, shielding her eyes with one gloved hand, said, "Who is it? Now, don't tell me. It's Mr. Anderson!"

She had a drawling voice that only Southerners who have been away and come to know themselves in another context unconsciously cultivate.

"I was over here on business; just happened to be," he said.

Out back, she had the horses—two of them, a black and a bay. There was a white-fenced area for exercise and mounting, and a building with an open walkway through the middle, two stalls on one side and a tack- and feed-storage room on the other. The horses were small, to scale with everything there, to scale with herself. Perhaps she had a small fortune, Gavin thought. A Negro man who spoke to her pleasantly was cleaning the walkway, humming at his work. Gavin thought maybe the ruby that he had seen only in his vision was the only outsize thing she possessed. He did not ask to see it but, enchanted, listened and watched without seeming to.

"It's mighty pretty here," he said.

"It'd be a shame to part with it, now, wouldn't it?" she asked.

"You going to?"

"What can a lone woman do? My son's here, but after he finishes university he won't want to live here. There's nothing here for him."

"It looks like quite a lot here to me," said Gavin.

"Well, *you* know.... It's sweet of you to say so."

"I didn't know you were a lone woman."

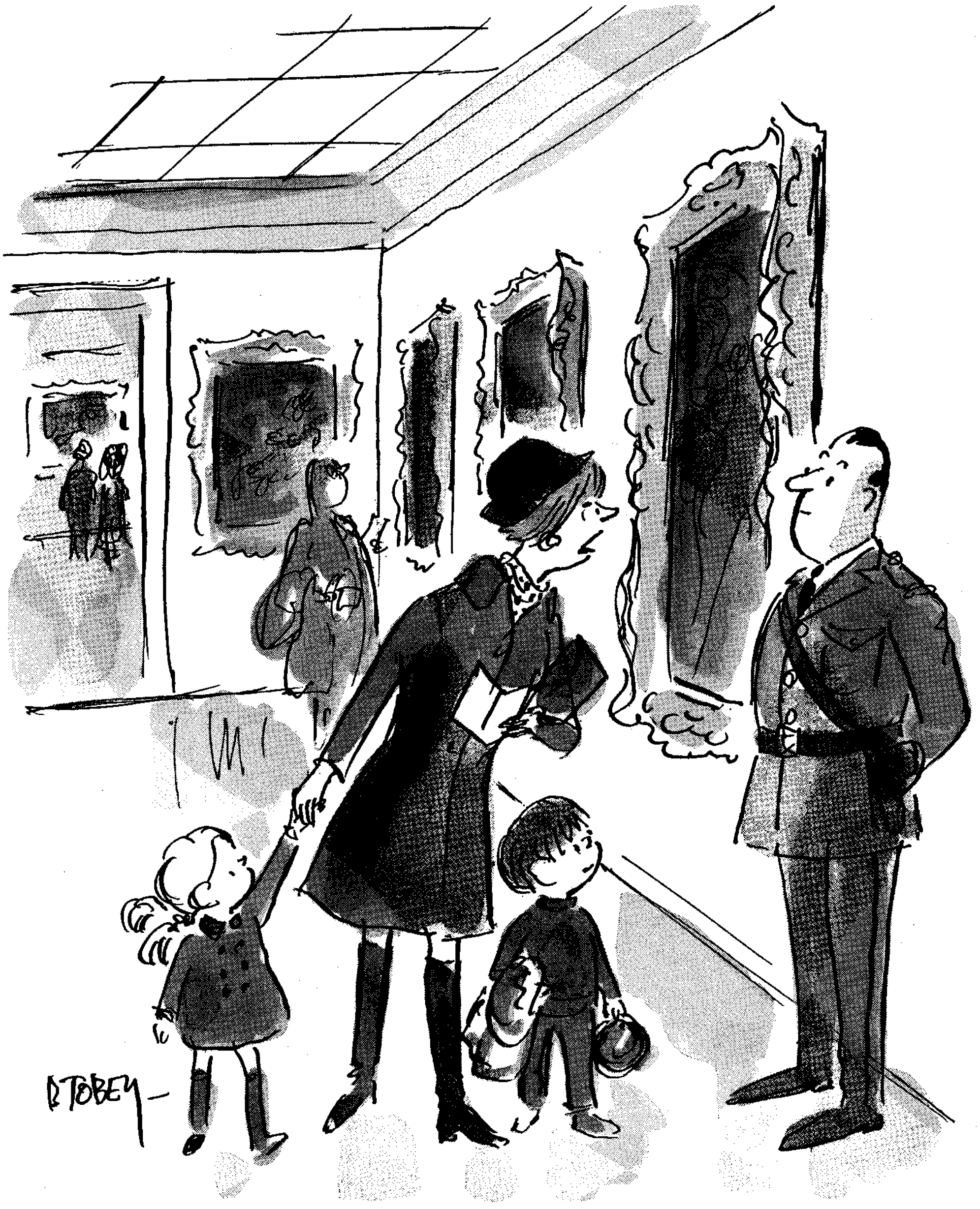
"Divorced," she said. "I could face parting with the house, though it's been in the family a long time. But I couldn't sell a house with a ruby in it, now, could I?" He saw the ridiculous side of it. "Well, now," she pressed on, making him laugh more than ever, "how would you feel?"

She gave him a gin drink in a silver cup, fresh mint amidst the ice, and placed a small hand damp from the sweated silver into his as he stood on the steps, taking his leave.

He didn't get back to Dalton till after dark. He told his wife, Ethel, that he'd been up northeast of there to another county to see about some property he might invest in. It was the property, he said, in the ensuing weeks, that took him back up there, time and again. He asked her not to mention it.

"I THINK you know somebody up there," his wife said one evening. The boys had gone to a school program. It was autumn, the first cold snap. "I don't think you've bought any property up there at all. Anyway, there's plenty of property around here. So I don't believe it."

She was brushing her bobbed hair at the dresser. She had firm shoulders, had played basketball in school that year the girls' team was so attractive they used to get invited everywhere, and all the men turned out for miles around to whistle at their legs. She had short, strong, capable hands, the nails always breaking from housework, and knuckles a little large, a perennial cooking burn somewhere—but still attractive. The gas heater hissed in the room.



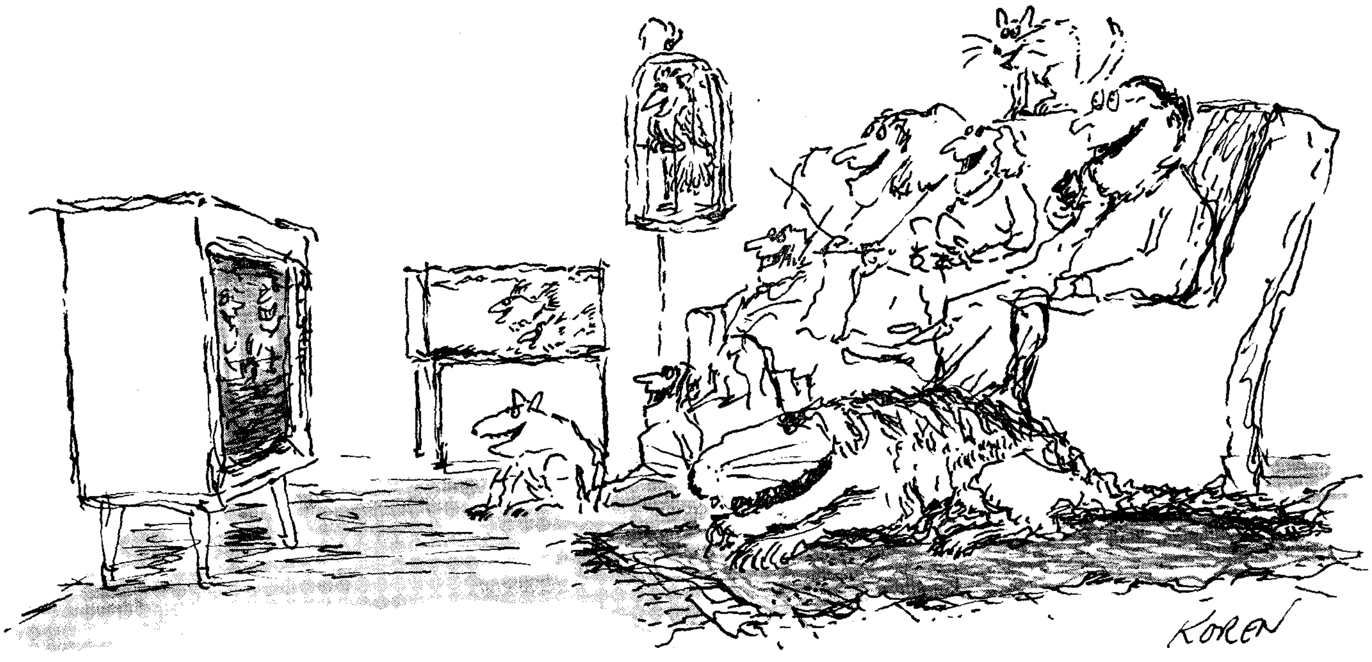
"It seems to me that you *people could use a few X and R ratings!"*

Gavin didn't answer her. There was no precedent, as far as he knew, for any Anderson's knowing at this point what to say.

"I just think you're trying to tell me not to go through with it about that property," he said at last. "I've been having some doubts myself. I bet you had a dream."

"I don't have to dream. You think I'm dumb? O.K., I never said anything. That's the way I'm going to act, from now on."

IT was the year of the Anderson reunion—the year the Anderson grandmother was ninety-five, the year an Anderson daughter (Gavin's cousin) had twins, the year the Lord spared an Anderson grandson (Gavin's nephew) in a traffic accident in which four were killed and two cars demolished (the boy himself was pitched into a blackberry thicket and woke up not even scratched by briars), the year Gavin's son's calf won the statewide blue ribbon, a year of prosperity in which (everybody hoped) there wouldn't be another German war. The reunion was down on the creek, in Indian summer, and a special moon appeared—a swollen oval at the horizon, so orange, so huge, so mysteriously brushed across with one thin black cloud, that one of the aunts kept saying over and over, "If it wasn't so pretty, it'd be downright scary." The night was warm. The Waukahatchie Creek curled near the bluff opposite the bar, running shallow after a dry fall over ribbed sand. The sandbar lay white beneath the moon, which had risen, grown smaller and radiant. Dozens of children, far and wide, knew just what they wanted to play, and down the path from the house, which wound through the willows, the women came tripping with plates of trimmed sandwiches, platters of fried chicken, bowls of potato salad, warmers full of rolls. Gavin sat with his brothers, harmonizing. They sang about the moon—a dozen moon songs—and clapping came up from the women near the tables. Ethel appeared, a ribbon in her hair, looking like a girl. "Thought you weren't coming," Gavin called to her. She'd had a headache earlier. "Changed my mind," she said, going by. The table spread, they lighted lanterns—some-



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body, got fancy and prosperous, had bought fashionable glass-shielded hurricane lamps, now sparkling grandly above the food. ("Where'd they come from?" one of the brothers asked. "Harriet," another answered. "Oh," said the first. You had to be one of them to get all there was in this.)

Now the brothers, five in all, were sent up to the house, and the grandmother was carried down in her rocker among them. When they appeared in her room, she was sitting straight and silent, dressed and ready. When she saw them, she broke into tears. "Wonderful boys," she kept saying. "Wonderful, wonderful boys." "Hush, now. Hush, now," they told her. And lightly they bore her down, among the willows.

On the way home, long after midnight, Ethel said, "Why wouldn't you find that bowl for them?" It was a silver bowl she meant. The family had all contributed to give it to the grandmother. Simple, engraved and beautiful, it was to sit on her dresser, a daily offering till she died.

"It wasn't lost," he said. "They were teasing."

"They weren't, either. I saw Marvin. He was just about crazy. So was Pat."

"Well, I didn't b'lieve it. I thought they were kidding. Anyway, you know I don't like to."

"Not even for Gran's birthday!"

"But they found it."

"But they *really* thought it was lost. It was just in George's car, but he went in for some ice and they didn't know it. But you wouldn't."

"I'm not on the midway. You can't just buy a ticket and have the show commence."

"Seems like if you ever did it in your life you would then. Wasn't your heart just so full with all the Andersons there? It's what you got up and said." This was undercutting of the worst kind—flat country-style.

"Yes, it was. I meant it all. Just like I said."

"You *meant* it when you said it, that's for sure."

He had got tired. Yet the reunion had finally reached him. His heart, though reluctant at first, had finally filled at that clear spring. The evening had said all the Andersons meant to each other—an eternal table, from the creation onward forever. Now it was plain to him that a tree does not choose to be struck by lightning, and that a plain man—even one who can find a ruby ring and who in consequence is given wine by candlelight and dark nakedness on fine linen—is a plain man still. But who, he thought, knew this better than Ethel? So how could she talk as she had? Well, the answer to that was plain also. He knew how she could, and why.

Next day, he tried all day to write the letter. For two weeks, he stuck strictly around Dalton, and every day he tried to write. At last, he made a phone call.

"I haven't been over," he said. "Listen, I don't think I can anymore. You must have guessed that."

"Guessed? No. No, I didn't guess anything."

The conversation locked them in, close as a last embrace, and down, down they sank with it, till, touching bottom at last, they reversed and rose slowly toward the common light. "Just so long as you know how I feel," he was saying. "That I wanted to. Listen. Would you mind if we both came over? Ethel and me. I just want you to meet her." He hesitated. "I want you both to see." It was a crazy idea, but what he felt like. How did you act? How was an Anderson to know? What did it matter as long as Naomi understood?

"Gavin," said the brave, clear, sophisticated voice over the uncertain connection, "I understand perfectly. Y'all come ahead."

When he let himself out of the drugstore phone booth, a daze fell on him. What had he done? What was he blotting out? Whatever the answers, it was too late to stop. The plan, once agreed to, ticked on like a wound clock.

ETHEL rode all the way that Sunday with her pretty face fixed on the road, back straight, her bag and gloves neat in her lap. It was a warm, dusty, early December day.

"How do you do?" said Naomi Beris. She was standing at the top of the steps, in a dress of thin white wool with a gold chain at the neck. "Sit down," she said. Her son came out and offered them Cokes on ice. Everything was Sunday-quiet. The cattle gap rumbled. "Who on earth?" Naomi said. A car appeared, green, larger and newer than average for those days. It paused to allow the gate to open and drew into the side yard beside Naomi's. A man got out. He was heavyset, gray-haired, and florid-faced, dressed in khaki and high-laced riding boots, a worn riding coat over a tan whipcord shirt.

"Mr. Slatton's from Columbus," said Naomi. "He came about the horses. I guess that's right, isn't it, Abe?"

"Are the horses sick?" Ethel asked. Mr. Slatton, certainly not a veterinarian, gave no sign he had heard her.

"No," said Naomi. "I have to sell them eventually, and they show up best before the winter sets in. I didn't mention that, Abe," she said to Slatton. "You see how clever I am."

"Shouldn't mention it now." He did not look at her or at the guests. He drank nothing, not even Coke, and stared out at the avenue of trees.

She was wearing the ruby. Gavin had never seen it before. He had asked her once, and she had said it was in the bank vault; she said the insurance was too expensive to keep up. Now it was just as he had envisioned it. Square-cut, dark as wine, it further shrank her small hand, which rested peacefully on the fine white fabric above her lap. It drank the light, inexhaustibly.

"That's the most beautiful ring," said Ethel, who had never heard of it.

Naomi said, "There's a story about it. My great-grandmother lived in an old house that burned. It was near the Natchez Trace, about a mile over yonder. The road is all fallen in now. Not many people even know that's what it was. This man used to come down it, always going to Jackson and then back to somewhere in Tennessee. He would stop by a spring we had. He was a terrible man—clothes made out of skins, probably smelled like bear grease, nothing to recommend him. My grandmother was a young girl, not but fifteen or sixteen. But he wanted to see her, so he always stopped. He used to wait on his horse in the woods till she went down to the spring to bring some water up for dinner so it would be cool for the table. And how many times he waited and how many times she had to run away from him nobody knew. Who knew if she *didn't* run away from him? Nobody would answer that. He carried a pack and a small blanket roll behind his saddle.

"One day he came through, and he'd had a fight with some men either the day before or the night before. He'd slipped away from them in the early morning. There was blood on him, so my grandmother said. He told her he would come back if he could. Meantime, he unstrapped the rolled blanket from the cantle and gave it to her. He'd come back for it, he said, if he could; if not, it was hers. And he said he trusted her.

"At the house, she unwrapped it—not a blanket but a dirty shawl such as Indians wore against the wind. Was that all he had to sleep in, or did he stay in inns? It was a small roll of things—a pewter cup, a blue glass bottle that smelled like corn whiskey, and then the ruby. She almost missed it; it was tied up in a rag. And he never came back. She married, or was married to, a Pontotoc boy, soon after. Too soon after, was what they said. So here we are still—and here's the ruby."

All of them were silent.

The man, Abe Slatton, gave no sign that he had listened to her. He had not once looked at her during the story. Finally, still staring out at the line of oak trees, he said, "You got the blood of that *ter*-rible man flowin' in yo' veins."

"Pete wouldn't be home," she said, nodding toward her son, "but the whole Georgia Tech team came down with flu. They had to cancel the Auburn game."

"Everybody's got it there, too," said Pete.

CROW PAINTS HIMSELF INTO A CHINESE MURAL

The grass camps in its tussock,
With its spears and banners, at nightfall.

A ghost comes
With the circumspect ribs of a tank
Crumpled to wet cardboard
And all the crew grinning out
As out of a wedding photo
Scorched, black-edged, in wet ashes—

My thin shoesoles tremble,
And the sulphur-blast passes, the fright-glare.
And the people scamper past, coughing and stumbling.
(The picture blurred, for even the eye trembles.)
The trees cough and shake,
And the great lizards go galloping past, heads high,
And horses breaking to freedom.
The soil cracks between tussock and tussock
Between my feet, as a mouth trying to speak,
The mortuary heart and guts of the globe
Trying to speak, against gravity,
The still-warm, stopped brain of a just-dead god
Trying to speak
Against its thickening death,
The mauled, blood-plastered, bodiless head of a planet
Lopped before birth,
Rolled off into space, with mouth smashed
And tongue still moving
To find mother, among the stars and the blood-spittle,
Trying to cry—

And a blackbird sitting in the plum tree
Shakes and shakes its voice.

And I, too, am a ghost. I am the ghost
Of a great general, silent at my chess.
A million years have gone over
As I finger one piece.

The dusk waits.

The spears, the banners wait.

—TED HUGHES

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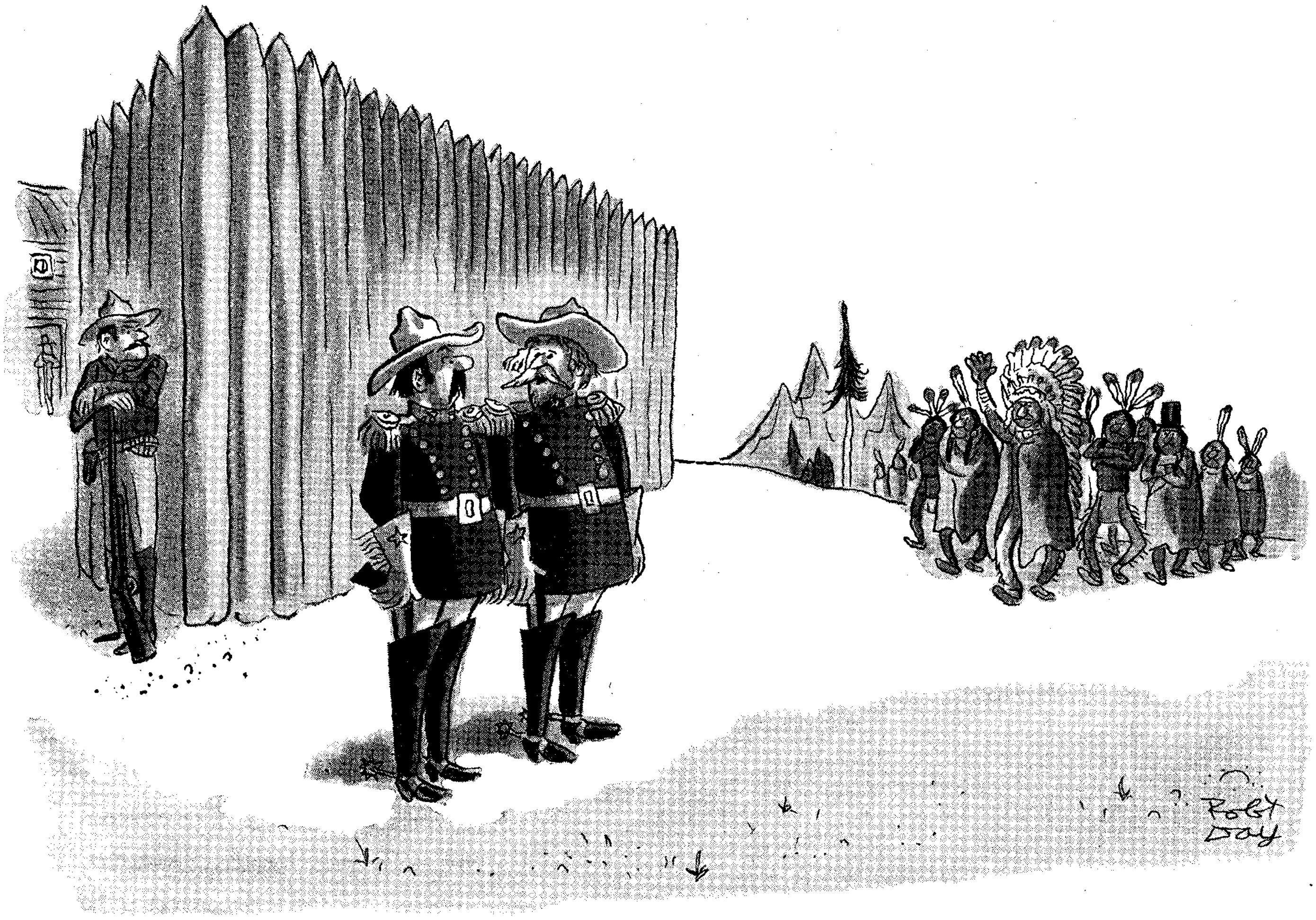

"Let me do the palavering. My tongue is more forked than yours."

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"Do you-all go to the games?" Naomi asked.

"We go to the high-school games," said Ethel. "Our boy is on the team. It keeps us pretty busy, I guess."

Gavin and Ethel Anderson left soon after.

"THAT man was the rudest thing I ever saw," said Ethel. "He never even said goodbye, glad I met you. Nothing. You didn't talk about the property," she added, sly as a fox.

"I told her on the phone I'd decided against it," he said.

"You believe all that about that ring?" she asked, ten miles farther on.

"I don't know."

"I wonder," said Ethel, "if it's even real."

Back in those days, all the roads in Mississippi, with two exceptions, were either dirt or gravel. The road from Naomi Beris's back to Dalton was sixty winding miles, thick-piled with gravel in the center and along the edges, roiling with dust if another car came by. They stopped in a drab little town—a chain of storefronts facing a railroad track, a few houses scattered up rutted roads along broken sidewalks—and had a sandwich at a café.

"Thank you for taking me, Gavin," said Ethel. She was looking at him tenderly, tears in the wide brown eyes that belonged to him; her slyness and undercutting, he knew, were gone. And she wouldn't talk, wouldn't "tell." Things were righted. He was fit once more to bear a grandmother in a rocking chair, feather-light among five strong men, down to the white sandbar. He could sing once more to the moon. What did he need with a wild witch who had blown up out of a thunderstorm, who writhed like a cat, spitting words out that belonged on the walls of a john? What had she wanted with him? A summer had been enough for both of them.

They came out of the restaurant and got into the car. At a curve in the road, the little town vanished like a thought of itself, something that had never been. Now they faced west, drawn straight into a fiery sun, at first so fierce and blinding through the dust that they had to stop until the worst of the glare had muted. It faded beautifully, from a flaming cauldron to blood to wine to deep red velvet, and sank straight ahead of them, removing its deep tinge almost at once from the sky.

His gift was flawed now. It would be like something from boyhood, put aside in a closet. Was he glad or sorry? He didn't know. Driving the harsh gravel, he felt numb somewhere, and placed one hand to his shoulder. Wet blood still thickly stained the dirty leather of his shirt, and the girl with the bucket of spring water, whose waist and lips he knew, reached up to take the rolled shawl, bound with leather strings. The horse shifted beneath him, and her hands, desperate with love, clung along his thigh, which was that of a horseman in his prime, powerful and bold. —ELIZABETH SPENCER

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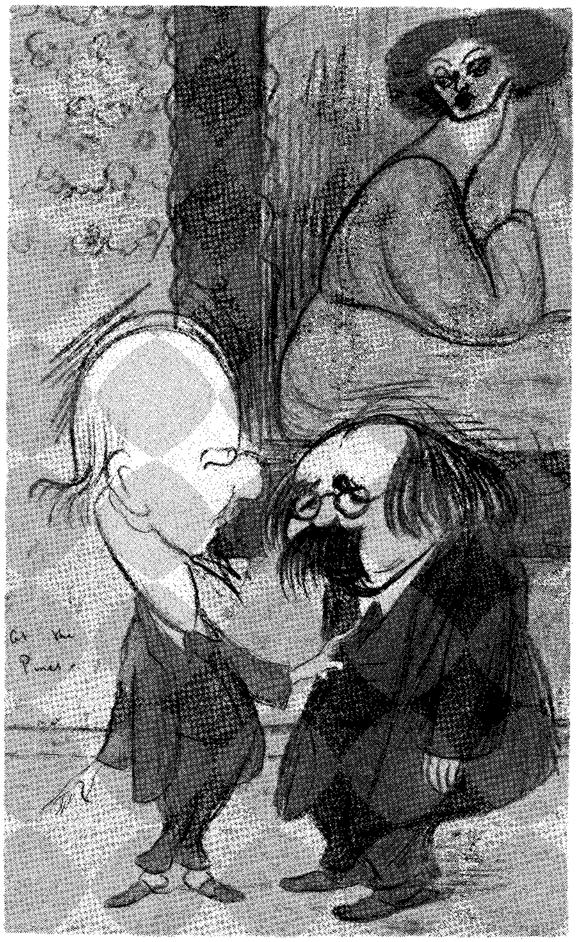
NEW YORK—Handsome Frank McGee, the crisp-spontaneous man who is pumping pizzas into NBC-TV's evening news, has emerged into his new $100,000-a-year job as a fashion plate.—*South Bend Tribune.*

Wait'll you see Cronkite when he counters with the lasagna!

PROFILES

AT THE PINES

I—MY BEST FRIEND



Ashmolean Museum, Oxford

ONE spring day in 1899, a slight and, one may be sure, elegantly dressed young man emerged, an unlikely butterfly, from the drab brick edifice of the South Western Railway Station at Putney and drifted slowly across the Upper Richmond Road to where the slope of Putney Hill begins to climb toward the Heath. He was in no hurry. The house toward which his lingering footsteps were taking him was only a moderately vigorous stone's throw away; he has left it on record that he could have wished it further. Max Beerbohm was on his way to lunch with Theodore Watts-Dunton, an acquaintance he encountered from time to time in London literary drawing rooms, and he would have welcomed a little calming exercise to help him prepare his thoughts for the great occasion. It was not the prospect of conversing with Watts-Dunton in his own instead of somebody else's drawing room that was agitating Beerbohm but that he had been expressly invited to "come down to Putney" to meet his host's housemate for the last twenty years, Algernon Charles Swinburne. In prose as carefully chosen, as delicately blended as his attire undoubtedly was that day, he has since described for us how haltingly, even reluctantly, he approached the house where he was to partake of luncheon with a legend.

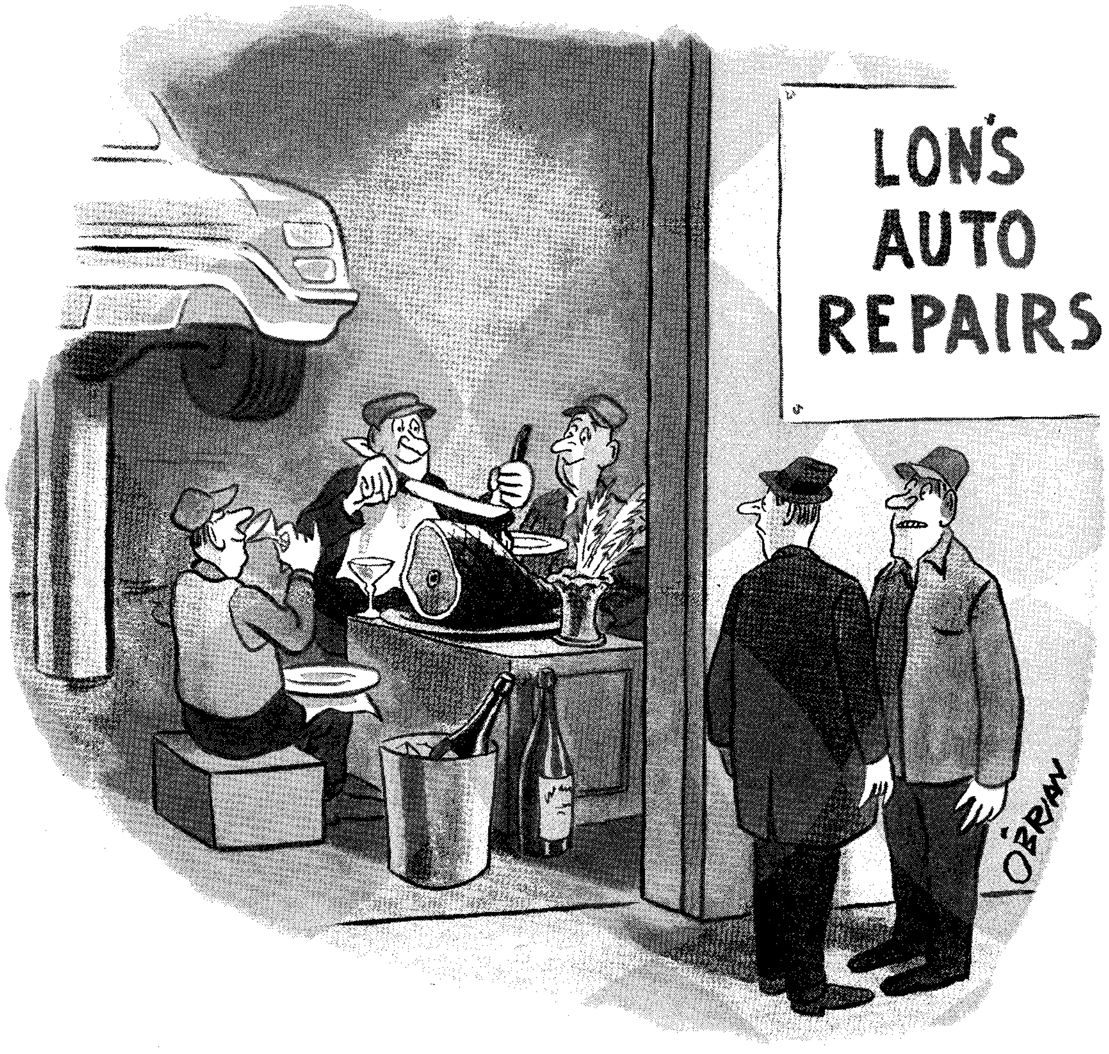
Come down to Putney! The phrase suggests something of an expedition, a trek into the backwoods where the natives might or might not be friendly. It was so, Beerbohm has told us, that many people then regarded those outlandish places to which one journeyed on the suburban line of the South Western Railway. Fifteen years later, in 1914, when Swinburne had been dead five years and Watts-Dunton was to follow him that June, when all their world and much of Beerbohm's was about to be swept away in the first slide of the avalanche, he gave an account of the luncheon party in an essay, "No. 2, The Pines." He tells us that it was held to be highly humorous at the time that Swinburne, the dazzling boy whose wondrous singing had electrified his generation, lived in one of the then despised, ever so slightly common suburbs. Born into the landed aristocracy, staunchly pagan in his beliefs, he had disappeared into Pooter Land, where the wine is apt to be Jackson Frères and the conversational air is stuffy. Muffled by plush, his voice had changed its note. To Beerbohm, now with his hand on the garden gate, this geographical placing of the poet presented no difficulty. What caused him to toy for one fearful moment, he says, with the thought of flying even now from the meeting was the marvellous but disturbing notion that Swinburne should exist anywhere, in however altered or muted a form. The extraordinary being who had flashed across the astonished vision of Henry Adams in 1863 at a weekend party at Monckton Milnes' house, Fryston Hall, in Yorkshire—"a tropical bird," Adams described the apparition, "high crested, long beaked, quick moving, with rapid utterance and screams of humor, quite unlike any English lark or nightingale," shrilling a torrent of Shakespeare, Dante, Sophocles, Villon, and his own lyrics—had become a fabled phoenix more durable and easier to believe in, on the whole, than the still living deaf old man who for so long had found a nest in the eaves of The Pines.

As it turned out, there appeared to be no drawing room in the semidetached villa on Putney Hill. All but one of Beerbohm's visits, he tells us in the famous essay—for the invitation is repeated—are confined to the dining room. (Once, he is taken upstairs after lunch to see Swinburne's library.) At the dining-room table, Watts-Dunton carves a huge joint of mutton, and Swinburne sits silently (to the guest's disappointment) smiling at his plate and at his precious allowance of one small bottle of Bass's pale ale that stands before him. Even Jackson Frères does not flow here, in case it should tempt him to upset the healthful curriculum imposed by Watts-Dunton all those years ago, when the poet was rescued by his friend, like the hero of a Victorian street ballad, from a drunkard's death. Beerbohm takes in with the mutton every detail of the "strange small figure in grey, having an air at once noble and roguish, proud and skittish," who looks fatter than he is because he carries himself "with his long neck strained so tightly backwards that he all receded from the waist upwards." He sits exiled behind the plate-glass partition of his deafness. Up to a point, that is. The luncheon formula on every occasion proves to be the same. After the joint has gone out, assisted by an anonymous cap and apron, the apple pie enters. At this stage, and no other, Swinburne is given his cue into the conversation by Watts-Dunton, who bellows, "Well, Algernon, how was it on the Heath today?" And cooingly, Beerbohm recalls, in a "frail sweet voice" and "a flow of words so right and sentences so perfectly balanced that they would have seemed pedantic had they not been clearly as spontaneous as the wordless notes of a bird in song," Swinburne tells them of the wonders he has encountered that morning in his habitual healthful walk on Putney Heath.

Later on, Max Beerbohm drew Swinburne several times as his younger self—the tiny, red-haired Algernon, no higher than a pepper pot and as fiery, perched arrogantly among the lumbering, fleshy shapes of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his friends, who sprawl around on the furniture like beached seals. They listen gloomily while Algernon declaims his poetry, one little hand sawing the air, doll boots dangling. The voice one fancies one hears from these drawings is no coo; it is the screech of that exotic fowl Henry Adams noted. Then, finally, there is the touching drawing at the Ashmolean of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton in old age at The Pines. The burning bush of locks, which some contemporaries saw as gleaming gold but a cousin unromantically remembered as plain "red, violent, aggressive red," has burned itself out and left bare the huge, domed mount of the poet's head. Leaning backward, his carpet slippers pointing neatly outward, like those of a child in dancing class holding the "first position," he is emphasizing some remark with a finger poked into Watts-Dunton's crumpled frock coat. Watts-Dunton, also slippered, seems to have lost little of his foliage. The shaggy mustache cascades from his upper lip as though from a balcony window box, but the underpinnings of the building—his baggy trouser knees—are sagging. The two friends are being studied from the wall of The Pines by a vast Rossetti woman—it is surely Jane Morris, the beautiful wife of William Morris—with a neck as long and columnar as Algernon's own. She is gazing down from her frame at the old men with an inscrutable expression, one of her heavy-lidded eyes showing ever such a slight disposition to wander off to the left-hand corner, as though expectant of seeing Dante Gabriel enter. But he had never made the expedition to Putney. For some rather mysterious reason, he had quarrelled with Swinburne seven years before the move to The Pines, and three years later, still with the estrangement left miserably unsettled, he was dead.

I HAVE often read and thought about Max Beerbohm's account of the household of the two friends at The Pines. It is so delightful, so good-humored and affectionate, that now and then I asked myself whether the picture is not, perhaps, slightly tinted by the good humor and warmth of Sir Max's own heart. For various friends of Swinburne, I knew, had viewed things through distinctly less flattering glasses. Sir Edmund Gosse's life of the poet mentions Watts-Dunton, when it is unavoidable, with icy decorum. A critic called Clement Shorter caused much umbrage among Watts-Dunton's friends after his death by referring nastily, in an article in the *Sphere*, to "Swinburne's premature senility in that terrible *ménage* at The Pines," which "led to a literary as well as a moral deterioration." There were other uncharitable hints dropped by contemporaries which differed a good deal, I seemed to recall, from Sir Max's recollections of the Victorian villa and "the two dear old men that lived there."

Where was suddenly revealed to me one day a year or so ago when, happening to be in Putney, I read on the stone pillars of an iron front gate, in letters as clearly incised as though they had been chipped yesterday, "THE PINES." I had somehow remained ignorant of the fact that the house might have survived the onslaughts of the armies of well-to-do, impersonal modern blocks of flats that march up Putney Hill, supplanting the big old houses in their pleasant gardens. I found myself looking over the gate at the house, standing in such Victorian rectitude beside its semidetached twin neighbor (now with a dentist's brass plate on its gatepost), and in stupefaction saying, "Not *The* Pines?" The answer was inscribed on a Wedgwood-blue round plaque awarded by the old London County Council in (I learned later) 1926: "Algernon Charles Swinburne, poet (1837-1909), and his friend Theodore Watts-Dunton, poet, novelist, and critic (1832-1914), lived and died here." The discreet white curtains that screened the ground-floor bow window (ornamented by the classic mask of a horned and bearded satyr, which was complemented by a head of some benevolent marine deity above the matching window of the sister house) signalled reassuringly to me that the house had managed to avoid any truck with

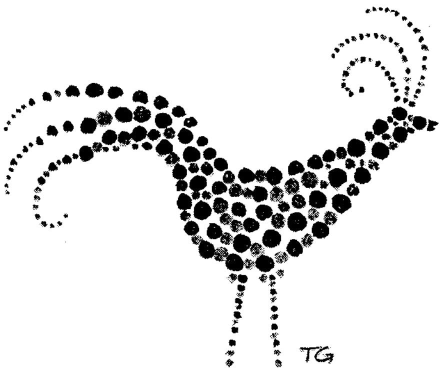


"We'll get to your car as soon as the boys finish lunch."

commerce—a new fate often befalling London houses, in which by day dwell filing cabinets, typewriters, and girls brewing pots of office tea, and which by night are given up to ghosts and to moonlight spilling in through uncurtained windows onto the floors. It was neither offices nor, thank goodness, a "shrine," religiously preserved as a period piece, where I could pay to enter and spend half an hour or so browsing through its literary past. Perhaps protected by its blue plaque, it had remained itself among all the changes and the predatory excavators. The Pines was still, it seemed, a house where people lived. I craned my neck upward to look at the odd little tower that sat on top of the building—a widow's toque trimmed with curlicues of jetty-black iron railings, from the crown of which, stiff as aigrettes, stuck up some TV aerials. But where, I asked myself, were the trees that had given the twin houses their name? There are pines up on Putney Heath, but the largest tree in Swinburne's "bleak, trim front garden," as Beerbohm recalled it—still bleak and trim today—was a miniature weeping ash of tortuous, urban, and faintly Oriental appearance. Unless they were in the invisible back garden, they must have perished in some municipal bout of widening and flattening, I was thinking, when it dawned on me, very belatedly, that the name referred to the ornaments crowning the gate pillars—a pair of handsome stylized pineapples in stone. The gate of the neighboring house, where the dentist lived, had lost its pines and appeared diminished. Though the old name had been left on the pillars of Swinburne's house, both it and its twin, I noted, had been obliged to part with their old rural double identity which Beerbohm has preserved forever in his title. The Pines, the famous second one, added the information that it was now No. 11, Putney Hill—to the postman, though not to me.

I wondered who lived in this house that in my imagination was so full to overflowing of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, and the question became such an imperative demand that, quite soon after the first encounter, I inquired here and there, and was, as a consequence, calling one late afternoon on the owner of The Pines—a lady who did not live there at all but in a much prettier Victorian house not far distant. She was charmingly sympathetic. The custody of a house awarded one of the magical blue medallions imparts a large sense of hospitality, it seems; Swinburnian pilgrims arrived on its doorstep from time to time, she said, usually armed with cameras. She and her husband (he had died only recently) had both loved antique furniture and houses. (The evidence was gracefully all around us in the room.) They had loved The Pines—the long leasehold of which they had bought in 1960—sufficiently to contemplate at one time moving with their precious pieces into its principal flat, but it turned out that there would not be enough space. For the house, its owner explained, had been cut up by her predecessors—a doctor and his wife—into three flats, which she let furnished. The tenants of the ground and first floors—a South African broadcasting man and his family—had just moved out, she said, and it happened that she was on her way there now to take note of needed redecorating and look through the linen cupboard. I was invited to accompany her and make free of The Pines, to wander at will while she was thus engaged.

When the massive mahogany front door, with its dignified handwrought bronze knob, knocker, and aperture for letters, had opened to the owner's key and shut behind us with a weighty deliberation, the silence of the place said instantly "Not at home." The Pines was deserted, from tower to cellar; the tenants of the top and basement flats, my companion remarked as she unlocked the inner front door, would not yet have returned from business. As I wandered through the good, high-ceilinged rooms, I felt an instant challenge to try to slap thick brown layers of atmosphere—incrustations of fustiness and mustiness as deep as a costly flock-patterned paper—over the shocking lightness and levity of their walls. Modern cheerfulness had, of course, long since broken in here, banishing the elaborate old tiled fireplaces, the patterned dadoes, and the gas brackets. Her tenants, the owner mentioned before departing to count sheets, had included a well-known group of young pop musicians and a visiting professor from the Department of Victorian Studies at Indiana University, who had settled happily here for a sabbatical year. Yet little clues to the lost past shyly jogged one's elbow here and there. In Swinburne's library, it is true, at the first-floor back—the room where the recall ought to have been strongest—the clean, cheery wallpaper resolutely refused to be covered with shelves of dim bindings and untidy stacks of manuscripts written on Swinburne's special blue paper. But the door, like every door in the house, repeated on its brass handles and plates the careful craftsmanship of the fittings of the front door, and the mahogany balustrade, even on a staircase sadly reduced in width by the necessity of fitting in, behind a new partition wall, a flight of separate stairs to the topmost flat, called modest attention to the fact that it was good, honest mid-Victorian stuff, not to be found in any of the upstart blocks of flats about the place. Only in the tiny tower room, where a water tank gurgled, and to which I climbed by a narrow, ladderlike flight, did the true smell of The Pines appear to be concentrated—a dry, ancient whiff of an age, which seemed to have risen to the top of the house and stayed there, as the aroma of roasting mutton and of apples stewing gently with their attendant cloves must have floated up so often from the dark domain of the whisking caps and aprons.



Most of all, perhaps, in the long, pleasant strip of garden—led down to by the veranda steps on which Swinburne stood to pose in his braided frock coat and bohemian wide felt hat for a photograph in 1889—the site came to life and admitted knowledge of him and Watts-Dunton. "A good garden," Beerbohm had called it. It was still good, in its countrified old way, with its fruit trees and shabby potting shed, its patch of vegetable garden beyond the flower beds, where grew (it was early winter) only a blackened summer refugee from some runner-bean vines and a few crowns of purgative rhubarb. In the failing blue light, I trod, and nearly lost my footing, on hundreds of small yellow-brown pears that lay, thick as hailstones after a storm, and still hardly unrotten, under the big central tree, before which, in its sapling days, used to stand the plaster statue of the Vatican Venus brought from Dante Gabriel Rossetti's garden at 16 Cheyne Walk. The Venus had departed, but a nostalgic iron garden seat remained. The huge ferns I remembered seeing in photographs, which had come, I had read, from Watts-Dunton's old home at St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, had gone, and so had the border of iris—the common purple

"What I'm trying to say is we're all in this thing together."

• •

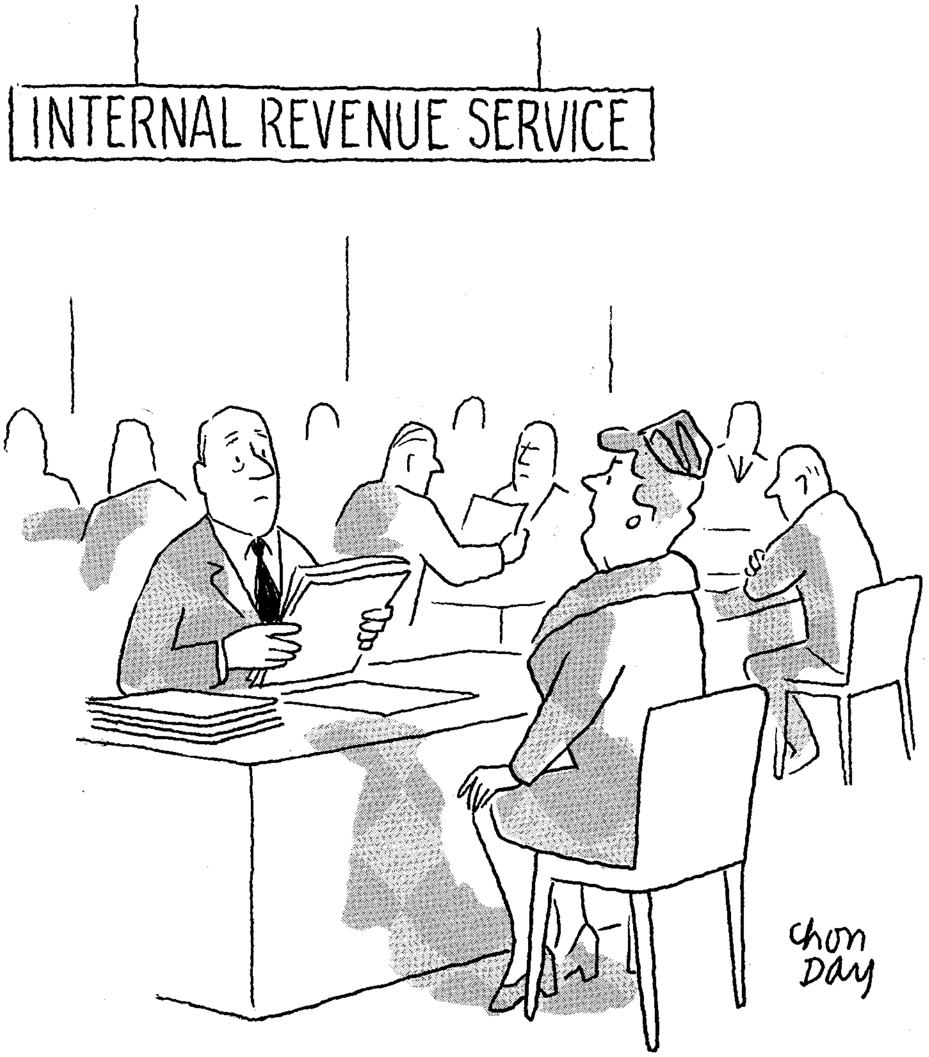
flags that will flourish sturdily in the thin London soil and lift up their splendid heads faithfully, like Persian princes defying the skirmishing tribes of London cats. Roses were planted here, but what had happened, I wondered, to the old-fashioned bush that bore the charming name of Hebe's Lip and once, I had read, garlanded the little Venus? *Rosa damascena rubrotincta* I later discovered Hebe's less romantic name to be in a modern rose catalogue, which promised that she would be creamy white and gloriously full, stained deep pink at the base of the petals and redolent of the faint, delicious perfume of her ancestress, the wild dog rose of the English hedgerows. This true poet's rose had absconded, too, it seemed. Yet, with tenacious herbaceous loyalty, the garden was the same, even if the house was not.

Before I went back to the house, where lights now showed, I recalled another of those splendid Victorian photographs that so often, in the unadorned integrity of their rich matte black-and-white, surprise us by seeming to tell us more about the originals than the grand portraits do when we seek them out in museums or college halls. A photographer from Putney had taken Swinburne and Watts-Dunton in the garden of The Pines sitting facing each other on ordinary wooden house chairs, the legs of which are planted in quite long grass powdered with daisies. They have bowler hats set firmly on their heads, and they do not look comfortable. Swinburne loved nature in the wild, and so did Watts-Dunton, but neither of them was a garden man. They preferred indoors, good bookcases, and not too much air to blow papers about. Their sober, dark figures, communing so closely that their knees almost touch, look like passengers helping each other to while away the tedium of a trying railway journey, with the windows tight shut against the passing summer day, which they are ignoring. And it pleased me to leave them there in fancy, forever projected as though from an old magic lantern, joined in their long domestic union, so oddly connubial, at The Pines.

The Pines was built on land that was part of the Lime Grove property of Sir Francis Rose, baronet, of Penn, Buckinghamshire. The estate took its name from the large mansion, long vanished, where Edward Gibbon was born in 1737. About 1870, Sir Francis sold the Putney Hill site to a builder, John James Spink, of Upper Richmond Road. The railway had arrived twenty-odd years before. Putney had razed most of its aristocratic past and was shrewdly building comfortable middle-sized villas to attract City men who liked to go home in the evenings to clean air and rural peace. Mr. Spink was busy elsewhere in the neighborhood, to judge by houses very like The Pines, sometimes adorned with similar large, cool, classical faces. It was the period of Victorian romanticism that enjoyed gods and goddesses and their entourages. The residential streets today manage to keep something of their old character. In spring, lilacs and laburnums hang over the walls of occasional doggedly eccentric houses that feature windows with stained-glass lozenges set in tortured panes, and perhaps a romantic turret of doubtful utility. Carriage mews preserve a rumor of the horse among their rows of garages. Blackbirds sing lustily in well-established trees, and now and then a dog in a parked car stiffens and looks apoplectic as a squirrel, in no great hurry, bounds across the road. The country atmosphere is faint but pursuing.

Swinburne was forty-two when he moved to Putney, in 1879. Walter Theodore Watts, as he then was (for it was not until 1896 that he tacked on his mother's maiden name of Dunton by deed poll and hyphen, apparently to meet the terms of some family legacy), was five years older. To Swinburne's eye, which had the cheerfulness of returning good health after a trip to the very doors of the tomb, Putney Hill had the air of "the outlying (and prettiest) parts of Oxford." It was the note he wished to sound for himself: none of those ill-natured sneers about banishment to the suburbs but the charming thought of an academic retreat, not more than a comfortable distance from such good friends as Ned Burne-Jones, Edmund Gosse, and William Rossetti, from the museums and the booksellers. To drive to Hyde Park Corner took an hour. In October, all his possessions—one vanload—trundled across the river to The Pines from his last London address, at 25 Guildford Street, Russell Square. The decoration of No. 2 was not yet finished, so for a few weeks he and Watts camped out next door, in No. 1, which was also empty. Swinburne ran up and down the stairs of their new home and swarmed, as nonchalantly as any squirrel, along a ladder from the tower room onto the leads of the roof, where he pronounced the view of the surrounding houses and leafy gardens, the haze of city smoke hanging low in the sky beyond the Thames, the Heath rising toward open country to the south "really very nice." He had always had an excellent head for heights; it was his pride to remember that in his youth in Bonchurch, on the Isle of Wight, where he used to ride and swim and visit happily back and forth with a nearby houseful of lively young cousins, he had perilously climbed a hitherto impregnable cliff just to see if it could be done. He was always testing his physical courage, to prove something or other to himself. Five feet four and a half inches high, afflicted with a nervous system so highly strung that his short arms and legs jerked as though manipulated by strings, he had wanted as a boy to be a soldier, to enter the Dragoons. Or was that another self-fantasy, like his assertion in middle age to a friend that "of all things" he would have liked to be the keeper of an isolated lighthouse? The sea, true enough, was his native element; he threw himself into it in all weathers. Eleven years before he emerges on the Putney leads, he had swum so far out while on holiday at Étretat that he was swept off by the current and only providentially hooked out, a half-drowned morsel, by the crew of a French fishing smack. He might have died like Shelley, but, instead, here he was about to settle down at The Pines. Really very nice. A note of determination sounds here, as though the mild suburban scene can be made to suffice agreeably for a larger lost canvas. And soon, when he and Watts have moved into their own house, and books are lying everywhere in hopeless confusion on the floor of his new library, we find him writing to his old friend and worldly mentor Richard Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton but still the cynically amused and amusing correspondent for whose benefit Swinburne's letter-writing style unbuttons itself and becomes thankfully bawdy from time to time), "Here I am, like Mr. Tennyson at Farringford, 'Close to the edge of a noble down.' " This is going it somewhat, but no matter—it is yet another of those consoling maneuvers of the fancy.

However resolutely Swinburne tried to make his new residence in Putney seem a matter of choice, there had really been no choice left. If he were to live, he could no longer live alone. He had wrecked his health and nearly died through what the Dictionary of National Biography primly calls "imprudences." These were brandy, rackety companions, and, at one period, visits to an establishment in St. John's Wood's then dubiously respectable groves, where, in luxurious rooms, a couple of blond amazons flagellated the customers, who were prepared to pay handsomely for such special pleasures. All his life, Swinburne's far from secret obsession with the idea of pleasure's being driven tandem with pain appeared in his writings—in his early poetry and his two novels, in a few tediously ridiculous verses and dramas he wrote on the subject, and in letters to intimate friends. Even his descriptions of nature are frequently of a force, a mightier amazon, who is most beautiful when she sends mortals spinning. "I wish I could command storm at will, like a witch," he sighs to his favorite cousin, Mary Gordon Leith. Long after he and Watts have settled in at The Pines, he describes in a letter a country ramble from which he gets home so stung and torn by nettles and brambles that he feels happily like a truant schoolboy again, "returning from a subsequent and consequent interview with the Head Master" back in his days at Eton, where the neurosis



"Who says we can't stay and argue about this all night?"

JACK DANIEL'S

A FRIEND FROM CHATTANOOGA came across this picture of the "White Rabbit" and it reminded us of the early days of Jack Daniel's Distillery.

We recall that back when Mr. Jack was just starting, he had a hard time sending out the whiskey he made. He tried carrying it county to county by wagon, but that took too much of his time. So he opened the "White Rabbit," right in Lynchburg, and sold his product to his neighbors. And that worked fine, until the county went dry. But by then, the railroad had moved in and he was able to ship the whiskey out by rail. While it was open, however, the "White Rabbit" did help make some friends for Mr. Jack's whiskey. Some folks we know have told us they'd like to have a copy of this picture. So we've made up a few extras, in a little bigger size. If you'd like one, write to Mr. Garland Dusenberry, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee. He'll take care of it.

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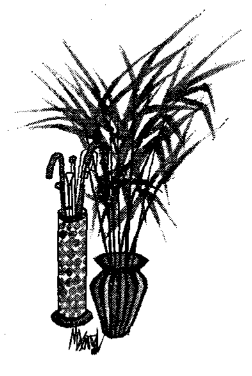
began. Those same implacable, excruciating tensions that made him a great poet may also have been what had ordered him to climb the unclimbed Culver Cliff (and fall fainting at the top), and what set his limbs twitching uncontrollably and his voice shrilling up to a manic scream when he declaimed his poetry. Long before his final collapse and the withdrawal to Putney, the visits to the house in St. John's Wood had ceased, as far as his anxious friends could tell, but probably only because he could no longer afford them. The fascination did not diminish.

Swinburne's finances, indeed, were tottering toward a crisis. He had been harassed by money difficulties ever since 1866, when his publisher, Edward Moxon, alarmed by the hue and cry of British prudery rushing barking from its kennel, had withdrawn the first series of "Poems and Ballads" in fear of public prosecution. A new, luckily far more courageous, but also less reputable publisher was quickly found. John Camden Hotten's list, in which the capture of Swinburne was the biggest triumph, also contained one or two "curious" items with such titles as "The Romance of Chastisement; or Revelations of the School and Bedroom," by "An Expert," and his financial dealings with his authors were apparently devious. "The worthy Mr. Hotten," Swinburne wrote reminiscently in 1888, "was a serviceable sort of fellow in his way, but decidedly what Dr. Johnson would have called 'a shady lot,' and Lord Chesterfield 'a rum customer.' " According to Hotten, "Poems and Ballads" sold only three editions, which is decidedly rum when one recalls that all England was reading it, and for three years he appears not to have deemed it necessary to present the poet with a statement of his earnings. In his thirties, though he was as famous and as talked about, with scandal and adulation, as Byron had been, Swinburne had depended largely on an allowance, generous for those days, of two hundred pounds a year, made to him, as though he were still an undergraduate, by his father, Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne.

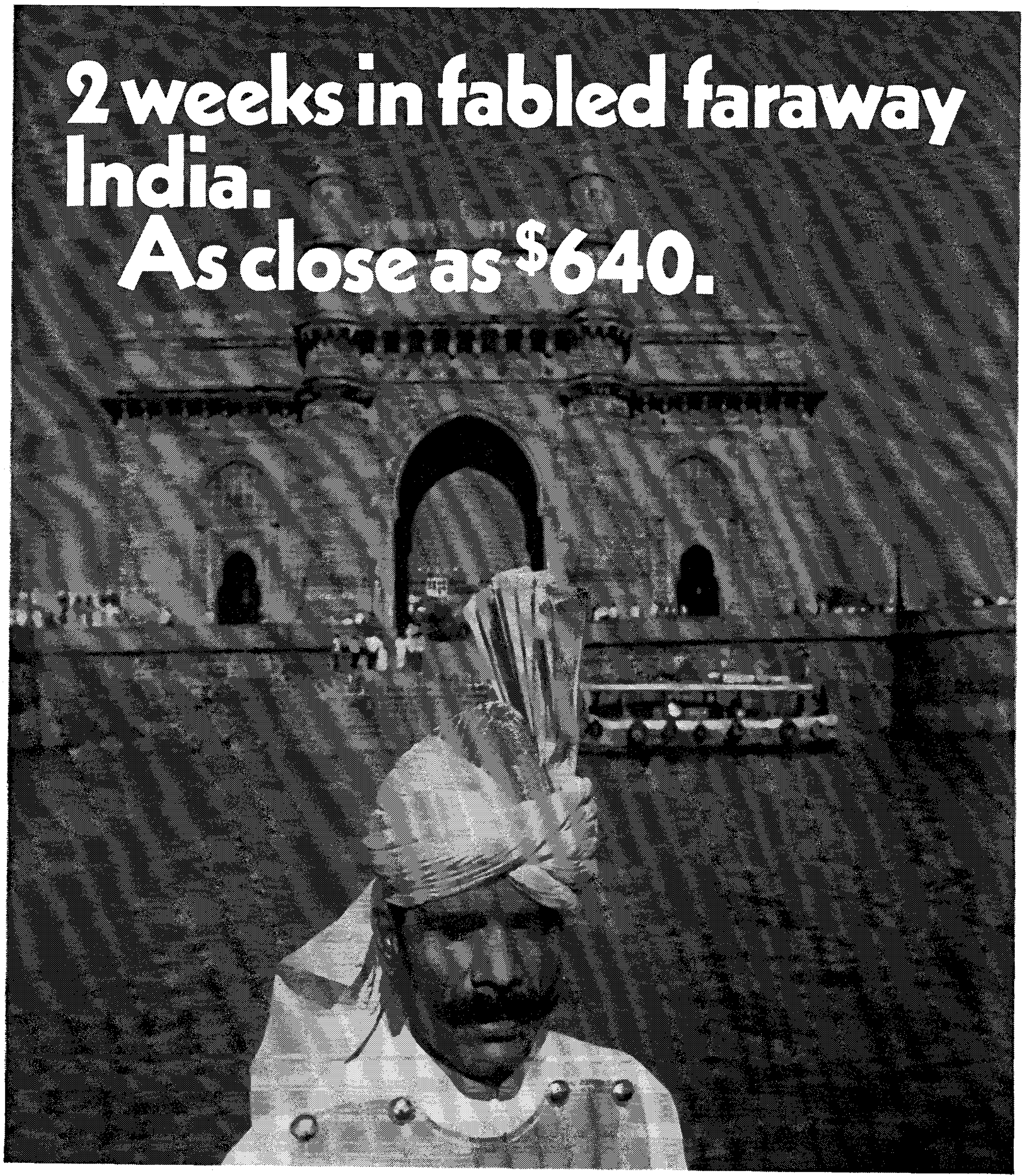


On both sides he came from ancient and aristocratic families—the Swinburnes of Northumberland, the Ashburnhams of Sussex. His mother, Lady Jane Swinburne, was the fourth daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. She and his father knew about the "fearful propensity" to drink—as she anxiously called it—if not about St. John's Wood. Frequently in those years, the old Admiral, not well and plagued by gout, had to travel to London from Oxfordshire, where the Swinburnes had moved after leaving East Dene, the house at Bonchurch, to bring Algernon back home to be nursed by his mother and his sisters. There were four of them, all younger than he—Alice, Edith (Swinburne's favorite, who died young), Charlotte, and Isabel, a Victorian chime of girls—and, at the very end, a brother, Edward, who seemed not to like him much but loved music passionately and married (disastrously, it turned out) a half-German cousin, Olga Helen Thumann. The family ran to affectionate nicknames. The Admiral was Pino, Lady Jane was Mimmie. She had the cultivated accomplishments of her class and had passed some of them on to Algernon—a love for French and Italian literature, for Shakespeare, Dickens, and Scott. She always carried with her when she travelled a portfolio of the watercolors of Turner, who had been a friend of her father-in-law's. The girls—Ally, Wibbie, and Abba—were mildly "talented." Because of Algernon's early religious fervor and beautiful readings aloud from the Bible, Pino and Mimmie had once artlessly hoped that he might enter the Church.

In this pious family circle, with its morning prayers, its evening readings aloud, its placid country pursuits, Swinburne would settle down resignedly for months at a time. He adapted to surroundings like a chameleon dropped on a green sofa. Convalescent, cut off from what his adored hero Mazzini called "the perilous stuff," he would seem happily immersed in his work and reading—until suddenly the quiet lawns, the tap of croquet balls, the consort of cultured female voices all became insufferably boring. He yearned for good intellectual male talk, for London. "There is no one here who can talk about anything which remotely interests me," he complained in a letter to Watts, begging for a long resuscitating letter back. Soon, he would return to London, and, before long, fresh disquieting rumors would reach Oxfordshire.

Between 1877, when the Admiral died, and the move to Putney in 1879, there were periods when Swinburne occasionally dropped altogether out of the sight of his friends and family. Prostrate in his lodgings, he sometimes lay for weeks in a stupor, unable to digest food or to hold a pen. When he was well enough to write shaky, belated explanations, he gave his condition polite noms de plume such as "indigestion" and "influenza." Possibly he really believed he had been suffering from these complaints; when sober, he appeared to be able to wipe all inconvenient memories happily out of his mind, and even to shake his head a little—apparently in all sincerity and without batting a sandy eyelash—over insobriety in others. His own behavior was often memorable enough to his embarrassed friends. His hosts, if they were in the know, hid or kept a sharp eye on the liquor. For those who did not, the evening was apt to be punctuated by loud falsetto chanting and terpsichorean displays, terminating in a sudden thump. Meanwhile, the duns gathered at his door, and everything got into a frightful mess. Important letters, manuscripts, agreements all rose up in the Bloomsbury air like Alice's pack of cards and vanished, and after he had struggled out of bed he frequently could not remember anything at all about them. His deafness—a family inheritance—began to trouble him more. In the early spring of 1878, he managed to see the proofs of the second series of "Poems and Ballads" through the press, but by May he was again so ill (a "feverish cold in an aggravated form," he wrote to Robert Browning) that he could not accept the invitation of his "Master of Masters," Victor Hugo, to attend a Voltaire festival in Paris at the end of the month. After May, the flood of letters suddenly dries up until September, when he manages to pen an irritable scrawl to Watts. And after that total, ominous silence closes in for nine months.

This time, it was Watts who saved him, acting as quickly and energetically as the French fishermen had done. Swinburne was dying miserably of delirium tremens when Watts fished him out of the depths and removed him to dry land in Putney. The joint household at The Pines had not yet been thought of. Swinburne was driven to a house called Ivy Lodge, in Werter Road, Putney, which belonged to Watts' married sister, a Mrs. Charles Mason, and put to bed in the dining room, on the ground floor. We do not know what this lady thought of the sudden invasion of her dining room. Her little boy must be kept quiet. The cook had to be instructed to concoct soups and arrowroots that Swinburne might be tempted to taste. For Watts, at any rate, it was a moment of sub-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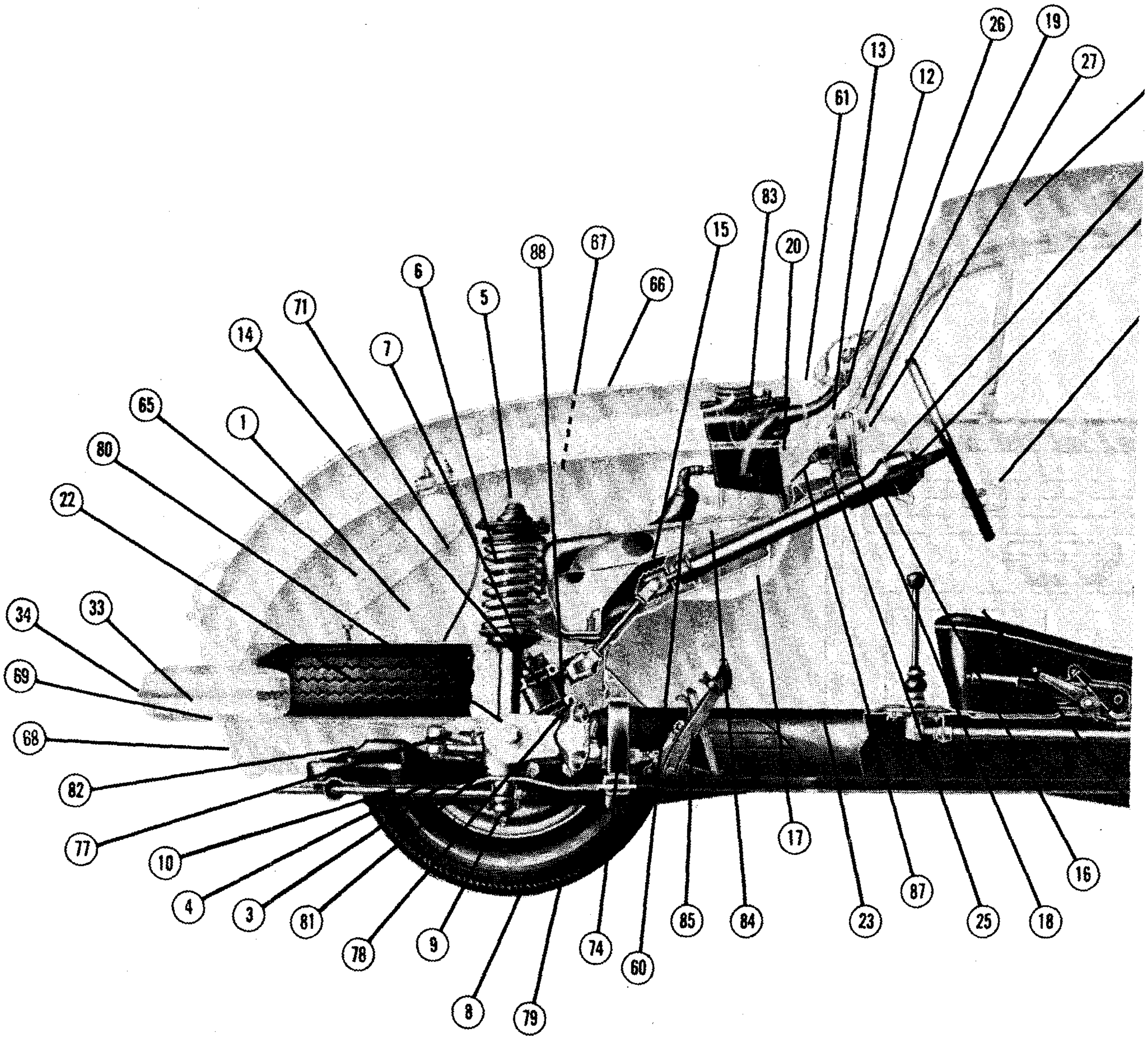

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1. Bigger front trunk. It holds nearly twice as much as our old trunk. (Whoopee.)

2. Bigger engine. To make the 1971 Super Beetle go faster.

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11. Flow-through ventilation. 12. Two-speed blower. For fresh air with the windows closed.

13. Two new fresh-air outlets.

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16. Calling all car thieves: An improved theft-protection ignition switch.

17. Bigger gas tank.

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19. Amazing new light switch. It turns your headlights off if you forget to.

20. New turn signal relay.

21. New lane changer.

22. Spare tire relocated. To make loading the trunk easier.

23. New front carpet.

24. And new rear carpet.

25. New dashboard.

26. New dashboard padding.

27. And new dashboard buttons.

28. Vanity mirror added.

29. Right-door pocket added. (To go with the one on the left.)

30. Left rear ashtray added. (To go with the one on the right.)

31. New inside doorknobs.

32. Car jack relocated below rear seat.

33. Front bumper and brackets reinforced.

34. Bumpers now have rubber molding.

Improvements 35 to 54 help make the engine more powerful. Last longer. Run cleaner and cooler.

35. New muffler.

36. New carburetor.

37. New cylinder heads.

38. New dual intake ports.

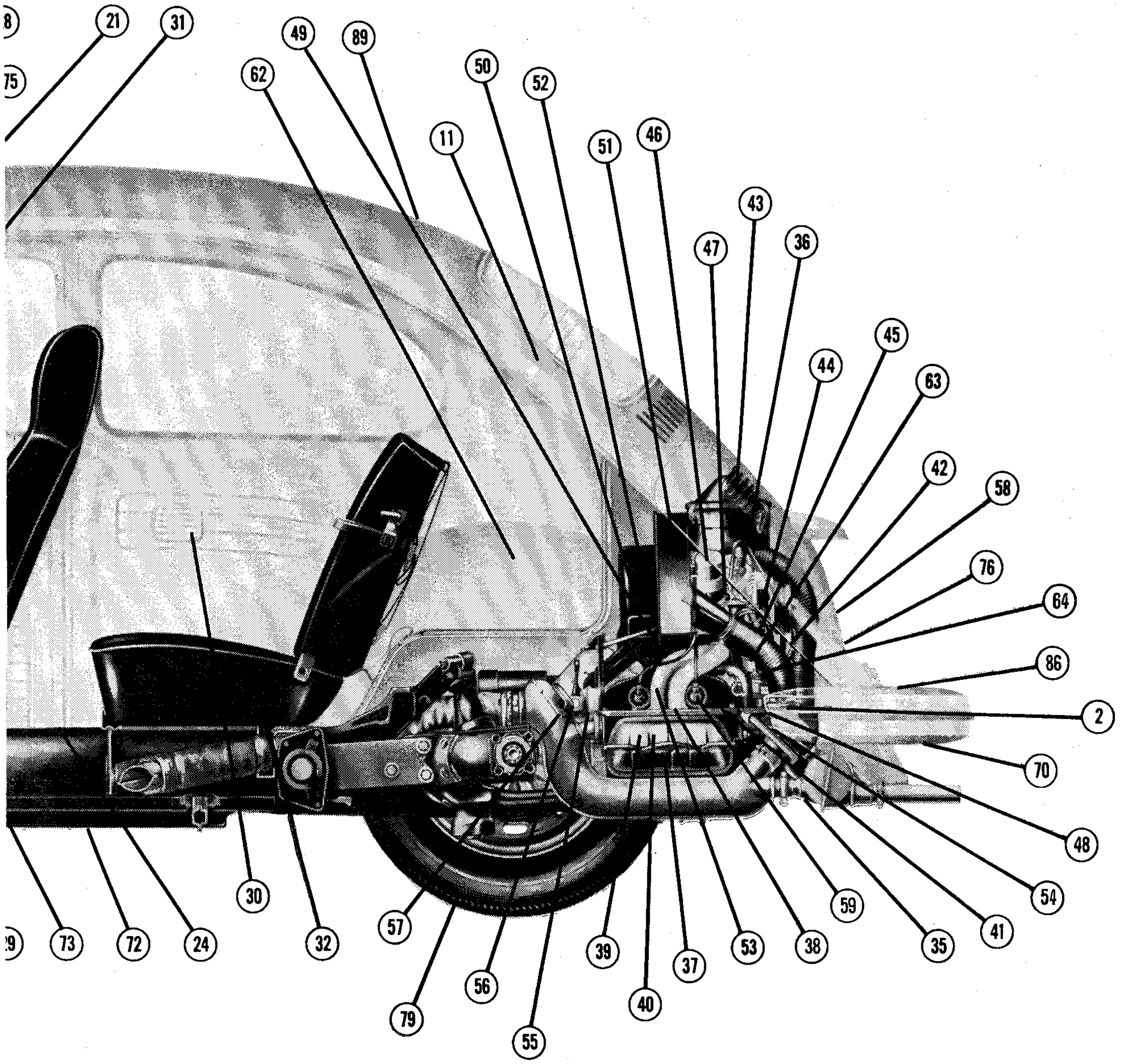
39. New valve guides.

40. Exhaust valves chrome plated.

41. New pistons added.

42. New double vacuum advance.

43. New thermostat-controlled air cleaner.



one from an old one.

44. New crankcase material.
45. New intake manifold.
46. New ignition coil.
47. New fuel shut-off valve.
48. New oil pump.
49. New oil cooler flange.
50. New aluminum oil cooler.
(Only 39 more to go.)
51. New fan housing.
52. New blower fan.
53. Enlarged deflector plate.
54. New cam gear.
55. Improved diaphragm clutch.
56. New center guided throw-out bearing.
57. Modified transmission case.
58. New engine lid.
59. Improved sealed ignition system.
60. New filler cap.
61. New fuel separator.
62. Activated carbon filter added.
63. New fuel pump.
64. Relocated fuel cut-off valve.
65. New washer bottle.
66. New front hood.
67. New front fenders.
68. New slotted front apron.
69. Front towing hook added. (In case you have to be towed.)
70. Rear towing hook added. (In case you want to tow somebody else.)
71. New front quarter panels.
72. New running boards.
73. Improved seat frame.
(Don't give up. You've come too far.)
74. Improved body mounting points.
75. Redesigned column contact ring.
76. Polished aluminum taillight trim rings.
77. New tie rods.
78. New idler arm.
79. Increased wheelbase.
80. Redesigned stub axles.
81. Enlarged wheel cylinder.
82. New frame head.
83. New plenum chamber.
84. New fuse box.
(Hang on. Only 5 more.)
85. New pedal linkage.
86. New taillights.
87. New relay for high beam.
88. Redesigned steering damper.
89. (You made it.) New color selection.

Tune in next year for further developments.

dued triumph. He had no legal rights—legality was strongly in his blood—yet he had managed to bring Algernon, who when well was frequently irascible and difficult to control, to Ivy Lodge. Lady Jane Swinburne wrote gratefully to say how thankful she was that her son was out of London (so remote, so rustic did Putney seem in those days). The "desperate attempt," as Watts called it, had begun.

Walter Theodore Watts had a broad brow, a chin as round and firm as an apple peeping out below a tremendous mustache, and remarkably steady nut-brown eyes. He looked as though he had been born wearing a frock coat. He was the son of a solicitor in the little town of St. Ives, Huntingdonshire; his mother's family, the Duntons, came from East Anglia. Beneath the frock coat beat an incurably romantic heart. He had a passion for gypsies. In his boyhood, he had come across the wandering tribes of the Gryengroes—horse-coping Romanies who bought ponies in the Welsh mountains and sold them at the English fairs. He had once seen George Borrow, his hero, swimming at Yarmouth, and when he came to London, in 1872, he contrived to meet Borrow, dry and fully clothed, and have a few conversations with him, which he zealously recorded. (Later, a little of Watts' rapture faded. Borrow, he observed, always carried a gigantic green umbrella when he went for a country tramp on a dull day. Could he, Watts wondered uneasily, be classed as a real "Child of the Open Air" when he preferred the shelter of such an umbrella to the feel of rain pelting on his splendid head? Watts took Nature seriously.) With his swarthy coloring, Watts liked to think that he was an honorary Romany himself, and he did not actually deny the doubtful legend that at some time in his youth he had lived for a while with the Gryengroes.

Studying that calm face, one is struck by something rather doggy about it. Yes, Watts resembles a dependable dog, whose appearance would inspire confidence in the most highly strung children—a benign St. Bernard, perhaps, or the Darling family's Nana. He was born to rescue, and to attach himself with quiet tenacity to heroes. He met Swinburne in London, after he had made the decision that his practice of his father's profession should come second to the literary life. Through his brother Alfred (also a solicitor, who practiced in London and was in demand in all sorts of social circles because he was a natural wit—a Yorick who could set the table in a roar while remaining the picture of melancholy himself), he met all the Pre-Raphaelite poets and painters under whose spell he had come when he was still at St. Ives, pondering what to do. Alfred died suddenly, but by now the less showy brother was well established. He turned up everywhere—breakfasting with Whistler; staying with the William Morrises at Kelmscott and going upstairs after dinner with Rossetti to listen to the snoring of young owls somewhere behind the timbers of the ghostly attics; attending Ford Madox Brown's Fitzroy Square evenings, where Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris were the enthroned trinity. They were impressed by Watts. There was something marvellously soothing about his solid shape, his serious, inquiring mind, his doggy readiness to be always on hand to admire or console. He began to write literary criticism for the weekly journal the *Examiner*, but he kept on his legal chambers in London until nearly the end of his life. It was as a man of the law, as well as a rising man of letters, that his friends came to value him. And in his view these quarrelsome, gifted men were all children, helpless in business matters—luminous at their easels or writing tables or printing presses, wretchedly fogged by the harsher ways of the world.

Watts had advised Rossetti successfully over a delicate matter of a woman who had forged a check in Rossetti's name. He acted for him and Madox Brown when the Morris firm, which made furniture, stained glass, and metalwork such as later dignified the front door of The Pines, came to an end in bitter divisions of Pre-Raphaelite brotherly feeling. He became the devoted and trusted friend of the last miserable years, when Rossetti, bloated and crazy with chloral and whiskey, had quarrelled with most of his old friends and trusted practically nobody. To Watts, Rossetti was the hero of heroes, who would never be replaced, but he was past rescuing. He was to die in Watts' arms in a bungalow at Birchington-on-Sea in 1882.

By then, Watts' slow, singular concentration of purpose had long been turned on Swinburne. Their first meeting was far from promising. Watts was prepared to admire ardently. The thrilling new music of "Atalanta" and "Poems and Ballads," read in the tranquillity of St. Ives, had helped to change his life. It is thought that they met at one of Madox Brown's evenings in 1872—perhaps in March, when Swinburne came briefly to London between periods of enforced rustication. Better in health, he was not inclined to be less arrogant. Watts made little impression of any kind on him. But Swinburne was desperate to leave his publisher, Hotten, and find another home and better terms for his new long drama, "Bothwell." Hotten refused to release him and, furthermore, had some shady hold on him in connection with a series of drawings of childishly indecent scenes of schoolboy "swishings," which one of the publisher's tame artists had been commissioned to execute for Swinburne's private delectation. After Madox Brown reminded him that the rather ponderous provincial he had barely noticed that evening in Fitzroy Square was a skilled lawyer who understood the muddled affairs of literary men, he applied to Watts for advice (though he kept quiet about the drawings).

Watts gave it with masterly tact and subtlety. He looked beyond the row with Hotten to the future, like a good literary agent. Swinburne must be careful not to let "Bothwell" go too cheaply. He had started negotiations on excellent terms with Chapman & Hall, but he warned Swinburne to beware of showing too eagerly that he needed cash, and used a bit of country shrewdness, maybe picked up from the Gryengroes, to point the advice: "Mr. Chapman is not likely to take a mean advantage (he is a gentleman). But it is wonderful how practical gentlemen are in business matters, as you may have observed if you have ever bought a horse from a friend or sold one to him. Imperceptibly to himself, Mr. Chapman would be more anxious to deal liberally with you if he thought we didn't care a damn whether he dealt with us or not." Swinburne was impressed, in his turn, by this authoritative voice, so sensible and seemingly selfless, so unlike anything he had heard before. It was true that Hotten hung on grimly and the gentlemanly Mr. Chapman hesitated and stood off, but Watts quickly filed a suit against Hotten; before it came into court, the publisher died suddenly. On his new friend's advice, Swinburne decided to remain with Hotten's partner, Andrew Chatto, a man of very different character, who took on the business, expunged the "curious" items from his list, and continued to publish Swinburne to the end of his life.

The unlikely and almost comic friendship deepened rapidly. Watts at

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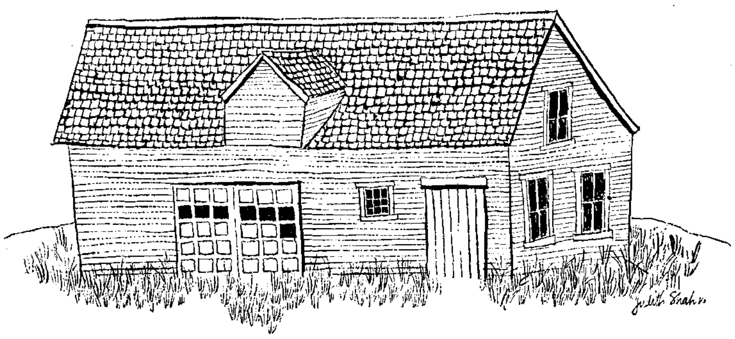
the time was living close to Swinburne, in Holborn, and they lunched or dined together frequently. Let us, Swinburne had already suggested, "begin mutually to drop the 'Mr.' in writing as friends." So it became "My dear Watts" and "Yours ever, A. C. Swinburne," and continued to be so for some years after they settled at The Pines, on the infrequent occasions when they were separated. The easy give-and-take of Christian names before the first bloom is on—let alone off—an acquaintanceship was still far away. But with his dear Watts Swinburne obviously leaned back and felt increasingly at ease, and even sufficiently trusting to crack a ribald joke or two and to hymn (unsuccessfully) the works of the "martyred Marquis" de Sade, to which Houghton had introduced him all those years ago at Fryston. Did he not, he wrote gaily, owe to de Sade—and, above all, to "Justine; ou Les Malheurs de la Vertu"—"the means of expressing in some not wholly inadequate degree my sentiments towards God and Man?" Watts, who certainly had heard from Rossetti about the St. John's Wood period of Swinburne's life, replied without enthusiasm.

In 1875, Watts left the *Examiner* and joined the staff of the famous *Athenaeum* as literary critic, and through him Swinburne became a frequent contributor. Watts' influence on Swinburne was increasing, but he had to proceed carefully and with restraint. He could do nothing to curb the disastrous drinking while Algernon lived alone in his untidy rooms, where his friends could seek him out—Richard Burton, for instance, who turned up now and then from the ends of the earth, who first started Swinburne off on brandy (it was said), and who introduced him to the bizarre Cannibal Club, where the Marquis de Sade might have felt quite at home under the horrid emblem of a Negro gnawing at a human thighbone; or John Nichol, his old friend from Balliol days, who was now a professor in Glasgow. It was a hard-drinking holiday with Nichol in 1878 that led to Swinburne's final breakdown—to the nine months of total silence and then to Werter Road, Putney, where we left him lying in Mrs. Mason's dining room while the suburban sparrows twittered in the ivy, and little Bertie Mason was forbidden to prance on his wooden horse because of Mr. Swinburne, and the stockpot for the manufacture of nourishing broths that would gently restore a ruined digestion simmered constantly on the kitchen stove.

Watts had removed Swinburne to a place of safety, but what really saved him was his own incredible vitality. In spite of his small frame and girlish sloping shoulders, he had inherited the iron constitution that had made the Swinburnes of Northumberland a hardy, prolific race. An ancestress had given birth to thirty children and, we are told, "walked in Newcastle with a mob after her," curious to see this tall and comely prodigy of fecundity. Swinburne's French-born grandfather, Sir John Swinburne, the friend of Mirabeau and John Wilkes, lived to a vigorous ninety-eight, riding and hunting for most of his life, and cheerfully surviving a trepanning operation after a shooting accident. "The Swinburnes have a tendency to live," calmly observed his daughter Julia Swinburne (Swinburne's Aunt Ju), who followed it to the letter by reaching the same age—a chipper old lady, tumbling about in her room but rising a day or two later none the worse, and exhausting mere juveniles of eighty or so by her energy. Swinburne seemed possessed by a sort of demonic spirit of self-destruction, but his strange little body was also inhabited by the tough family talent for triumphing over the physical vicissitudes of thirty children, sawn skulls, old age. In a very few days after his arrival at Ivy Lodge, he was miraculously up and about, even walking on Putney Heath, as though the nightmares and miseries of the last months had been nothing more alarming than one of Aunt Ju's tumbles. As always, when his stomach stopped being queasy and his head cleared and he succeeded in obliterating so wonderfully any unpleasant memories of his latest "bilious attack" or "chronic insomnia," the divine, durable gift came flooding back. He was writing hard. He had finished a new poem, "On the Cliffs," and his book on Shakespeare was "getting on like a house in flames," and when was Watts coming down so that he might read all to him? Also, there was a great deal to be discussed, though not by Algernon. As his brother Edward remarked, money was "beyond his ken." It had been agreed that he was to set up with Watts "as a suburban householder," Swinburne wrote to John Nichol. His financial ability to do so was the subject of long conferences between his dependable friend Mr. Watts and his relieved mother. The Admiral had left Algernon five thousand pounds when he died, his property being divided equally among the five children, with a life interest for Lady Jane. It was finally arranged that Algernon would receive at once a further two thousand pounds, the figure at which his father's valuable books and prints were appraised; according to the Admiral's will, he would have inherited it on Lady Jane's death. A further two hundred pounds a year would be paid to him for the next four years, but into Watts' bank account. Thus Watts was officially appointed custodian. That September, the lease of The Pines was taken out in his name for twenty-one years, and he held the purse strings, but the major share of the purse belonged to Swinburne. It was a constant source of irritation to many of Swinburne's critical pre-Watts friends that later accounts of the joint household (including Max Beerbohm's) often made out that Swinburne was merely Watts' guest at The Pines—even a private patient, a sort of ailing Man Who Came to Dinner, and was suffered to stay on and on under his host's hospitable roof, which could not, as a matter of fact, have existed without him. Watts never, as far as we know, contradicted the impression. He may have come to believe it, as he liked to be indulgent to the legend of his dash of Romany blood.

IN October, 1880, Lady Jane wrote thanking Watts with emotion for his "very kind . . . consolitory letter." (The cultured lady's spelling, and occasionally her grammar, went to pieces when her feelings were moved.) She has been to The Pines, and "it is the greatest possible comfort to me to have seen my very dear Son so well and happy. The contrast that it was to what I used to see him was something quite beyond words, and I cannot say how thankful I was—nor can I tell you how much I feel your care of him—and I am really quite happy about him." Here she paused, perhaps, looked out of the window, and



sighed before resuming. "The return to the religious faith of his youth I feel is so much more hopeful when that fatal tendency from which he has suffered so much is got the better of."

Mimmie was being too optimistic, as usual. There was, and is, a church very near The Pines, but if the rector called in the hopes of seeing the celebrated new resident, those hopes were certainly dashed. The English Sabbath was a detestable day for Swinburne. By now, even if the rector did not know him by sight, many of the good people of Putney did. He walked up Putney Hill every morning so punctually that matrons peering from behind their lace curtains could set their clocks by him if they chose—every morning, that is, except Sunday. On that day, Swinburne disciplined himself to mope at home and leave Putney in the dull coils of "the Galilean serpent." Some of the other inmates of The Pines certainly took themselves off to church; they did so, one can be sure, with tactful unobtrusiveness. Watts' own beliefs were strong for God in Nature, Nature in God, one and indivisible. The wind from the heath blew fitfully, but he was a conventional Victorian whose roots were firmly planted in a respectable middle-class upbringing. His poems are full of lines such as

"God heard me not," says he,
  "Blessed be God!"
And dies. But as he nears the
  pearly strand,
Heav'n's outer coast where waiting
  angels stand,
He looks below. "Farewell, thou
  hooded clod,
Brown corpse the vultures tear on
  bloody sand . . ."

And so on. Yet he insisted that Swinburne's freethinking must be respected. The mutually tolerant arrangement worked, but the female members of the household must have sighed with and for Lady Jane.

It is a shock to find that there are females present. From the accounts of Beerbohm and other visitors to The Pines, one pictures a cozy bachelor establishment. There were, of course, the faceless, all but tongueless, caps and aprons. There was that Hetty Priest to whom, decades later, old Watts left fifty pounds in his will "as a small acknowledgement of her services as a domestic to my late dear friend Algernon Charles Swinburne when he first came to live with me, much out of health, more than thirty years ago." Hetty must have known more about the inner life of The Pines than anybody else, but she remains inscrutable, and Swinburne never seemed to see servants, or taste food, or note the look

Flashback!

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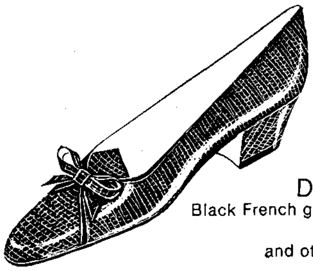
of rooms or the clothes on people's backs, or show much interest in anything but his poetry and the poetry of others, his library, and the intellectual and political questions and quarrels of the day. Was Hetty, perhaps, the cook in Mrs. Mason's employ at Ivy Lodge who had concocted the beef teas and jellies when Swinburne was brought there, weak and shattered, in 1879? Had Hetty moved from Ivy Lodge to The Pines with her mistress? For Watts' two sisters—Mrs. Charles Mason and Miss Theresa Watts—had come to live there, too. (Later, it seems, Miss Watts went away.) There was also the child, Bertie, and it appears that his father was of the household. There are a couple of references to him in Swinburne's correspondence over the first few years at The Pines, and then suddenly he vanishes, without one single speaking line. The enigmatical Mr. Mason ceases, as far as we can tell, to exist. Mrs. Mason and Miss Watts are sufficiently vaporous. Their skirts swish up and down the stairs; they are sometimes present at luncheons and partake of nourishment; they organize such things as the annual painting of the house (the lease specified that The Pines was to be kept in good repair and was not to be used for immoral purposes or as a lunatic asylum); they send kind messages to Lady Jane Swinburne and receive them back. Apart from these evidences of vulgar life, they are vapor in female form, and so, one feels, their brother's friend must have viewed them. When they met on the stairs—in such a modest-sized house it was inevitable—Swinburne's greetings, if he noticed them at all, were certainly courteous in the extreme. His manners to women were always punctilious. Yet these ladies, whom he saw every day, were clearly less real to him than his beloved master Walter Savage Landor, into whose confused ears he had poured the torrent of his homage when he threw himself at the feet of the old poet in Florence in 1864. ("So totally am I exhausted that I can hardly hold my pen to express my vexation that I shall be unable to converse with you again," Mr. Landor had written hastily to his young visitor following the trying meeting.) They were far less real than his revered "Master of Masters," Victor Hugo, whom he had not yet seen in the flesh at all. They seem to have been invisible to others, too. When visitors came to The Pines and recorded their impressions, Mrs. Mason and Miss Watts do not often appear to have been present; it is to be assumed that these self-effacing women ate from trays in their bedrooms. One can only conjecture how the whole odd party fitted into The Pines. Swinburne was given the best room on the first floor, looking down into the garden, for his library; Watts' study, from Beerbohm's account and others, adjoined the dining room. Hetty and her colleague must have slept below in the dark basement, where the bells hung on jangling wires high along the passage wall, the range squatted like a sullen blackamoor, and Dido, the woolly house dog, whined and chased the Putney urchins and rats in her sleep.

For Swinburne, the change to The Pines was a transformation so extraordinary as to amount to being born again. He says so in his poetry. In his birthday month of April, 1882, nearly three years after his departure to Putney, he sat down and wrote the verses gratefully dedicating "Tristram of Lyonesse" to Watts, "my best friend":

> Life stands crowned
> Here with the best one thing it
> ever found
> As of my soul's best birthdays
> dawns the third.

The contrast, as Mimmie observed, was something quite beyond words. He was completely restored to health, and, like a three-year-old child, he had learned his way around a whole new world. Since coming down rather abruptly and ingloriously from Oxford, he had lived alone whenever he was not rusticated in the family home. There had been a time when he and George Meredith lodged with Gabriel Rossetti. It had not been a success. Even when he was lonely and ill, he had preferred freedom in which to work and read; to come and go and get drunk with whatever friends he pleased; to pirouette and declaim hymns in praise of liberty for Italy and for all men; to lie naked of a summer's day on his bed in his lodgings, as he appears in George Moore's famous description of paying a disconcerting call on him, like a weird, wilting tulip with an outsize red head on a thin white stalk. His spirits galloped in those days, before weariness and melancholy set in, and one can hear them galloping in the letters he dashed off to his friends in the bold, staggering script that he was pleased to fancy was not unlike the calligraphy of de Sade. He loved to amuse the most favored with wild obscene or profane nonsense and brilliantly funny parodies. Meredith and the others roared with laughter over the burlesque French novel "La



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Fille du Policeman," in which the Bishop of Londres rapes the heroine in a cab, and Prince Albert misbehaves atrociously. All the same, Gabriel Rossetti had paternally warned him, not long before the painful, never-to-be-explained moment when this dearest of all Swinburne's friends suddenly refused to see him anymore, that every line Swinburne had ever written would one day certainly be "religiously raked up" by scribblers yet unborn, peeping and botanizing for the meanest weed on the graves of the great. Some of their circle, Rossetti warned, might not have had the heart or the good sense to burn "these wonderfully funny things" with which he regaled them. He was right, of course. Numbers of their recipients carefully kept them (Edward Burne-Jones treasured his until 1890, when he destroyed them regretfully, feeling that if he did not, as he wrote to his wife, "Swinburne's ghost would pursue mine through the next world"), and some of the letters were dynamite later on. But Swinburne had replied to Rossetti with a splendid, characteristic flash of spirit: "As to privacy, if we are to be shackled in our inmost intercourse with our closest friends by the fear of future vermin, we may as well resign all liberty, and all thought of elbow-room for fun and confidence of any kind, at once."

All his life, in his lordly Swinburne fashion, he had been used to plenty of elbowroom, literally. His native background was the aristocratic one of large houses surrounded by deep old lawns and ancient trees in the leaves of which a whole nestful of children could hide. The ultimate luxury of the well-off—the ability to avoid one's nearest and dearest at will—had been his whenever he cared to return to it. Now here he was wedged in a rather small middle-class house in Putney filled to capacity with people who, with the exception of Watts, spoke a different language. He had brightened up, soon after they all moved into The Pines, at the sight of little Bertie Mason. Swinburne had always been fond of children. He wrote to Mimmie describing how the little boy had behaved badly at lunch, and how he had bought him a box of preserved fruits from Fortnum & Mason. Watts had early dropped tactful hints to his friend about his behavior under the new circumstances. Swinburne's language was frequently as colorful and fluent as a London cabby's. His flights of abuse of somebody who had angered him were always vehement. Edmund Gosse, years later, remembered a fairly temperate verbal bludgeoning of one such

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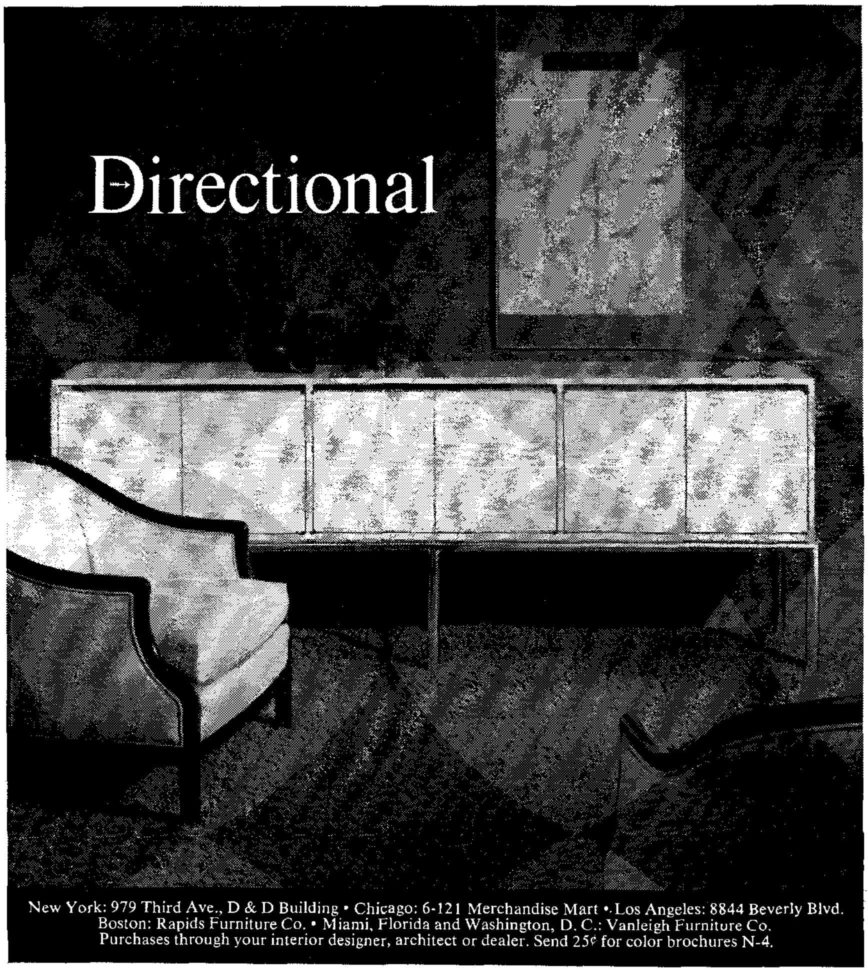

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unfortunate: " 'He had better be careful. If I am obliged (*very slowly*) to take the cudgel in my hand (*rapid exultation*), the rafters of the hovel where he skulks and sniggers shall ring with the loudest whacks ever administered in discipline or chastisement to a howling churl.' " Now, Watts suggested, if he must break out and swear in mixed company at The Pines, would he do so in French? There must be no more lying about naked on the bed, of course. One of the Watts ladies, going upstairs to remove a bonnet, might glance through a half-open door, and—"*Oh Monsieur, quelles horreurs!*" as the unfortunate heroine of his frequent parodying allusions to "Justine; ou Les Malheurs de la Vertu" so piteously exclaims.

Swinburne adapted himself with wonderful docility. The nagging problem that for so long had plagued all the people who were truly fond of him had been solved. Ruskin had helplessly summed it up fourteen years earlier, just as "Poems and Ballads" was about to burst marvellously on the world, to be fulminated against in pulpits and chanted rapturously through college quads: the impossibility of knowing "what to do with and for" Algernon. Ruskin told Swinburne that he would as soon fault him or his poems as he would blame a thundercloud or a nightshade blossom for being "wonderful and beautiful" but "dreadful and deadly," too. Yet what to do with this oppressive purple patch of vapor, this exquisite poisonous and self-poisoning plant, except watch it take its natural course? Ruskin sensibly thought that the "*one* thing" anybody could therapeutically do to help Swinburne was "to soothe him and trust in him," though for himself, he added, "I am afraid only of his dying."

This sage counsel was, as it turned out, the course successfully followed by Watts. He knew that he must seem to trust Swinburne and somehow manage to supply a steady surveillance of every aspect of his friend's life—a surveillance that was to last until death. But to soothe—ah, yes, that was where this extraordinary man, with his bright eyes, his capacious brow, his air of being a good listener to the litigious tangles of anxious clients, came out strongly. He must have been extraordinary to make men as different and as difficult as Rossetti, Swinburne, and Tennyson all repose their confidence in him as though thankfully depositing valuables in a reliable strongbox. And he was better than that. He paid an interest on the contents that was somehow enriching to men more splendidly dowered than himself. It must be admitted that his charm does not always show itself in his writing. Time has not lain lightly on his style. His conversation was much admired by many, and one remembers the witty brother Alfred who died, but the voice of Walter (Swinburne, when they eventually took the enormous plunge into Christian names after ten years of living in each other's pockets at The Pines, always called him by his first name, not the "Theodore" of Beerbohm's recollection) appears to be more serious and to make its effect with a relentless flow of anecdotage. He had a sense of fun but no wit. Yet the destroyed face of Gabriel Rossetti would brighten wonderfully, his brother William records, when Watts came into the room. Rossetti continued to need him right up to the last, long after he had cut himself off from Swinburne and his other old friends. In 1881 and 1882, Swinburne frequently had to be left in the care of Mrs. Mason and Miss Watts while Walter rushed off to the bedside of the dying Gabriel, the first and most dearly loved of his heroes; a bedroom in Rossetti's house was always kept ready for him. Then we see him later on paying visits to the Tennysons at Aldworth. The Laureate takes Watts off into a summerhouse and reads him his new drama, "Becket," asking eagerly for his friend's opinion. We may be sure that he got it, at great length, and that it was laudatory. Let us now praise famous men. Early on, the thoughtful solicitor from St. Ives had realized the simple truth that famous men of letters, and poets more than most, need praise pressed down and running over. To Ruskin's practical formula for saving Algernon he added the verb "to admire."

> There is a friend that as the wise man saith
> Cleaves closer than a brother: nor to me
> Hath time not shown, through days like waves at strife,
> This truth more sure than all things else but death,
> This pearl most perfect found in all the sea . . .

Thus Swinburne, in his turn, praised Watts with warm affection in his dedication of "Tristram of Lyonesse." The dedication, which some of Swinburne's skeptical friends read with mixed feelings, was not exaggerated. For the pearl most perfect found in all the sea had somehow managed to bring off what they had all failed to do or had funked trying to do. Swinburne stopped drinking. We do not know for certain what methods Watts used to cure a chronic alcoholic who had been one for fifteen years, off and on, but we would like to know. The favorite legend is that he devised a solemn charade which surely would not have fooled a child, yet Swinburne, the story runs, accepted it with alacrity. Something about his drinking had been childish make-believe all along—the clutching of the nearest available decanter as a drowning man might seize hold of a spar (as Edmund Gosse recalled regretfully in the confidential notes he made later to fill some of the careful blanks he left in his "Life of Swinburne"); the fierce swigging of the wine in a sort of gurgling frenzy; the boasting to Sir Charles Dilke that the best way to settle a glass of green chartreuse was to throw two glasses of yellow chartreuse down after it. He drank largely through the eye; if "the perilous stuff" was not there, he seemed not to crave it. So perhaps it is not quite out of character for him to have listened when Watts, it is said, reminded him whose tipple was brandy that Tennyson always drank port. Curiously enough, Watts had just been given a few bottles of excellent port on which he would be glad to have Swinburne's opinion. Then, after a week or so of judicious Tennysonian sipping, ought they not to make a change and drink with their meals a little of the glorious wines of Swinburne's "well-beloved" adopted country, France? And, finally, like an unbelievable wine waiter skillfully directing the diner's hesitant finger from the most expensive to the cheapest item on the list, Watts spoke enthusiastically of "Shakespeare's nut-brown October, good old English ale." It has a ring of truth. His utterances, if one can judge from his prose, were doggedly literary. The little bottle of Bass had arrived at Swinburne's place in the dining room of The Pines, and it remained there for life. E. V. Lucas, a less affectionate observer than Beerbohm who also made the pilgrimage to the shrine in the nineties, remembered the Bard marching out of the room after the meal (it was dinner) was over, still firmly clasping to his bosom the bottle "in which a few precious drops remained." The vine leaves are out of his hair. Now he wears patriotically in that dwindling aureole the green tendrils of the Kentish hop.

There was one last worry for his ingenious friend: Would Swinburne manage to get "the stuff" when he went out for his walks, and smuggle it home to The Pines? So among the rules of behavior that Watts laid down, or tactfully suggested, soon after they

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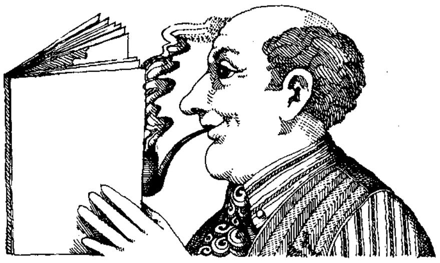

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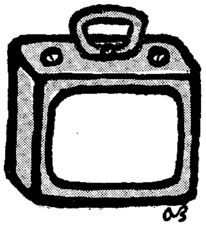
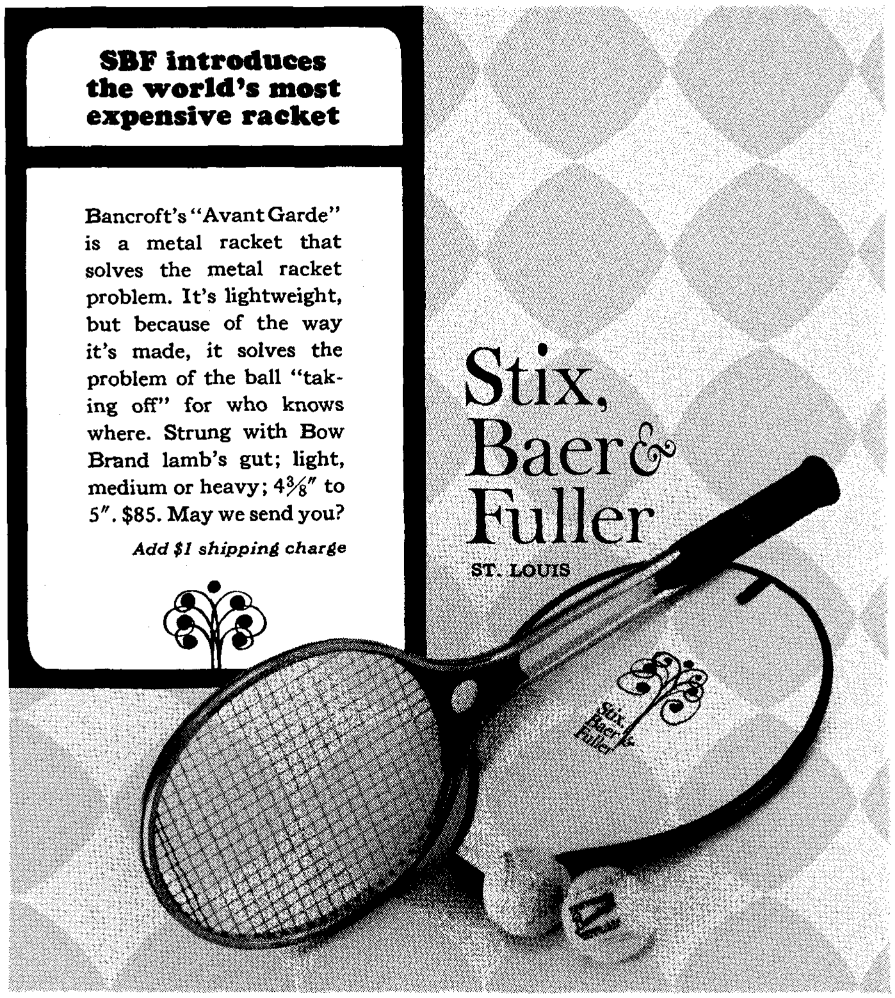
joined forces was a veto on the public houses of Putney. It would be unbecoming if Mr. Swinburne were seen to enter one. Mr. Swinburne agreed. He gave his word, which Watts knew could be relied upon absolutely. But one of the many beings inhabiting that skipping fairy body was a joker. He enjoyed pulling Watts' leg. (In a letter a few years later, on one of their occasional separations, he says that he is writing an article on Victor Hugo's "La Légende des Siècles" for the *Fortnightly Review*, and that the effort of trying to do justice to his "Master of Masters" is making his brain boil and his ears buzz: ". . . O how much harder work is conscientious reviewing than original production! I wonder how you keep alive and sane. But Nature, my very dear Sir, has bestowed upon some favoured sons a combination of the loftiest energies by whose means etc. . . ." The acute ear is parodying Mr. Pecksniff, but there may also be a wicked hint of the stately cadences of Nature's permanent member of the fraternity of the open road. Watts' prose style was rather like that.) So Swinburne teased him by walking every morning up Putney Hill and along Wimbledon Common to the Rose and Crown, two miles away, which is over the Putney border into Wimbledon. There he refreshed himself with a glass of beer—he kept to that—before racing home to luncheon, to bow to Miss Watts, another bow to Mrs. Mason, another beer, a benign exchange with Bertie, who was making naughty zoological noises again (it was so wonderful, Swinburne wrote to Mimmie, to feel that there was a child in the house), and then upstairs to his own domain. The compact with Watts had been kept to the letter. The landlord of the Rose and Crown was appreciative of the honor that had been paid to his house. Mr. Swinburne had his own corner, his own chair, in which he sat reading the papers he had bought at Putney railway station. His great, domed head was a storehouse filled with an immense array of English, French, and Italian literature, of Greek and Latin, stowed away in the perfect order that eluded his possessions in life. He seemed to have read everything, and he remembered everything; his letters gave his friends a lively paper chase along a trail of quotations and allusions. Yet he read the papers and the magazines, too. Beerbohm, twenty years later, found it comic that there should be room in the fabulous storehouse for "our twaddle." Nobody in the Rose and Crown paid any attention to the customer in the corner, unless the landlord proudly but discreetly pointed him out to favored newcomers. "Lord!" said a candid drinker in astonishment one day. "He looks as though he hadn't two ideas to bless himself with."

The friends who felt with resentment that Watts had carried Swinburne off in his teeth to bury him jealously in the obscurity of Putney were wrong in transferring their own emotions of loss to the abductee. He seemed to be conscious of no loss at all in the early days at The Pines. The idea of the academic retreat from which he and Watts could sally out at will was not entirely wrong, for the first years. They saw people, and people came to see them. There is no reason to suppose that Swinburne did not mean exactly what he wrote in the "Tristram" dedication. His new life was standing crowned with the best one thing it ever found, for had the old one been so happy? In 1876, he had written wearily to Churton Collins, the critic and literary historian, whom he had met through Benjamin Jowett at Balliol, of "the rather dull monotonous puppet-show of my life, which often strikes me as too barren of action or enjoyment to be much worth holding on to, better than nothingness, or at least seeming better for a minute." It is the overriding death wish of his beloved Elizabethan dramatists, the deep-rooted desire to shrug off mortality and expose the rotting carcass under the bright robe. Now, thanks to Watts, he was happier, it is clear enough, than he had been since his childhood at East Dene, the Swinburne family place near Bonchurch, on the Isle of Wight. Like Philoctetes, the Greek warrior into whose possession had passed from the dying Hercules a divine bow, the gift of Apollo, which could not miss its mark, but who had received an infection from a serpent's bite so virulent and so revolting to others that he was forced to nurse it in wretched isolation, he owed his liberation to a man who was solicitous of the marvellous bow yet not too squeamish to come close to its owner. "Deplorable and disgusting beyond words." So Edmund Gosse described Swinburne's state at the time Watts removed him to Putney, in the famous confidential essay that, after much soul-searching, he wrote in 1917 as a dutiful historical postscript to what some among the few survivors who had known the poet, and the many who had heard the



legends, felt to be the too tactful, mealy-mouthed omissions in the "Life." Addressed to Posterity, and directed to that patiently waiting bright-eyed lady in care of the classic poste restante of the British Museum archives, it revealed in cautious, measured terms that his dear friend had worn, for a matter of fifteen years or so, the mingled garland of vine leaves and birch twigs of a chronic drunkard and sexual masochist. (The essay was first published in 1962, as an appendix to the Yale University Press edition of the Swinburne "Letters.") Gosse admitted and deplored. He constantly, and far more bitterly, lamented (though not in print) what was to happen to Apollo's bow when it was hung up over the umbrella stand in the stuffy hall at The Pines. Yet, for all his intimate devotion to Swinburne, "deplorable" and "disgusting" seem to show him tiptoeing uneasily away from the nasty cave in Guildford Street. Swinburne had no illusions as to which of his friends had been staunch enough to march right in. Watts' middle-aged form seems a droll comparison with the boy Neoptolemus, who, in Sophocles' drama, saves Philoctetes and preserves the gift of the god, but he appeared to have succeeded in doing both, and Gosse never forgave him.

THE interior of The Pines was like a rich, dark cake stuffed with Pre-Raphaelite fruit, though not all the plums were from the best tree. The same Putney photographer who came one summer day and took the picture of Swinburne and Watts sitting on their hard chairs communing among the daisies has left us photographs, equally evocative, of those corners of the house that Watts permitted to be revealed to the curious world during his and his friend's lifetime. It was the only communication The Pines had with the public. Any prose description of what went on behind the celebrated front door was strictly vetoed. It seems that a brash American female journalist from California who called herself Olive Harper (her real name was Mrs. Helen D'Apery) had once written a totally fictitious "interview" with Swinburne, although she had never so much as laid eyes on him, which appeared in some Western newspapers. Since then all scribblers were taboo, but the photographer, Mr. Poole, was allowed to come along one day and set up his tripod, disappear under the cloth, and turn the sharp recording eye of the camera upon the clutter of wonderful objects that, as the years passed, adhered to the surface of The Pines as



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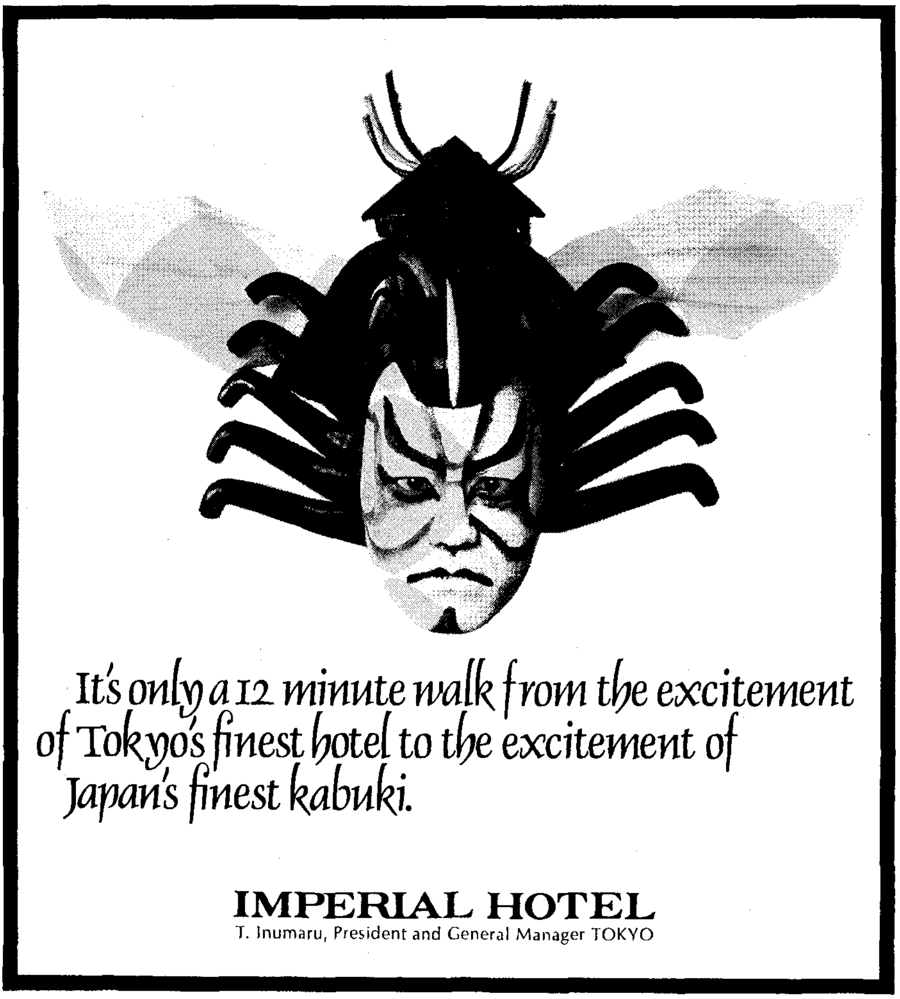

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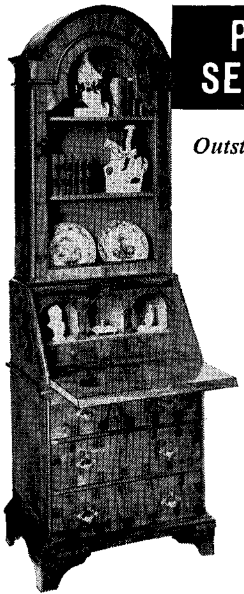

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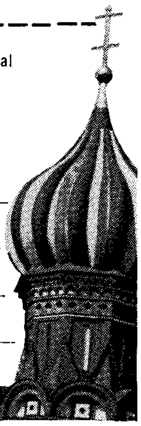
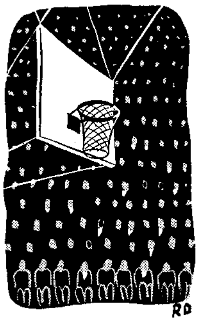


a collection of strange shells is affixed with glue in elaborate incrustation upon a Victorian workbox. Set fast in the emulsion of an era, these possessions have an air of abiding forever, of sticking together even though the waters of the earth should roll down Putney Hill. They make a pattern of purl upon plain, of whorl upon smooth, of gilding and ornament upon everything, so that one hardly knows where to look first, and would be somewhat at a loss, if the occasion should ever arise, to decide where it would be safest to sit. Should it be on one of those extraordinary fretted wooden chairs that have a curiously exotic African air, as of the thrones of tribal chiefs? Would one dare to lower oneself onto the Chinese daybed that emerges, like a modern fold-up divan, from the jaws of a sort of Oriental booth resembling a fantastic telephone kiosk? One name is shouted above all others through the rooms into which we are able to take brief, glutted glances, and it is not the name of Swinburne. Like Tennyson's leader wild swan up among the stars in "The Princess," who clanged the name of Ida, The Pines sang continually of Dante Gabriel, the dearest-loved lost friend of both its masters.

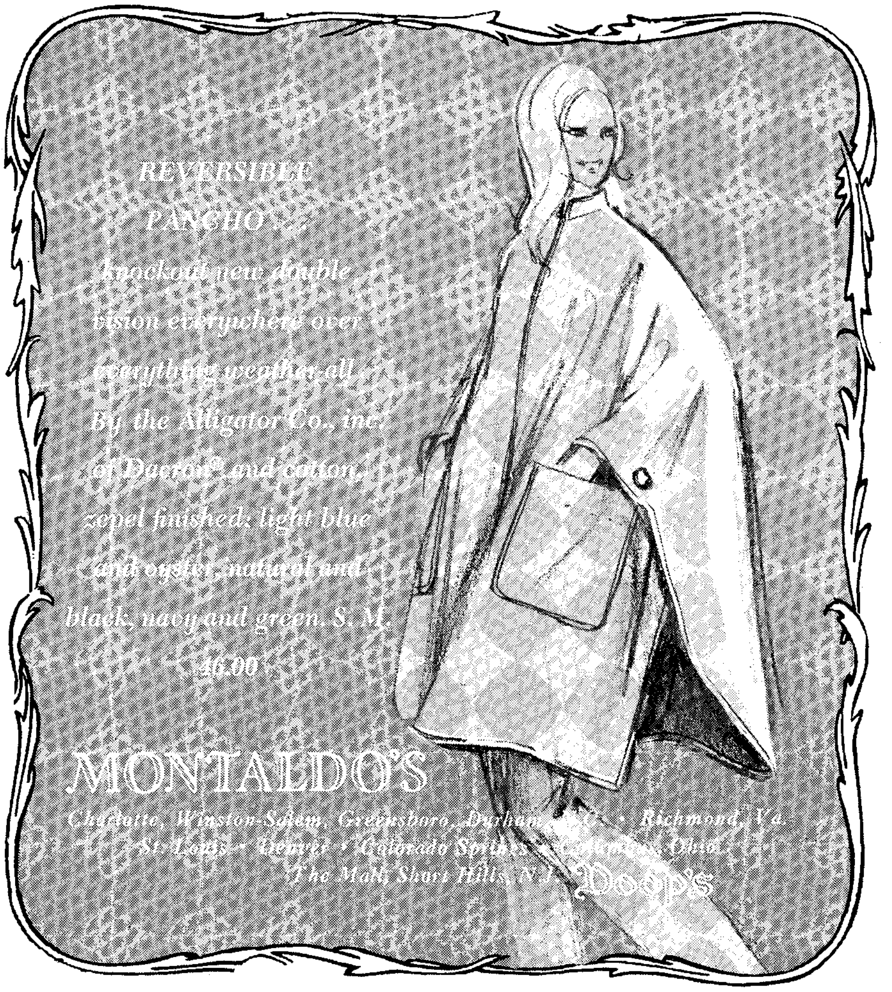


Soon after the move to Putney, Watts had gone back across the river to Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, to spend a night with his other sacred charge, the too palpably doomed Rossetti, who could not be rescued, whose black melancholy would never be sent packing by regular meals and a few pleasing literary theories about the superiority of beer to whiskey. Next day, returning to Putney after looking in on Whistler—Watts was a sociable man, and we should be wrong to think that only Swinburne was deprived of something in the seclusion of The Pines—he found a wagon standing at the gate. It was loaded with furniture that Rossetti had chosen out of his house and sent to Watts in Putney without saying a word the night before; he enjoyed giving agreeable surprises to his friends. So here stands the splendid lacquer cabinet that he had bought from a hard-up artist friend, George Chapman, who had bought it from a sea captain home from years of flogging up and down the China coast, who had bought it from a Frenchman, who said he had looted it from the Imperial Palace. Here are the carved mirrors decorated by Treffry Dunn, Rossetti's Cornish studio assistant, with copies of the Master's lost frescoes showing the Quest for the Holy Grail. They had perished on the damp, rejecting walls of the Oxford Union long ago when Swinburne, an undergraduate at Balliol, first met Rossetti and the younger spirits of the Brotherhood, then all roars of laughter and outrageous talk. "Blue summer then, and always morning and the air sweet and full of bells," Edward Burne-Jones nostalgically remembered years later. Somewhere in the indigestible fruitcake is embedded a painted cupboard on which Swinburne—looking like the red-haired, green-eyed, goiterous brother of the Pre-Raphaelite maidens—was the model for St. George. An absurd gilded snake rears up from a pedestal, balancing on the tip of its nose what looks like a Victorian gas lamp to illuminate the walls, crowded with pictures in heavy frames.

"My girls," Watts skittishly called the gallery of Rossetti crayon drawings of women, and they are stunners to a girl. Some of them stun with the abundance of flesh, the tiger-lily warmth, and the sensuality of Fanny Schott, whom Rossetti playfully named "The Elephant." The loveliest of all is dark-haired Janey Morris, the wife of William Morris, for whom Gabriel significantly invented no funny name, who had inhabited his dreams more lastingly, more hauntingly, than either coarse "Elephant" or poor, ethereal "Guggum"—his dead wife, Lizzie Siddal, for whose memory Swinburne had such chivalrous devotion all his life. *She* lies back moodily on a sofa, stretching out the full length of her long neck like a swan—the leader wild swan herself. And mixed in with Watts' girls are some bad paintings, artist not stated, of his very own ladies—the gypsy damsels Sinfi Lovell (whom George Meredith admired so much) and Rhona Boswell, creations of the strange man's romantic obsession with the Romanies in his once widely read, now completely forgotten novel "Aylwin" and in the long poem of his later years, "The Coming of Love." This is to be the shrine in which Apollo's wondrous bow is hung up and tended with devotion, but most of the other trophies on its walls seem to have been nailed there by Watts, to remind visitors that he, too, has made the pilgrimage to Delphi.

ROSSETTI died, with Watts beside him, in the Birchington-on-Sea bungalow without ever asking to see Swinburne again. The numerous reminders of Gabriel so piously preserved in The Pines are also reminders of the pain of the inexplicable rejection. Swinburne, sitting in his study looking down at the little Vatican Venus who had translated herself from Cheyne Walk to Putney Hill, still wrote calmly and admiringly of "poor Gabriel" and his poetry to Rossetti's more solid, less star-touched brother, William. Because of a temperament that was almost awesomely well balanced, William contrived to remain a staunch friend for life. But to Watts, the receptive, ever-ready ear from which there were now, one guesses, no secrets kept, Swinburne let himself go with uninhibited virulence in a letter written in October of 1882 from his mother's house, where he was staying for a visit of several weeks. For he was sent off by himself every year for one or two changes of air. With Mimmie and his sisters on guard, the family house was judged to be "safe." Safety was still not taken for granted, and it would be a matter of extraordinary uneasiness for many years to come. Except for these regular returns to the family, the only unaccompanied visit Watts allowed Swinburne to make was a short one to his old friend Benjamin Jowett, the Master of Balliol, in whose household the clashing of cymbals was improbable. When Swinburne was away on these lengthy Victorian visits, Watts faithfully forwarded the weekly reviews to alleviate the country boredom. The punctual delivery of "shot rubbish," as Swinburne put it, was an event in days even quieter than those at The Pines. A constant flow of lordly Swinburnian commands for missing periodicals, urgently needed books, garments that "the servants" (an imposing retinue seems to be indicated) had omitted to pack rattled through the letter box of the Pines. "You have sent me the *Academy* for July 3rd, which I did not want—not that for the 10th, which I do." "Please send me at once some *stockings* . . . also short of handkerchiefs . . . also (carefully packed up) the four volumes of the Légende des Siècles, the *second* volume of the Contemplations." "I want a change of linen. . . . I awoke without a shirt to my back." "Please remember my nail-pincers, etc." Mrs. Mason must have been permanently busy with brown paper and string.

It was in the *Academy*, during his October rustication, that Swinburne read a notice of Hall Caine's "Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti." Caine had been the youthful prop and stay, along with Watts, of Gabriel's last days; it would hardly have pre-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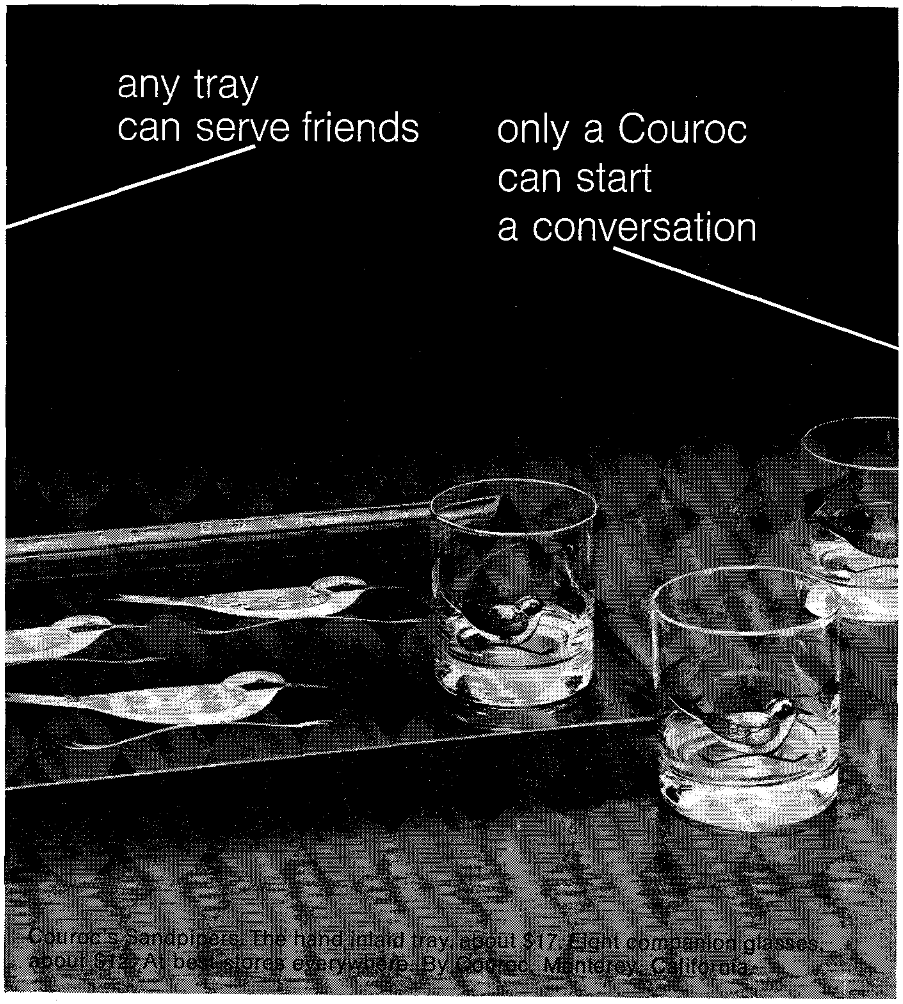

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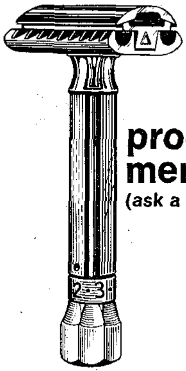

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possessed Swinburne in his favor. And now, he read, Caine appeared to assert that the shock of Robert Buchanan's famous attack in 1871 on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," and in particular on the poetry and morals of Rossetti and Swinburne, had been as catastrophic in its effect on Gabriel's sanity as his wife's tragic death by an overdose of laudanum nine years before. To speak of the two events in the same breath seemed insupportable to Swinburne. Could it really be possible that Gabriel had suffered as much torment of mind from the abuse of that "small piece of dung," Buchanan, as from the terrible loss of "dear Lizzie"—the poor, bright, playful Guggum? For himself, had he not cheerfully ignored Buchanan and far more infamous slinging of mud? After the publication of "Poems and Ballads," anonymous letters of fanatical violence had pelted in on him, along with the praise. A nameless Irish sporting gentleman had threatened to waylay him one night, slip a bag over his head, and castrate him, "as he had seen his gamekeeper do with cats." More recently still, a clergyman had thundered at a church congress in Nottingham that while Renan with treacherous praise betrayed Christ, Swinburne insulted Him as He hung on the bitter Cross. The last charge had delighted Swinburne, who took it as a compliment. But he had never lost an hour's sleep, he boasted, over attacks from any quarter. It was Caine's confident bracketing of Guggum's pathetic slipping out of life and a scribbler's malice as the double eclipse of Gabriel's sun that brought the pain and the jealousy tumbling out in the contemptuous letter to Watts. The insult to Lizzie was odious. For women like Lizzie and Gabriel's holy sister Christina, Swinburne reserved a peculiar tenderness. There were the blond amazons—the implacable ones in the vanished grove of the punishing goddess in St. John's Wood—and there were the Lizzies, to whom he behaved as though he were still the model for the young, valiant St. George. The bewilderingly complicated storehouse under that vast dome of skull included compartments for shot rubbish as well as for genius, for violence and for gentleness.

The ferocious comment sent to Watts from the country in 1882 seemed to have been penned partly out of protective brother-sister love for Lizzie, partly out of Swinburne's brooding sense of loss and unhappiness over the shattering withdrawal of Rossetti's friendship—for no reason, he had told William Rossetti after Gabriel died in the spring, that he had ever been able to imagine. If Caine was right in saying that Buchanan's attack had been as terrible to Gabriel as Lizzie's suicide, then he, Swinburne, had been miserably mistaken in his man. "In that case," he burst out to Watts, "remembering the loyal, devoted, and unselfish affection which I lavished for fifteen years on the meanest, poorest, most abject and unmanly nature of which any record remains in even literary history, I cannot say I wonder at the final upshot of our relations." He added (without remembering to substitute his more customary "Thank Something"), "Thank God for the difference between my 'best friend' of the past and my best friend of the present."

There already seems to be a difference, we have to note, between the Swinburne who was Gabriel's loyal, devoted, and affectionate friend and the Swinburne who dedicated "Tristram" to Watts. The fine high spirit of that rejoinder to Rossetti refusing to condescend to moderating the bubbling flow of funny indecencies in his letters for fear of what "future vermin" might think of them appears to be far away indeed. What people are thinking now, what the vermin are up to at the present moment have suddenly become more important. The atmosphere of The Pines was one of prudence above all things. Something aristocratic has been lost on the way to Putney. For now Swinburne, the brilliant mimic, seems to us to be giving an excellent imitation of a woman—a Mme. Swann, who has made a respectable alliance and is anxious to drop unwelcome acquaintances from the past. Or do we catch a faint echo of the priggish Prince Hal, breaking Falstaff's heart and walking on toward the Abbey and so to Agincourt? Soon after he and Watts settled at The Pines, Swinburne wrote to Edmund Gosse, striking the mingled chord of wounded virtue and sorrow that comes so strangely from him, to deplore the behavior of one of his old disreputable companions. This was Charles Augustus Howell, a fascinating hanger-on of Pre-Raphaelite circles, an adventurer who lived by his considerable wits and sailed as near the wind as he could without getting himself blown belowdecks into irons. He had once been Swinburne's confidant in every Sadique adventure and fantasy. Swinburne had entreated humbly for Howell's company in letters that this particular vermin, one could be sure, had never tossed lightly into the fire.

Now disturbing word had filtered through to Putney that Howell, as Swinburne raged to Gosse, was "amusing mixed companies of total strangers by obscene false anecdotes about my private eccentricities of indecent indulgence." *Mixed* companies of total *strangers*—in some comic way, he was as angry over the fact that there were ladies present and that the audiences were unknown to him as over the untruth (or otherwise) of the stories. Swinburne was always the pink of old-fashioned politeness with women; he hoped he would never, he said, be even unintentionally rude to one. And, for one whose life was literature, he was a rigid stickler for all the little formalities of nice existence. Years later, he rebuked his dear old friend William Rossetti gently but stiffly for having written, in an account of his first meeting with the Pre-Raphaelite painters at the Oxford Union, that Swinburne had "introduced himself" to Gabriel. "I never (allow me to say) introduced myself to anybody, and certainly should not have done so in my nonage." Perish the thought! It was one thing to circulate ribald witticisms among close, trusting friends, but the idea of mixed gatherings of people to whom he had never been introduced going into fits of laughter over Howell's doubtful anecdotes was repulsive to him. He hastened to put Gosse right on the story, which Gosse must have already heard going the rounds in London. "That polecat Howell," he called his former friend with unabated loathing years afterward.

In the same letter to Gosse, Swinburne spoke scornfully of another and far more pathetic discarded friend of his bohemian youth—the gifted Jewish artist Simeon Solomon, a homosexual whose wonderfully bright morning had ended abruptly. Not possessing the amusing blackguard Howell's talent for keeping just on the right side of the law, Solomon had run into trouble and a jail sentence in 1873. His doglike devotion to Swinburne had made him only too eager to turn out the drawings of flogging blocks and victims suggested by the poet. After the scandal, the poet had hastily dropped him; Swinburne's references to homosexuality, made to Watts and other friends, are always uncompromisingly hostile. They may have been part of his constant preoccupation with proving to himself his own virility by accepting the challenge of the unclimbed cliff, the stormiest sea, the most testing physical pain. But it is hard not to see Solomon as a sort of sacrifice, and hard not to hear in Swin-

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burne's remarks about him the first note that reminds one regretfully of Prince Hal. Poor Solomon, the friend of Walter Pater and Oscar Browning, died in 1905 in a London workhouse, an alcoholic deserted by all, pursued by the relentless Furies.

Now, Swinburne wrote Gosse from The Pines, Solomon was said to be hawking for sale his letters, which were full of "silly chaff indulged in long ago." What happened to them is still a mystery. The scholars and the universities have gathered into their laps every least flower and weed from Swinburne's grave, as Rossetti foretold they would, but the brilliant garlands that were flung from time to time over Solomon's gratified head have vanished. Perhaps the world contains a secret hoarder of Swinburniana. Perhaps the indefatigable Watts sought out Solomon and bought the letters back. After Rossetti died, he discreetly negotiated for the return of some of Swinburne's letters to Gabriel, which were in the rapacious trunk of the Elephant, Fanny Schott, who also threatened to sell them. In 1885, an antiquarian bookseller and publisher, George Redway, wrote to Swinburne to say that a number of the poet's now famous letters to Charles Augustus Howell were in his possession, adding in casual fashion that he would be glad of a new poem from Mr. Swinburne for an anthology of river and sea songs that he was planning. The invaluable friend padded out again from Putney and, some months later, after a dickering at which we can only guess, retrieved the letters, in exchange for which he agreed to give Mr. Redway the copyright of the patriotic poem "A Word for the Navy." (Chatto bought it from Redway in 1896.) One can imagine the scene when Watts brought the bundle—dog-eared now with appreciative reading—back to The Pines. The friends would shut themselves up in the back library, and Swinburne's hands would shake and jiggle more than ever as he turned over the pages of scrawled writing. (How his handwriting changed during the years of his life with Watts, by the way! In his youth, it may or may not have resembled de Sade's, but it *sprawled wildly every way at once,* with long tails and loops and blotted crossing-outs. In his letters from The Pines, the calligraphy is that of a careful schoolboy, clear and neat.) Then, at night, after the household is asleep in bed, after Algernon himself is safely retired and reading by the light of the candles in his three brass candlesticks (with which he somehow miraculously contrived to escape absentmindedly setting the bed, himself, and the room on fire), Watts goes softly downstairs to the nether regions presided over by Dido, the dog. Quietly and methodically, he raises the cover of the still warm kitchen range, thrusts the package of letters into the embers, and thankfully sets light to them.

But did he? For that is one of the greatest mysteries over which The Pines presides. Nobody knows exactly what happened to the notorious Howell letters. Watts was said to have brought them back from Redway to his friend—the trusty dog bounding along with the retrieved quarry in his soft, experienced mouth makes a charming Landseer-like composition—and it was assumed that he destroyed them. Yet after Swinburne's death eighteen damaging letters *written to a polecat by a great poet in* his wild youth proved to have been carefully laid up, in lavender or civet, at The Pines. Then had Watts only pretended to burn them? The stealthy nocturnal descent to the kitchen vanishes into thin air. Ha, ha! cried the enemies of the pearl most perfect found in all the sea. Watts' single-minded determination to set Swinburne's genius out of reach of the polecats seems to have been flawed after all. Was the flaw cupidity? The letters naturally had their price for eager collectors of Swinburnian "curiosities," and Watts did indeed sell them. But were they or were they not the identical ones written to Howell for which Watts bargained away "A Word for the Navy"? Or had Watts burned what he considered the worst, in his cautious lawyer's view, and retained only the eighteen surviving specimens, with his friend's knowledge and at his express wish, so that Swinburne could keep them locked in his desk and read them occasionally, "to change the cold heart of the weary time" that had to be filled somehow in the silence of The Pines? It is possible. For one gets the impression that the dull solicitor of so many legends—the "old horror of Putney," as Edmund Gosse later referred to him—who was supposed to hold Swinburne mesmerized in semi-sinister captivity at The Pines, understood *the needs of human flesh and* blood well enough, even when they wandered off in peculiar directions. The nut-brown eyes of the frock-coated lay figure saw a number of things very plainly, we may be sure. There was a strong vein of mysticism in him. Passion, mystery, ecstasy were not beyond his comprehension. If it were not so, a man of Swinburne's warm, impulsive temperament could not have endured thirty years of living under the same roof, or corresponded with him when they were apart, with such affectionate ease. Yet when his beloved and childishly trusting friend died, did Watts produce the letters to Howell and sell them? Yes, he did. The purchaser was none other than Sir Edmund Gosse's valued and unquestioned fellow-worker in the fields of Swinburniana, the extraordinary forger of Swinburniana and other items, Thomas J. Wise. (The celebrated piece of literary detective work by John Carter and Graham Pollard that unmasked him was done in 1932, when the unsuspecting Gosse was dead.) It was at this time that Sir Edmund read them, with renewed sighs for the frequent incomprehensible ability of men of genius—so many of whom had been his friends—to have profiles that do not match. On the right side of their faces there was a noble sweetness, a lofty idealism; turn the coin, and there was the bewildering imprint of the curled and horned goaty god. And such a ridiculous breed of goatiness, too! That was why poor Gosse avoided even a hint in his excellent but somehow incomplete portrait of Swinburne and had to mail pained postscripts to Posterity admitting that he had shrunk from depicting the warts. He had no such hesitation in castigating the friend who he claimed had failed to destroy these letters. He hoped now that they would be firmly, irrevocably, faithfully destroyed by Wise. They were not. Whatever Wise may have told Gosse, the letters stayed intact in his collection. After his death, they made their final journey to the British Museum, where they were kept packaged away, signed, sealed, and carefully guarded from casual prurient eyes. The Swinburne scholars who were permitted to view them deemed them "unpublishable," until finally they appeared, in their unexpurgated entirety, in the splendid six-volume Yale University Press edition of the "Letters," edited by Cecil Y. Lang, which was published between 1959 and 1962.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

•

Fox, chief of the Police Department's juvenile aid division, told a workshop on gang control that policemen and gang members have many things in common. Among them he said were:

Both usually come from families.

—*Dayton (Ohio) Daily News.*

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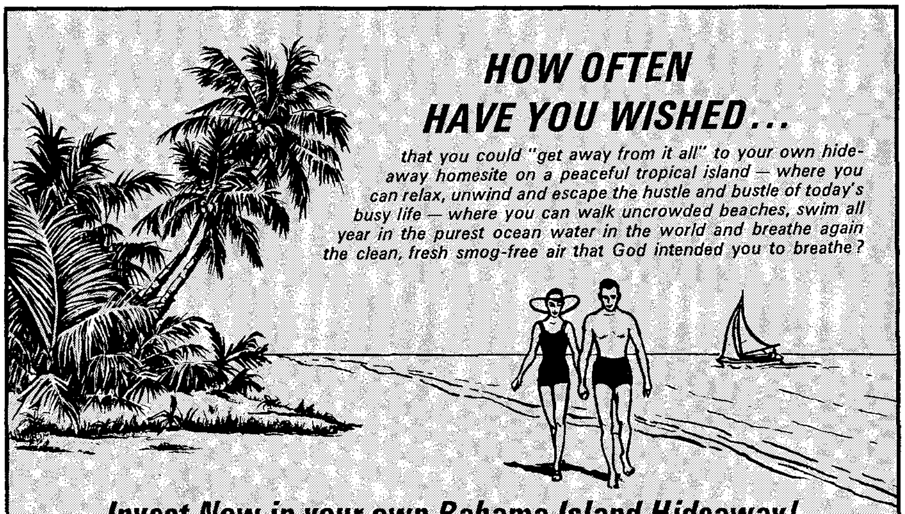

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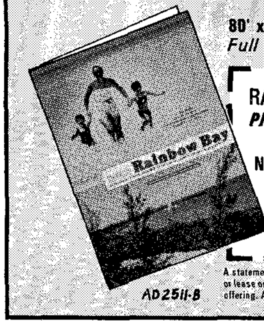

THE THEATRE

CLINKERS

SHORT shrift to a couple of sorry musicals that came to Broadway last week—one was little and the other was big, and both were so silly as well as sorry that one could feel nothing but sympathy for the valiant performers and nothing but impatience with the obtuse producers and backers. It isn't lack of talent or lack of money that is killing Broadway but lack of intelligence; the rouged old bawd has many a dance left in her and is being wantonly hugged to death by doltish admirers. At the intermission of one of the two disasters, I overheard a backer in the lobby of the theatre say to his companion, "At least, this way I can *see* my money going down the drain," presumably in contrast to Wall Street, where money, even in the act of vanishing, remains an idea. The remark was a plausible excuse for squeezing pleasure out of a tiresome occasion, but it begged the question of why a man bright enough to have any money at all would dispose of it so stupidly. If seeing it go was what mattered to him, he should have emulated that dour Canadian millionaire of a few years ago who used to stand at his hotel window here and toss fistfuls of dollar bills down into the street for the satisfaction of watching the rest of us scramble for them.

The smaller of the two disasters, which opened at the Ritz and quickly, mercifully closed there, billed itself as a "rock opera," which could mean anything, and bore the name "Soon," instead of, more appropriately, "Never." It was obvious that "Soon" intended to be a fey and lusty charmer on the order of "Hair," but in the course of being got ready it took a wrong turning that made it much worse than a mere unsuccessful imitation of a successful original. The adaptation of the "opera" was listed in the program as being by the playwright Martin Duberman, and I suspect that it was he who thought that to bring order out of chaos would be to snatch victory from defeat; in any event, as if fearing to risk the non-linear, non-chronological freedom of "Hair," "Soon" fell back upon a plot, which fell back, in turn, upon the device of a cautionary tale: a group of half a dozen nice young loners, sporting the ritual tie-dye jeans, long hair, and guitars, meet somewhere "on the road," make music together, decide to join forces, come to something ominously known as "the city," hire a manager, make a recording of music they don't believe in, hit the big time, and wind up disillusioned with fame and with themselves. As we were given it, this was all more or less conventional fan-magazine piffle, and matters weren't improved by the loud and empty music of Joseph M. Kookoolis and his associate, Scott Fagan, who also wrote the lyrics. Of the cast, I admired most Marta Heflin, a deft hand with a sleeping bag, and Joseph Campbell Butler, a no less deft hand with drums, who will surely not take offense upon being told at the beginning of his career that two names are enough for any man.

THE big disaster is "Ari," which in structure and theatrical attitude is as dated as "Smilin' Through," betraying at every turn a total ignorance of what musicals have been seeking to accomplish in recent years. Since the program announces, in an assortment of unreproducible typefaces, that Leon Uris's "Ari" is a new musical based on Mr. Uris's novel "Exodus," with book and lyrics by Mr. Uris and music by Walt Smith (identified elsewhere in the program as an old friend of Mr. Uris), it is safe to assume that most of the blame for the aching dullness and sheer dead weight of "Ari" may be assigned to Mr. Uris. His novel has sold I don't know how many tens of millions of copies since it was published in 1958, and a foolish but highly profitable movie was made of it in 1960; Mr. Uris ought to have been content to leave well enough alone, but who among us ever is?

The story of "Ari" is based on a historical episode. In 1947, on the island of Cyprus, representatives of the underground Jewish army known as the Haganah engineered the escape of several hundred Jewish refugees, a large proportion of them children, from British detention camps; got them aboard a ship; prevented the British from capturing them, first by threatening to blow up the ship and then by staging a hunger strike; drew the world's attention to their plight; and eventually landed them in Israel. We glimpse bits and pieces of this remarkable event on the stage of the Mark Hellinger, but so ineptly is it presented that, even knowing something to have taken place, we are forced not to believe it. Uncannily, Mr. Uris has contrived to make *nothing* ring true; it is a triumph of sorts, but not the one that he or we were looking for.

David Cryer as the wily Ari, a leader of the Haganah, manages to induce more sympathy for the character than the character deserves (Ari is, in fact, an Eichmann-on-the-good-side-instead-of-the-bad), and Constance Towers plays a widowed American nurse whose poor judgment causes her to fall in love with Ari, who loves nobody. Mr. Cryer and Miss Towers appear to sing well, although, with the now ubiquitous and damnable amplification of sound with stage-apron and body mikes, we hear not their real voices but their canned ones. Jack Gwillim is the most urbane of rose-growing, upper-class British generals, and by taking chances against terrible odds John Savage occasionally brings to life the character of Dov, a psychotic survivor of Auschwitz. The scenery was designed by Robert Randolph, the costumes are by Sara Brook, and the direction is by Lucia Victor.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Lib Doll

CLAIRE BLOOM'S Nora is beautiful in John Bury's lovely costumes and charming setting for "A Doll's House," at the Playhouse, and her early scenes as the giddy child-wife are quite graceful. Her offhand, contemptuous dismissal of the blackmailing Krogstad is exactly right, and so is the growing tension one senses under her gaiety. In fact, there is a lot that is right about Nora throughout the evening, although Miss Bloom's characterization lacks substance. But she is not a superficial actress, and here she may be simply a victim of circumstance. The performance of the company as a whole is very disappointing indeed—so literal and so flatly spelled out that the audience is cheated of any chance to make its own discoveries—and far too calculating. Those concerned seem never to be exploring the script but to be using it to illustrate current trends, and this abrasive "timeliness," plus the quality of laughter it evoked from the audience, is extremely annoying. There is much more to "A Doll's House" than just the story of that girlish, submissive wife who finally slams that door on that cajoling, bullying husband, and it will endure as a strong and moving play about people and society long after Women's Lib has accomplished (or not accomplished) its purposes.

Donald Madden is, I think, miscast as Helmer; at least, he seems so weak right from the beginning that his panic and weakness at the end come as no revelation. As Krogstad, Robert Gerringer is appropriately desperate and sinister, but he does not indicate the depth of the man's suffering or his potential generosity of character, as did Barnard Hughes (the permanent Krogstad) in a much shakier production, but a better one, eight years ago. Patricia Elliott is quite good as Mrs. Linde, and Roy Shuman is quite bad as Dr. Rank. I'm more against than for, I guess, but even so the show is absorbing. "Hedda Gabler," now in the works, will be presented by this company in a few weeks' time.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Manchester Guardian*]

Sir,—Granted that I am not a dog-lover, I still find Mr Wooldridge's case (Letters, December 29) for not barring them from Bournemouth beaches a little insubstantial. While he may enjoy watching them splash around, I find it intensely annoying to be:

(a) showered with spray by a dog as it dries itself after a "dip";

(b) forced to find an unfouled piece of beach (this I regard as quite unforgivable—no good fining the owners it's too late);

(c) interrupted in any sort of ball game as Fido decides to join in, and forced to clean the resulting sticky wet, hot ball (if it ever comes back).

Finally, I shall never forget my feelings of disgust as one person at one beach bought a deckchair for the dog and then procured a choc-ice for it and settled it in a chair with the words: "Shall I put the radio on for you?"—Yours faithfully,

G. D. R. Jones.

•

As for "Ironhead," by Mel Ellis, the *Times* called it "a must book for adventure and nature buffs," and it's the story of a 17-year-old boy's hunt for an 8-foot rattlesnake, worth $500 if captured alive. Doug needs the money for psychiatric help for his father.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

And they say today's kids are no damn good.

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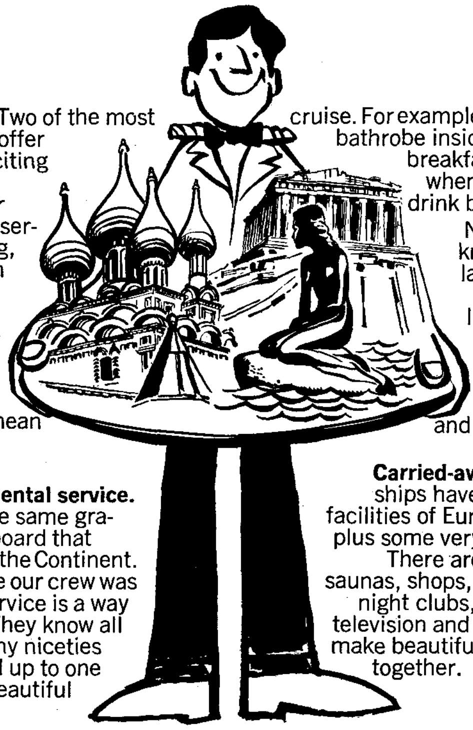

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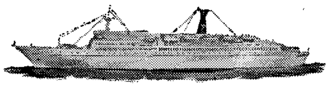

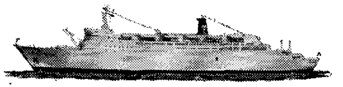

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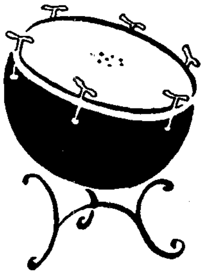
MUSICAL EVENTS

Two for the Show

TWO very young conductors, both of whom have already established themselves, dominated last week's events. The first was Michael Tilson Thomas, who brought the Boston Symphony to Philharmonic Hall on Wednesday night. Mr. Thomas, as I think I have remarked before, promises to be a sort of unexhibitionistic Bernstein—a magnificently equipped maestro with broad gestures that mean something. He has the indispensable gift of the beat, a considerable musical taste, technical knowledge, and, obviously, the respect of the orchestra that plays under him. He could have brought along a big, juicy Bruckner symphony and laid them in the aisles (I am beginning to think that Bruckner is the easiest of all composers to make a hit with), but he did not. Instead, he brought along a rather uneven program, some of it quite interesting and none of it designed to show off his talents. It started with Webern's Six Pieces for Orchestra, Opus 6. My interest in Webern is inversely proportionate to the size of his opus numbers. He belongs to the Austrian decadence, and his music gets more and more decadent as he goes along. There was the usual solemn note in the program about how Webern's music is so seldom performed but how influential it has been on subsequent composers. True enough, alas! I find it difficult to take his music seriously after Opus 6, in which there is still just a trace of dramatic feeling. Later on, there is nothing but squeaks. I must say that Mr. Thomas gave the work a sympathetic and revealing performance. Then came Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G, with the interpolated slow movement from the G-major violin sonata (S. 1021), which fits very well. This is not really conductor's music at all, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Thomas stopped conducting entirely during the slow movement. After the Bach item, he presented the New York première of the Concerto for Alto Saxophone and Wind Orchestra by Ingolf Dahl, a Swedish-German composer who was his teacher in California at one time. This work is a strong one, slightly reminiscent here and there of Stravinsky but on the whole setting forth a robust personal style of some interest. The soloist, Harvey Pittel, is clearly a master of his instrument, and played his solos brilliantly. The evening wound up with Debussy's "Images" pour Orchestre, which Mr. Thomas and the Boston performed with admirable regard for formal structure as well as delicacy of nuance.



The other young maestro was Daniel Barenboim, who is still conducting the New York Philharmonic, and his program last Thursday night in Philharmonic Hall was a little more solidly built. The hit of the evening was Berlioz's "Nuits d'Été," with the British mezzo-soprano Janet Baker singing Berlioz's utterly charming settings of Théophile Gautier's poems, which she did with perfect French enunciation and memorable musical style. There was some Webern again (was that program note correct when it said that he is seldom performed?), this time the Five Pieces for Orchestra, Opus 10—admirably done but to my mind scarcely worth the trouble. There was the Bruckner Te Deum, with the Manhattan Singers and the Master Chorales of Westchester and Long Island for a chorus, and an impressive array of soloists, including Sheila Armstrong, Stuart Burrows, and Paul Plishka as well as Miss Baker. Although I am, and have been for much longer than most, a Bruckner enthusiast, this particular work has never made the impression on me that his symphonies have. But the thing that interested me about this program was Mr. Barenboim's interpretation of Haydn's Symphony No. 95 in C Minor, which, along with the Berlioz item, was done with unusual pliancy where rhythm was concerned. This reminded me that Mr. Barenboim is one of the young artists (centered mainly in London) who are interested in reviving what they call "the Furtwängler style."

Now what, exactly, was the Furtwängler style? It consisted of several things. One of them was personal and purely charismatic. The tall, gangling, slightly awkward man that Furtwängler was had a curious and absolutely inimitable way of focussing his audience's attention on the spiritual or metaphysical content of the music he was conducting. As has been remarked by many, he turned a concert hall into a church. The only conductor alive today who may be said to have inherited this peculiar ability is Herbert von Karajan. But there were factors in Furtwängler's conducting that submit more easily to analysis, and one of them was his adherence to the standard nineteenth-century attitude toward rhythm and tempo. This attitude saw music in terms of phrasing rather than bar lines. It permitted ritardandos and accelerandos every few bars or so, whenever these were regarded as being in good taste. One has only to read the writings of Karl Czerny to realize that in Beethoven's own time (and no doubt in Beethoven's own playing) frequent alterations in steady rhythm for dramatic effect were considered mandatory. The change toward rigid rhythm was due to a single, Promethean figure—Arturo Toscanini.

I write with some authority because I was present at the time the great change of fashion took place—in the mid-twenties, when I was playing the violin under Toscanini, Furtwängler, Mengelberg, and a great many other conductors of the period. I remember that Mengelberg used an almost imperceptible retard in the fourth bar of the first movement of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, for example. So did Furtwängler. It was part of the great Central European tradition of performance. Now, Toscanini was one of the most brilliant, exciting, and generally gifted conductors who have ever appeared on a podium. His performances were masterpieces of clarity, beautiful tone, fine intonation, and dramatic form. He was, in short, by any standards, a great maestro. But the fact remains that he came to symphony-conducting late in life, and that he never served an apprenticeship in Central Europe, where most great symphonic music came from. Not knowing the tradition of interpretation practiced by men like Mengelberg and Furtwängler, he made a virtue of necessity: he claimed that tradition was unimportant and that he would go back to the notes as the composer wrote them. Few people who are not musicians realize that the notes a composer writes down on paper convey very little and leave much to the imagination of the performer, or to performing tradition. Toscanini's so-called return to the notes merely meant that he gave more literal performances, held to stricter tempos, and generally avoided any liberties of expression. He was not performing Beethoven as Beethoven had wanted himself performed. Beethoven had written his notes assuming that certain liberties would be taken with them, according to the performing tradition of his time. Toscanini succeeded because he was a genius as a maestro—and not because of his supposed fidelity to the notes but in spite of it. Such was his prestige that he managed to make at least two generations of fellow-performers forget the tradition in both America and Europe, too. His imitators, with few exceptions, had none of the galvanic drive, superb intonation, and comprehension of formal structure that made Toscanini great. All most of them could do was imitate his regular, driving rhythms.

The result of all this was not only an age of literal, unimaginative interpretation; it was an age of monotony. The phonograph helped the process along. And today we have practically everywhere a standard interpretation of, say, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. No one dares to introduce those first three notes of the first movement at a slightly slower tempo than the rest of the movement. Yet that is how aural tradition dating from Beethoven's time remembered them, and that is how both Furtwängler and Mengelberg performed them. Pianists were quick to follow, though more rubato (or variation in rhythm) has always been allowed to pianists than to conductors. Today, nearly all young pianists sound alike, and every performance by them of a given work is apt to sound just like every other performance. This constitutes a degree of monotony never imagined by the performers or even the composers of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century golden age. Only in the work of certain old-timers like Artur Rubinstein will you find the freedom of the true tradition. The time when Josef Hofmann could claim that he never played the same work the same way twice has ended, and with it has gone spontaneity of performance as the nineteenth century knew it. Not only that; the interest in hearing one or another artist perform a given work has to some extent disappeared. Nothing unexpected ever happens. I wish that something of the old variation in the performing of music would come back, even if it resulted in abuses from time to time. It would make concertgoing more interesting and less predictable. But critics in general seem to be against it. The last conductor I heard in New York who followed the old traditions was Paul Kletzki, and, except for me, the critics clobbered him. But critics are not that important. I hope that a renewal of the old spontaneity will come about. Perhaps Mr. Barenboim is its spearhead.

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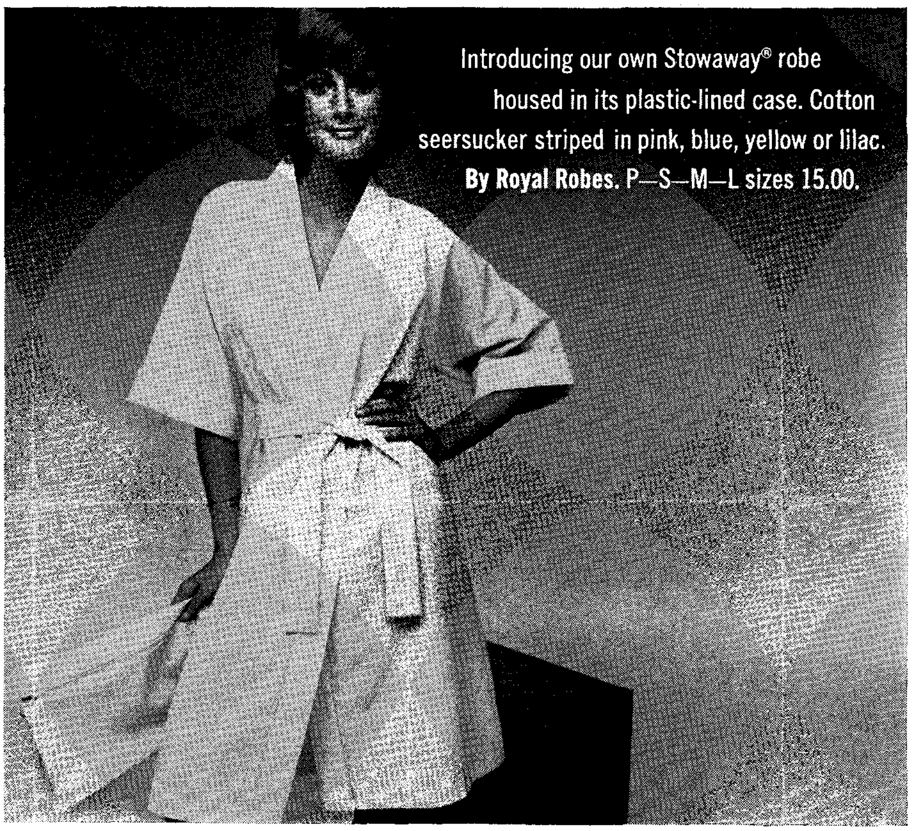

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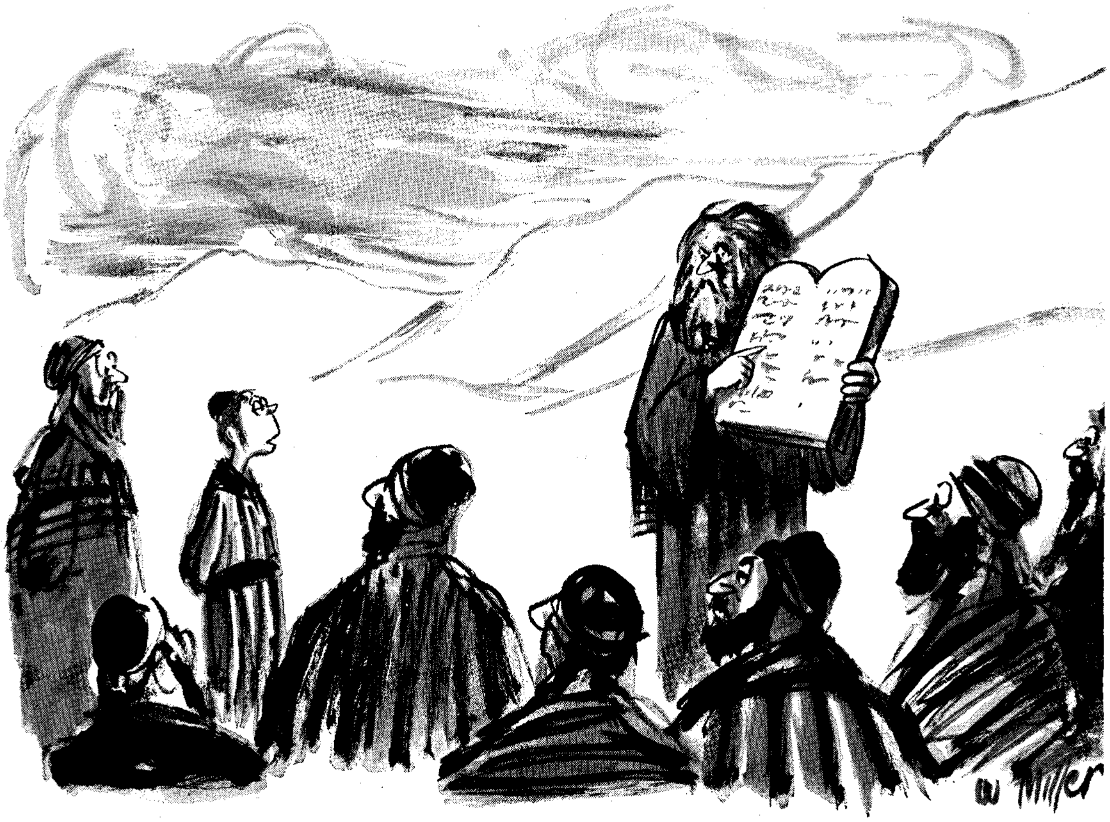
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE CUBISTS IN LOS ANGELES

TO many picture lovers, the masses and facets and harlequins and guitars of the Cubists are no less pleasing than the shimmering lights and landscapes of the more widely loved Impressionists, and the Cubists' names—Picasso, Braque, Juan Gris, Marcoussis, de La Fresnaye (to mention but a few of the international band)—are as musical to some ears as those of Pissarro, Monet, Sisley, and Renoir. The Cubists' lives and early struggles, beginning in 1907, when the young Picasso painted "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" (now at the Museum of Modern Art) in the famous Montmartre tenement called the Bateau-Lavoir—the so-called cradle of Cubism, which was recently gutted by fire—are perhaps even more novelistic than the saga of the starving Impressionists a generation earlier and their slow rescue by friends, dealers, and the public. We have seen many a photograph of the threadbare Cubist Picasso in a cap or with the famous *mèche* of dark hair, and of the open-faced young Braque in his shirtsleeves, and we know about Picasso's Cubist-period mistress, Fernande Olivier, and about the traces in Braque's Cubist pictures of his training as a house painter. But whereas in New York almost every season brings its new Impressionist group show for the benefit of some worthy cause, and Americans can see permanent Impressionist group shows in the Metropolitan Museum and the Art Institute of Chicago (and, when they travel, in London's Courtauld Institute and in the Jeu de Paume, in Paris), until now there has been no Cubist group show of size and merit either in the United States or abroad since the exhibition called "Cubism and Abstract Art" at the Museum of Modern Art in 1936.

The Los Angeles County Museum of Art, on Wilshire Boulevard, in Los Angeles, where a huge international Cubist show has at last recently opened ("The Cubist Epoch," with three hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, and prints), is a gleaming white marble building, or trio of buildings, dating from 1965, that has no conceivable resemblance to the shabby old cradle of Cubism. But it does have picturesque aspects that might have appealed to the Cubists—although one can only speculate as to this, of course, since out of sixty Cubist and near-Cubist artists listed in the catalogue of this exhibition of "modern" art only seven, including Picasso, are still alive. The tract of land on part of which the Museum is built was bequeathed to Los Angeles County by a Captain Hancock for use as a public park, and, being in the center of the city, it has precious recreational value. Intrinsically, or potentially, it is a piece of real estate whose value may well be greater than that of Central Park, for it is known to lie over oil deposits. A trustee of the Los Angeles Art Museum was heard to say the other day, "When we excavated, it wasn't that we expected a gusher, but even an oil *pocket* could have been a serious problem. Fortunately, we didn't run into any." (Active oil wells still dot Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. In the latter community, they are chastely hidden behind stucco façades. One oil well on a busy Los Angeles street corner is invariably pointed out to tourists, along with the information, true or false, that it belongs to Mary Pickford.) Just beyond a wire fence behind the Art Museum, in another part of Hancock Park, are the Rancho La Brea Tar Pits, the celebrated site of a prehistoric quagmire from which paleontologists have extracted and continue to extract countless well-preserved fossil bones of mammoths, sabre-toothed cats, and other beasts who lost their footing and fell to suffocation in the tarry ooze. Some of the Cubists themselves, in a pre-Cubist phase, were characterized as "*fauves*" ("wild beasts") by contemptuous critics, and in their properly Cubist pictures they sometimes displayed, in the words of the new show's catalogue, a "primitivizing tendency;" they might have enjoyed this proximity of their 1971 apotheosis to the haunts of beasts as authentically primitive as those delineated by one of their favorite contemporaries, the Douanier Rousseau. The activity at the Tar Pits attracts large numbers of tourists and native Angelenos alike, and members of the Art Museum's staff say that quite



"Could you redefine those commandments so as to make them more meaningful to the youth of today?"

a few of their visitors happen into the galleries by chance, curious about the white buildings so close to the fossils.

The pictures—almost all of them loans—that make up the Cubist exhibition are displayed in the temporary-exhibition wing, the middle one of the Art Museum's three buildings (the three are united underground by tunnel); another unit houses a theatre workshop and library; and across a sculpture court is the home of the Museum's permanent collection. "Permanent collection" is something of a misnomer at present, however. The Los Angeles art scene is dominated these days by the celebrated collector Norton Simon, whose phenomenal art-gathering activities included, a few years ago, the purchase in New York of most of the remaining stock of Duveen Brothers. The Norton Simon collection is vast and heterogeneous, in the all-inclusive style of a William Randolph Hearst, and, in general, is of high quality; much of it, though still owned by Mr. Simon, is now on display in the galleries of the Museum's "permanent collection," large parts of which were displaced to accommodate it. The name Norton Simon is by far the most numerous exhibit in the Museum. A recent visitor noticed that in a row of seven drawings by Henri Matisse hanging along one gallery wall five were labelled "Norton Simon, Inc., Museum of Art," "Norton Simon Foundation," or "Lent by Mr. Norton Simon." And the same is true of a large percentage of all the currently exhibited old and modern masters. The actual "permanent collection" of the County Museum of Art has some outstanding examples of Gupta and other Indian sculpture, but what else it consists of remains unknown to today's visitor. It is a fair guess that everyone concerned hopes the Simon treasures now on display will become "permanent," along with many others, including furniture, said to be stored elsewhere in the city for lack of exhibition space.

THE Cubist show itself illustrates yet another idiosyncrasy of the Los Angeles art scene. Most museums plan and install their own loan shows; that is, a museum's curator of paintings will use all his contacts and influence to borrow, from collections both public and private, the Mannerists or the Realists or the Impressionists he wants, acting sometimes in concert with fellow-curators in one or two other museums, to which the show will "travel." The pictures in "The Cubist

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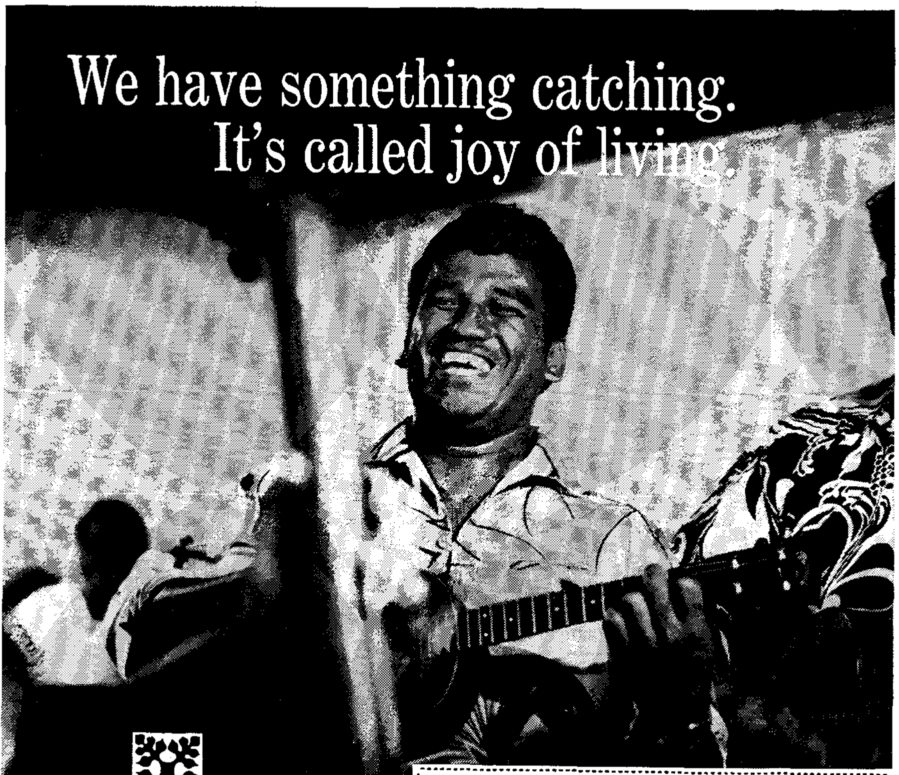
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Epoch," however, have been got together not by anyone on the Los Angeles staff but chiefly by a maverick English art historian named Douglas Cooper, who is celebrated in the international art world but is without museum connections.

Cooper, the author of many well-known monographs on modern artists (the most recent is a lavishly illustrated "Picasso Theatre") and the translator of the letters of Juan Gris, made one of his major contributions to art scholarship in 1954, with his catalogue of the Courtauld Collection, in London—a detailed history and description of an important group of modern pictures, in which he displayed a combination of precision and verve unusual in art publications, especially in catalogues. In the Courtauld catalogue, Cooper lashed out at the long indifference or hostility shown by most English collectors and the English public toward all modern art except the most academic, and he has continued to be something of a scourge of the British art establishment, which he still considers lamentably backward. (In the three-hundred-and-twenty-page catalogue of "The Cubist Epoch," which Cooper wrote, he devotes just two and one-fifth pages to what he regards as the only native English form of near-Cubism, an offshoot known as Vorticism—one of whose chief spokesmen was an expatriate American, Ezra Pound—which lasted barely two years, from 1914 to 1916.) The most dramatic and publicized episode in Cooper's quarrel with British art was an attempted physical attack on him at an evening opening in London some years ago by Sir John Rothenstein, then director of the Tate Gallery, whom Cooper had been taunting for his acquisition policy—or, as Cooper called it, his "non-acquisition" policy. Cooper, who is fifty-nine, was well described recently in the Los Angeles *Times* as looking like "an unfrocked English Santa." Disputatious and dogmatic, but with many loyal friends and partisans, and reluctantly respected for his erudition and taste even by those whom he denounces, he lives in a château near Avignon amid his own splendid collection of Picassos, Braques, Légers, and Juan Gris. (He is a man of means, but the pictures, mostly acquired in his youth, attest to a remarkably precocious insight, for at that time they were, in all senses, valued far less even in artistic circles, let alone in the world at large, than they are today; they were often the object of public derision.) He has always had closer friends among

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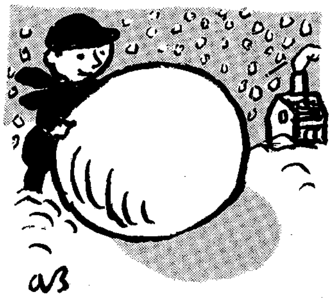
BETWEEN PARK & MADISON

the painters themselves than among their critics and curators, and he occasionally drives to Mougins, above Cannes, to visit Picasso, now almost the only living artist whose work deeply interests him. (Another is Graham Sutherland—a great exception, Cooper thinks, among Englishmen.)

On a visit to Los Angeles three years ago, Cooper found that acquaintances of his there were hankering after international recognition in the field of modern art for the recently opened County Museum, of which some of them were trustees. Someone suggested a big Los Angeles Braque show, but Cooper knew from experience—he had already put together two Braque shows, in Edinburgh and Munich—that to persuade private and public owners to send to Los Angeles all the Braques needed for a retrospective would be impossible, and his counterproposal of a historical survey of Cubism was enthusiastically accepted by the Museum's director, Kenneth Donahue. One of Cooper's reasons for suggesting it, in addition to the rarity of Cubist shows, was the fact that 1971 would be a semi-centennial year: he regards Picasso's great 1921 canvas called "Three Masked Musicians," now in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, as marking the end of the Cubist epoch that had begun, in 1907, with "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon." When Thomas Hoving, director of the Metropolitan Museum, learned of the project, he "asked for the show," as curatorial jargon puts it, and "The Cubist Epoch" will open at the Metropolitan on April 7th.

The only country in which official coöperation failed to materialize, despite a strong campaign waged jointly by Hoving and Cooper, was the Soviet Union. Until the end, there seemed to be a possibility that some works, at least, might be released by the commissars in charge of The Hermitage, in Leningrad, and several of the Russian disappointments are actually listed in the catalogue. The great distance of Los Angeles from the homes of most of the paintings presented exceptional problems of shipping in these days when hijacking is a recognized risk for works of art transported by air. The County Museum divulges no figures, but, considering the current astronomical picture valuations and general high costs, the total insurance, shipping, and installation charges for "The Cubist Epoch" must make it by far the most expensive loan show ever mounted.



THE opening of "The Cubist Epoch" in Los Angeles in mid-December brought to the city masterpieces of modern painting so famous and glamorous that William Wilson, one of the art critics of the Los Angeles *Times*, who saw them standing against the walls before they were hung, said the sight caused him "the same surprise one might feel on finding Marlene Dietrich leaning on a lamppost on Fairfax Avenue"—Fairfax being one of the drearier local thoroughfares. Wilson was particularly awed by the majestic presence of the "Three Masked Musicians" (which the Philadelphia Museum of Art allowed to stop over in Los Angeles on its way home from Expo '70, in Osaka, but which it will not allow to come to New York) and of Robert Delaunay's big "Eiffel Tower," from the Guggenheim Museum. Other impressive visitors are one of the versions of Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase" (dubbed by one American critic when it was first shown in New York, in the 1913 Armory Show, "an explosion in a shingle factory"); canvases by Jacques Villon, the self-styled Impressionist Cubist, whom Cooper has singled out for his "fine sense of line and a subtle personal sense of color;" and a brilliant pair of late Cubist harlequins, one by Picasso and the other, with a guitar, by Juan Gris. Although a number of local collectors, including the ubiquitous Mr. Simon, own Cubist canvases that have been lent to the show, certainly very few of the hundreds of pictures in "The Cubist Epoch" have ever been seen in the flesh by most Angelenos. (Of course, a number are "familiar" from reproductions, but Angelenos are beginning to learn how *un*familiar that can be.) Nearly twenty Cubist pictures from the Národní Galerie in Prague (one Czech Cubist was actually named Bohumil Kubišta) are among many items in this show that are now travelling outside Europe for the first time; New York, too, is in for revelations when "The Cubist Epoch" arrives.

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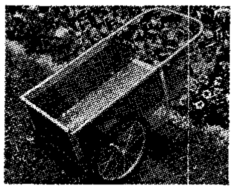

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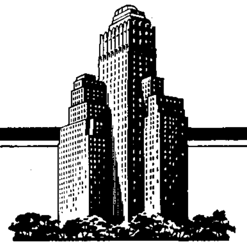
lavishly than might have been expected, with Cooper and visiting lenders and museum officials being lionized at parties in Beverly Hills "bungalows"—a word that has taken on the significance of "cottages" in Newport. On a succession of pre-opening evenings, the red-jacketed employees of that invaluable Los Angeles enterprise the Valet Parking Service were welcoming guests outside front doors, handing them numbered checks, and stowing their cars along winding, palm-lined roads; within, as one looked out through glass walls into jungle-planted patios, one could see reflections of the host's Renoirs and Degas, or his Andy Warhols and Lichtensteins, suspended out there in the darkness, glowing against the lights of the city below. (At night, Los Angeles' sprawling square miles of stucco and concrete undergo a transformation into electrical pointillism when looked down on from the hanging gardens on the hills.) At one party, a young guitarist hired for the evening strolled about the rooms singing improvised rockish serenades to the more prominent visitors, whose names he had been given to work into his rhymes—and to whom, unlike the Cubist guitarists in the show, he then distributed his business card.

But the best possible party, as New Yorkers will see, is "The Cubist Epoch" itself. (In New York, the Los Angeles ensemble is to be augmented by some works of Courbet and Cézanne, painters whom the Cubists recognized as their forerunners. Of course, there had been suggestions of Cubism long before that, especially in the sixteenth-century drawings of Cambiaso.) To walk through this show with Cooper's catalogue as guide is a delight. Comment is never ponderous, always illuminating. The trip begins with Picasso's first Cubist works—clearly marked by his acquaintance with African masks and statues—and with Braque's early landscapes of l'Estaque and Rio Tinto and his rose-buff-and-blue "Harbor in Normandy," which has recently been acquired by the Art Institute of Chicago; then come the works that Braque and Picasso did separately but so similarly, their colors growing brighter, that the two men were, in Braque's words, "rather like two mountaineers roped together." There are several of Juan Gris's great portraits that are harmonies of fractured forms, among them his painting of Picasso; there is Gleizes' bold portrait of a red-mouthed Stravinsky; Léger is represented up to the moment—his mobilization in 1914—that Cooper



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considers his separation from Cubism. The surprising Czechs and decorative Russians (the latter from private collections) follow the Germans, and then the show gets an immense second wind with what Cooper calls "Late Cubism"—that is, from 1914 to 1921—including the Picasso, Braque, and Gris *papiers collés*, the charming Severini and the Futurists, the Americans Max Weber and Stanton Macdonald-Wright, and the sculpture of Lipchitz and Laurens. An extraordinary panorama of an artistic revolution.

GUESTS attending the Los Angeles preview of this survey of the first Western art ever to enrich itself with motifs and forms from the sculpture created by African blacks—and famous for acknowledging this debt in many of its own creations—were handed leaflets by black picketers. The picketers bore placards calling for the inclusion of "black Cubists," and the text of their leaflets included the following assertions:

> The Museum by its emphasis on Western Art is narrow, restrictive and misleading.
>
> The Museum is hostile to minorities and their ethnic cultures.
>
> The Museum is a bore and a gigantic negative force in the cultural life of the community.

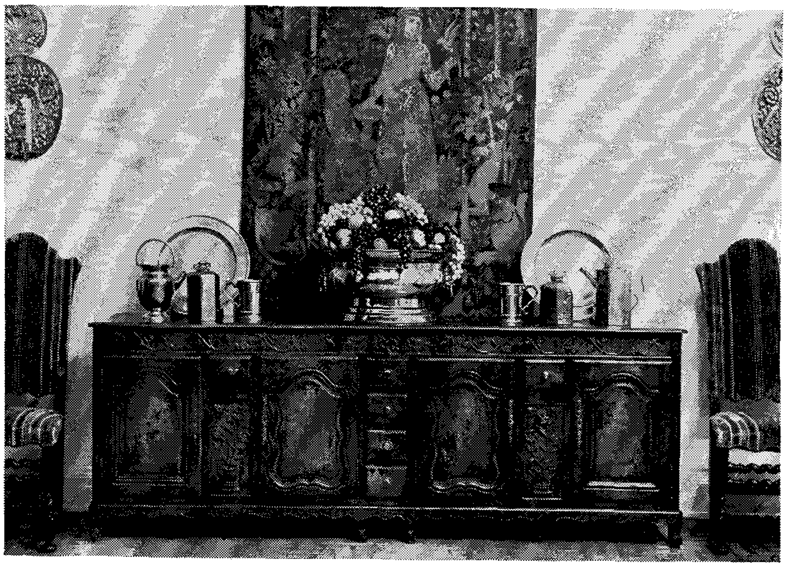
One would like, perhaps naïvely, to think that some of that wording might be changed when—or if—the picketers have been to see the show. Their manifestos show how misdirected, in a highly protestable world, protest can become. The Cubists, with their deeply revolutionary vision, were at first ridiculed and vilified. But they made no concessions, and gradually we have come to see as they taught us to; it is not too much to say that they transformed representational concepts that had existed since the Renaissance. Their pictures remain totally indifferent to former contempt, subsequent adulation, and present efforts to distort them into establishment symbols. Charged with vital fantasy, inextinguishably "modern," they continue to be what they always were: at once secret and universal.

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

OLEAN, N. Y. (UPI)—Trustees of St. Bonaventure University began their regular meeting today by hearing an appeal by five members of the student senate, which seeks to reverse an administration decision banning intervisitation with colds.—*Tonawanda (N.Y.) News.*

But that's a *good* decision.



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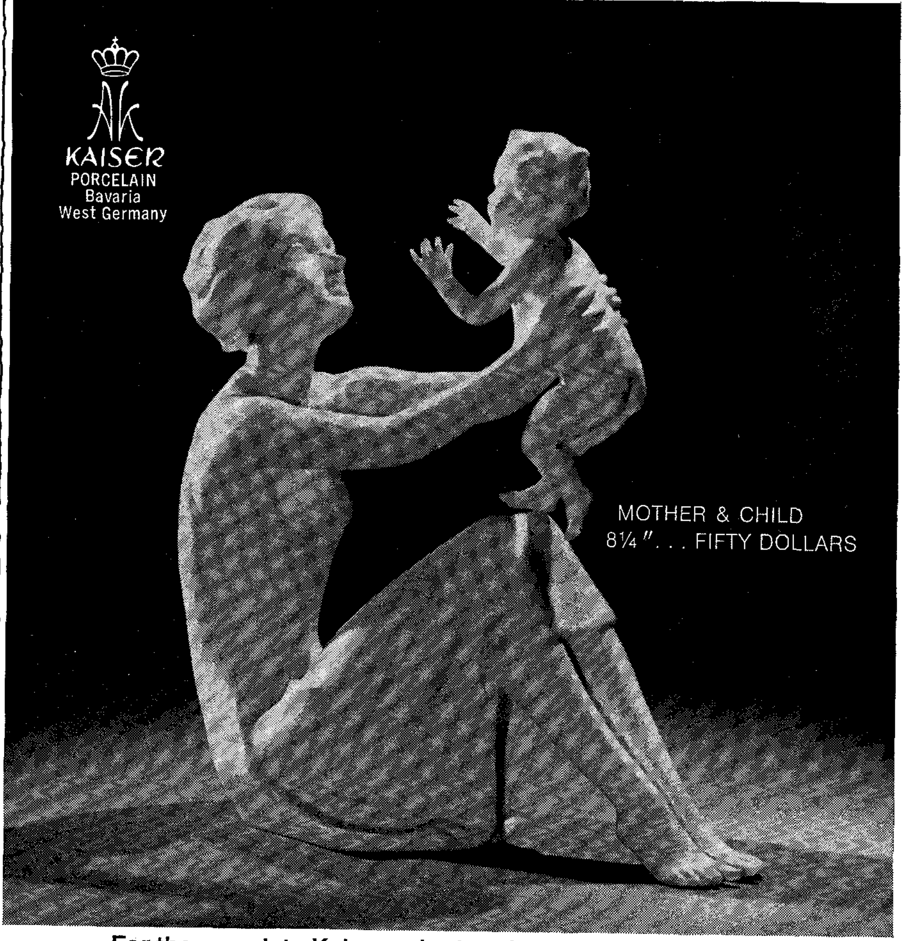

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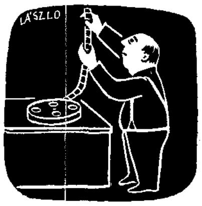
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Notes on Heart and Mind

IS anyone surprised that the critics and journalists who only a few weeks ago were acclaiming the new creative freedom of young American moviemakers are now climbing aboard the new sentimentality? The press may use the term "romance" for this deliberately fabricated regression in recent movies, but in Hollywood the businessmen talk more crassly. They say, "We're going back to heart." The back-to-heart movement is accompanied by strong pressures on reviewers, who are informed that they have lost touch with the public. Reviewers are supposed to show *their* heart by puckering up for every big movie.



AS part of the Pop impulse of the sixties, movies have been elevated to a central position among the arts—a dominant, almost overwhelming position. Those who grew up during this period have been so sold on Pop and so saturated with it that they appear to have lost their bearings in the arts. And so when they discover that, of course, Pop isn't enough, and they want some depth and meaning from movies, they head right for the slick synthetic. Those who have abandoned interest in literature except for the à-la-mode mixture of Pop and sticky, such as Vonnegut, Hesse, Tolkien, Brautigan, and a little I Ching, are likely to have comparably fashionable tastes in movies. To the children of "Blow-Up," movies that are literary in the worst way—movies that superficially resemble head books and art films—can seem profound and suggestive. Every few months, there is a new spate of secondhand lyrical tricks. Robert Redford is impaled, like a poor butterfly, in frozen frames at the end of picture after picture. Directors have become so fond of telescopic lenses that any actor crossing a street in a movie may linger in transit for a hazy eternity—the movie equivalent of a series of dots. The audience accepts this sort of thing in movies that not only are without the vitality of Pop but are enervated and tenuous—like the worst of what earlier generations of college students fled from when they went to the movies. If you don't have that sense of the range of possibilities and pleasures which is developed from reading, from an interest in drama and the other arts, or even from a longer span of moviegoing, it's easy to overrate the fancy, novelettish alienation of a "Five Easy Pieces." But while it's perfectly understandable that those without much to compare such a movie to may think it's great—just as a child's judgment of a movie may be ingenuous and droll because he has so few previous experiences to relate it to—this inexperience provides the opening for the media-hype. There is probably more insensate praise in movie reviews now than in any other field, including writing on rock. The new tendency is to write appreciatively at the highest possible pitch, as if the reviewer had no scale of values but only a hearsay knowledge of the peaks. And everything he likes becomes a new peak.

IF one opens a newspaper to the movie pages and reads the quotes, one is confronted with a choice of masterpieces, but I didn't write a column last week because the new movies defeated me—I couldn't think of anything worth saying about them. You come out of a movie like "There's a Girl in My Soup" or "I Love My Wife" feeling that your pocket has been picked and your mind has been stunted.

Movie critics have always had to become acrobats, jumping from level to level, trying not to attack the timid amateurs the way we attack the successful hacks. The danger in this act is that one may fall into the trap of condescension. This used to take the form of that horrible debonair style which was once the gentleman-critics' specialty. They were so superior to the subject that they never dealt with it. Now it more frequently takes the form of a wisecracking put-down. And that's the bottom of the trap, because, as all critics know, the worst danger of the profession is that one may sink to the level of what one is reviewing. What sustains a critic from falling to the level of an "I Love My Wife" and making shrivelling bad jokes about its shrivelling bad jokes? Last week, I couldn't find anything sustaining; rage isn't condescending, but one wears oneself down, and these films weren't worth it.

Though sinking to the level of the work is a danger to the critic, to movies the more serious danger, of course, is that critics may not *rise* to the level of what they're reviewing. And, even with movies as bad as they are now, I think this is often the case, because those who stoop to review become insensitive.

I DON'T trust critics who say they care only for the highest and the best; it's an inhuman position, and I don't believe them. I think it's simply their method of exalting themselves. It's not always easy to analyze what is going wrong in movies, what is going right—even if only in small ways—and why. One might think this an exercise in futility, but, ideally, the regular reviewer provides a touchstone for movie lovers—so that they have a basis for checking themselves out—and for all those actively involved in movies. The regular reviewer knows he will not effect a radical transformation of movies, but he may be able to help us keep our bearings. Movies, far more than the traditional arts, are tied to big money. Without a few independent critics, there's nothing between the public and the advertisers.

MOVIE executives often say critics should be the same age as the average moviegoer; sometimes they say reviewers shouldn't go on for more than three years or they won't have the same enthusiasm as the audience. The executives don't understand what criticism is; they want it to be an extension of their advertising departments. They want moviegoers to be uninformed and without memory, so they can be happy consumers.

IN most cases, the conglomerates that make the movies partly own the magazines and radio stations and TV channels, or, if they don't own them, advertise in them or have some interlocking connection with them. That accounts for a lot of the praise that is showered on movies. Then, too, many critics, knowing that the young dig movies, are afraid of being left behind. Besides, the critics don't get quoted in the ads unless they rhapsodize over a picture (or are willing to accept being misquoted and distorted), and each time they get quoted, their bosses are happy and their names become better known. There are critics whose reviews hardly anybody ever sees but who are widely known for their ecstatic quotes. The radio and TV boys get the point: their reviews *are* quotes.

A REVIEWER delivering quickie reviews at the end of a radio or television news program typically reacts to a picture "strictly on its own merits;" that is, he tells the theme, he praises or pans the structure, he says a few words about the acting, the pho-

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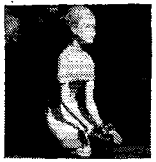

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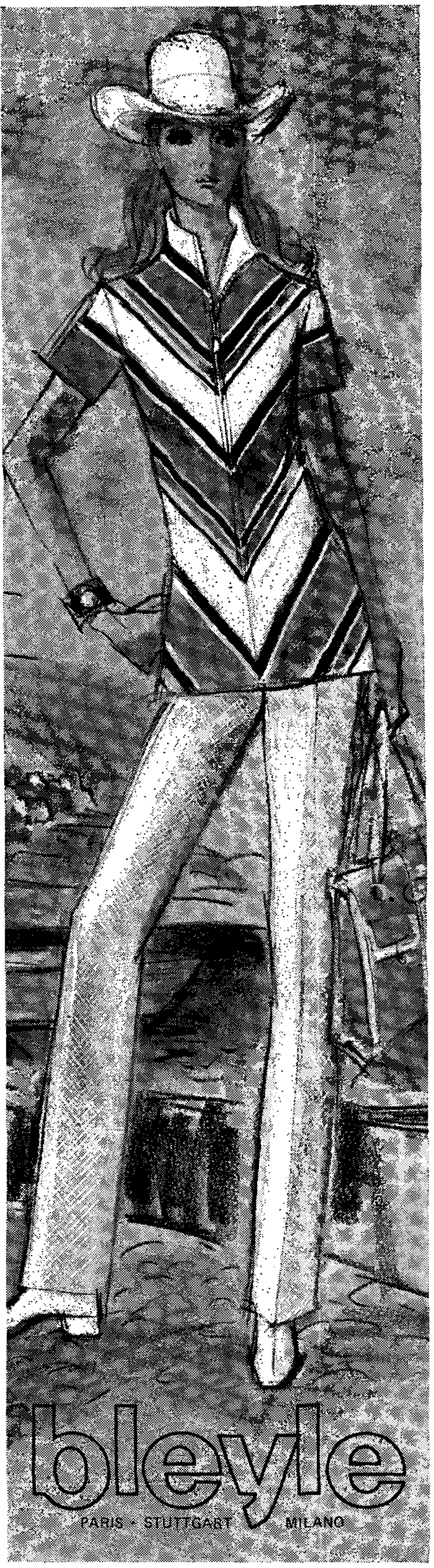
tography, etc. He reviews a movie in a cheerful vacuum, and he is generally perfectly sincere when he tells you that he says exactly what he thinks.

To be the movie critic for a network, no training or background is necessary; “too much” interest in movies may be a disqualification. Novices are thought to speak to the public on the public’s own terms. They age, but, like the critic on your home-town paper, they remain novices in criticism, because there is no need for them to learn; they understand that their job is dependent on keeping everybody happy, and they are generally not the kind of people who learn anyway. They can say “what they think” with more sincerity if they’re the kind of people who don’t realize they can say what they think because they don’t think.

IT is often said that it doesn’t matter how bad a reviewer is as long as he stays in the job, because people learn how to read him. It’s true they may learn how to interpret his enthusiasms, but what about the young practitioners of an art form? Bad notices—or being ignored—are death to them. In this mass medium, in which big-budget productions are hugely advertised—they’re like epidemics spreading over the media—a new artist or a young artist working on a small budget doesn’t stand a chance unless he gets the help of the press. A writer or a painter can generally keep going even if he fails to reach an audience; even a dramatist may be able to keep going, though he is creatively crippled if his plays aren’t staged. But if a movie director fails to reach an audience, he simply can’t get the money to go on making pictures.

The industry and many established actors on talk shows love the idea that the public doesn’t need the critics; the young filmmaker knows different. Most of the new pictures that try to break the molds risk confusing audiences, and just about all the pictures that express new social impulses or that are critical or rebellious are small-budget pictures. If a few critics don’t go all the way for them, the public doesn’t hear about them in time to keep the directors working and to keep the art of film alive. It cannot be kept alive by pictures like “The Odd Couple,” “Cactus Flower,” or “Airport;” those are the ones that don’t require the help of the press (though they often get it). The audience finds its way to them with the help of the advertising.

The casual moviegoer is often drawn



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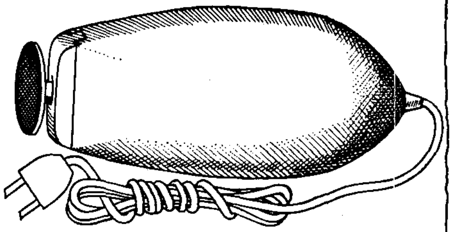

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to new versions of what he used to enjoy—the TV watcher to "Airport," the aging art-house patron to the latest Chabrol. One can't quarrel with his enjoyment of them, only with his evaluation of them. A critic's point of view is likely to be somewhat different from the casual moviegoer's. The successful second-rate will probably anger him more than the fifth-rate, because it represents the triumph of aesthetic senility.

SINCE a critic may cost his publication advertising revenue—and no longer just from the loss of movie advertising but from records and whatever else the conglomerate is into—independent, disinterested criticism becomes rarer than ever just at the time when, because of the central importance of movies, it is needed most. The pressure is so strong on reviewers to do what is wanted of them that many of them give in and reserve their fire for pathetic little sex pictures—cheap porny pix—which they can safely attack because there's no big advertising money behind them. That way, the reviewer can keep his paper happy and at the same time get credit for high-mindedness in his community. Most of the people who give him credit never go to the movies anyway. Middle-aged people, particularly women, often use pornography as a self-congratulatory excuse for not reading and for not going to the movies. It becomes a righteous form of abstention for those who prefer "Hee Haw" or "The Beverly Hillbillies."

IN some ways, last week's movies probably aren't worse than movies of a decade or two or three ago, but there is something dead and nerveless about them; they don't know how to connect with the audience, and they have lost the simplicity and the narrative strength that used to pull one through bad movies. TV has destroyed the narrative qualities of older movies, but the restlessness one feels while watching a chopped-up movie on TV is mitigated by the fact that one isn't necessarily paying much attention. In a movie theatre, with nothing else to do, one is likely to become depressed. We've been told for some years now that visual excitement is what matters, but even the rare movie that is extraordinary to look at may be demoralizing. When it's obvious that the picture is going nowhere, there's an awful letdown of expectations, and for most people there seems to be nothing left but dumb submission; walking out may be too positive an act for the depressed state one falls into.

YET even those who go enough to know how awful movies have been this year say, "But what else is there? Bad as they are, movies are better than the theatre." However, the thing that has happened to the theatre in the past decade is happening now to movies. On the average, Americans go to only seven movies a year. And as there were scarcely seven halfway good American movies for them to go to last year (and few from abroad), chances are they'll go to even fewer in 1971. "There's a Girl in My Soup" reminds you of why you stopped going to Broadway comedies. One never even knows what the principal characters are meant to be; it's not merely that this movie has no connection with any people who ever lived but that it doesn't sustain its own artifices. It's like going to see "Swan Lake" and finding that no one knew the dancers should be trained to get on their points.

When movies were bad a decade ago, it wasn't such a serious matter; despite the greatness of some films, movies in general weren't expected to be more than casual, light entertainment. You weren't expected to get your ideas of artistic possibilities from movies. I remember seeing "To Have and Have Not" the night it opened, in 1944, and I remember how everyone loved it, but if anyone I knew had said that it was a masterpiece comparable to the greatest works of literature or drama, he would have been laughed at as a fool who obviously didn't know literature or drama. Now, by and large, even the college-educated moviegoer isn't expected to, and the media constantly apply superlatives to works that lack even the spirit and energy of a "To Have and Have Not."

WHAT must it be like for those who know and love only movies, and not literature as well? Even if they don't consciously miss it, surely the loss of the imaginative ranging over experience is irreparable.

There's been almost no fight for it. Fiction has been abandoned casually and quickly. There haven't even been journalists to defend it. On TV talk shows, the hosts have generally given up even the pretense of having read the books that are being plugged. There are several cooking celebrities on TV but no TV personality who discusses books. If you ask college students to name half a dozen movie critics, they have no trouble supplying names. If you ask them to name three book critics, they flounder, and finally one of them may triumphantly recall the name of a critic who abandoned regular reviewing before they were born.

IF a movie is a bowdlerization of a book and the movie's director is acclaimed for his artistry, surely something has gone askew. In some cases, directors add virtually nothing, and diminish and cheapen what was in the original, and yet the fraction of the original they manage to reproduce is sufficient to make their reputations.

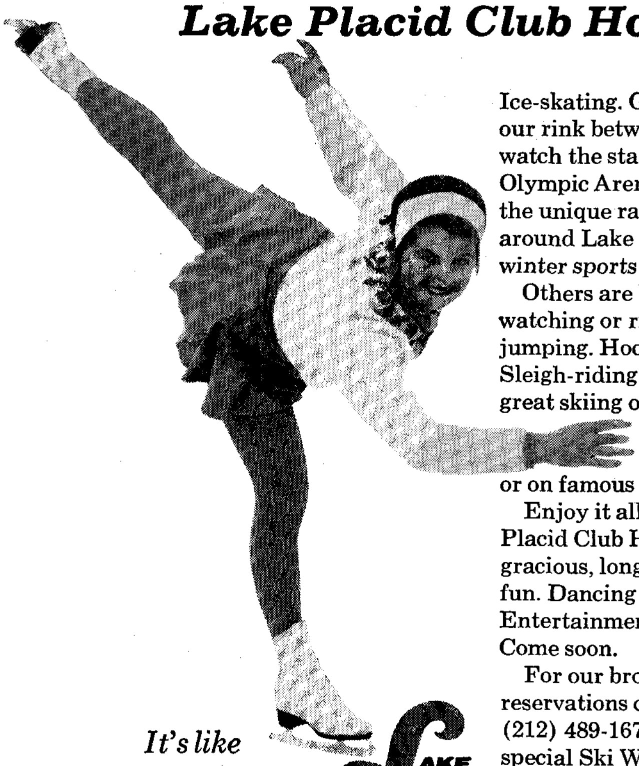
FILM theorists often say that film art is, "by its nature," closest to painting and music, but all these years movie companies haven't been buying paintings and symphonies to adapt, they've been buying plays and novels. And although the movies based on those plays and novels have visual and rhythmic qualities, their basic material has nevertheless come from the theatre and from books.

When a movie based on a book goes wrong but one isn't sure exactly how or why, one of the best ways to find out is to go to the book. The changes that have been made in the course of the adaptation frequently upset the structure, the characterizations, and the theme itself.

Generally speaking, when people become angry if you refer to the original novel or play while you're discussing a movie, it means they haven't read it. Twenty years ago, they hadn't always, either, but they didn't feel they didn't need to. McLuhanism and the media have broken the back of the book business; they've freed people from the shame of not reading. They've rationalized becoming stupid and watching television.

And television has become the principal advertising medium for movies. Even the few talk shows that held out against the show-biz personalities for a while are now loaded with movie people plugging away and often inflicting pain and embarrassment by trying to sing. Talk shows are becoming amateur hours for professionals.

ALTHOUGH good movies have often been made from inferior books, in the last few years I've been embarrassed to discover that even when movies have been made from books that aren't especially worth reading, the books are still often superior. That is to say, even our second- and third-string writers have more complex sensibilities than the movies that cannibalize them. A very minor novel like Ken



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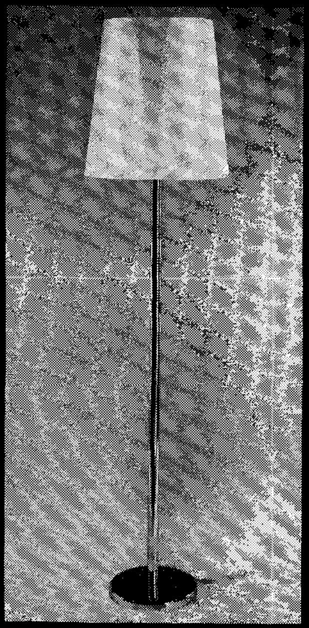

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Kolb's "Getting Straight" is a case in point. And I think reading Thomas Berger's "Little Big Man"—which is almost a major novel—is probably stronger than the movie even as a visual experience. American fiction seems to have reached a fairly high plateau at the very time when college students were deciding movies were more interesting. They didn't make that decision without encouragement from the media. *Would* they have made it without encouragement? I don't know. But the new dominance of Pop is the culmination of processes that have been at work in the mass media for many years. Gradually, as the things people used to fear would happen happened, ways were found to refer to the changes positively instead of negatively, and so "the herd instinct" that mass culture was expected to lead to became "the new tribalism."

IF some people would rather see the movie than read the book, this may be a fact of life that we must allow for, but let's not pretend that people get the same things out of both, or that nothing is lost. The media-hype encourages the sacrifice of literature.

Movies are good at action; they're not good at reflective thought or conceptual thinking. They're good for immediate stimulus, but they're not a good means of involving people in the other arts or in learning about a subject. The film techniques themselves seem to stand in the way of the development of curiosity.

Movies don't help you to develop independence of mind. They don't give you much to mull over, and they don't give you the data you need in order to consider the issues they raise.

A YOUNG film critic recently told me that he needed to read more books than he did before he got the job—that he felt empty after seeing films daily. I don't have any doubts about movies' being a great art form, and what makes film criticism so peculiarly absorbing is observing—and becoming involved in—the ongoing battle of art and commerce. But movies alone are not enough: a steady diet of mass culture is a form of deprivation. Most movies are shaped by calculations about what will sell; the question they're asking about new projects in Hollywood is "In what way is it like 'Love Story'?"

A teacher writes that "literate students are getting into the terms of film and the history of film in the same way that they have always got into the terms of literature, for example, and the history and evolution of that art form." If movies had become what they might be, this would make sense, but to study mass culture in the same terms as traditional art forms is to accept the shallowness of mass culture. It could mean that the schools are beginning to accept the advertisers' evaluations; the teachers don't want to be left behind, either.

THE Faulkner who collaborated on the screenplay for "To Have and Have Not" is not commensurate with the Faulkner of the novels. Faulkner's work for hire is fun, but it's not his major work (though, as things are going, he and many other writers may remain known only for the hackwork they did to support the work they cared about). Yet until writers as well as directors can bring their full powers to American movies, American movies are not going to be the works of imagination and daring that the media claim they are already.

WRITERS who go to Hollywood still follow the classic pattern: either you get disgusted by "them" and you leave or you want the money and you become them.

Allowing for exceptions, there is still one basic difference between the traditional arts and the mass-media arts: in the traditional arts, the artist grows; in a mass medium, the artist decays profitably.

From indications in the press, the new line will be that the moviemakers have had too much freedom; the unstated corollary is that the businessmen know what's best. Moviemakers need more freedom, not less, or they'll never work through the transitional stage that American movies are in. If Hollywood tries to return to its childhood via romantic slop, movies will just get worse and worse. But if the advertisers and the media can blur the distinction between movies that are made in freedom as collaborative forms of expression and movies that are packaged, how many moviemakers will be strong enough to fight against success?

THE film medium is too expensive for the kind of soft, sweet college students who want to work in it. Some of the most talented are lovely innocents; they will be the first to fall.

The great men of the screen have had to be tough; perhaps because of this, the great men of the screen have been crazy men. Jean Renoir is the only proof that it is possible to be great and sane in movies, and he hasn't worked often in recent years.

—PAULINE KAEL

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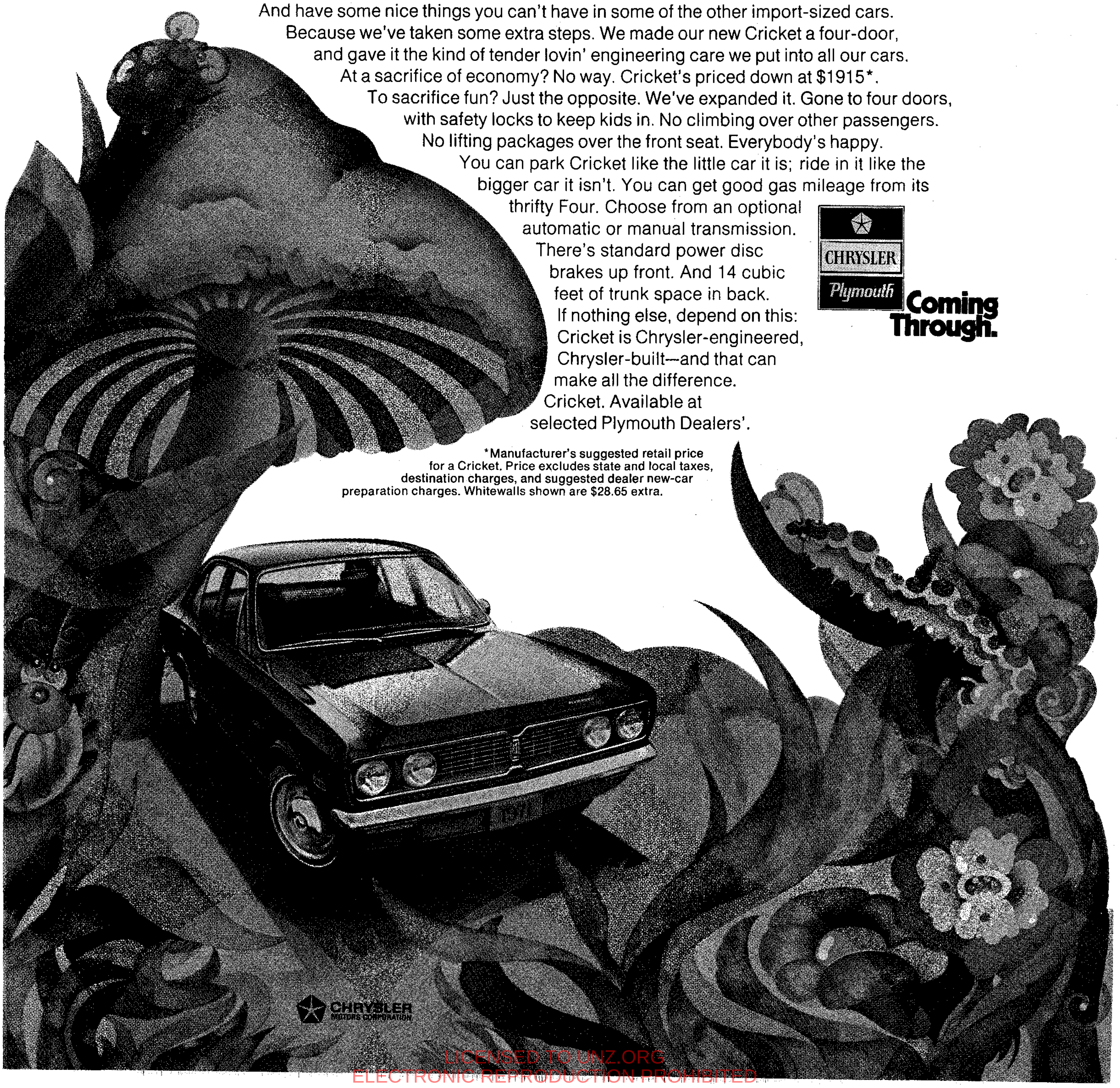

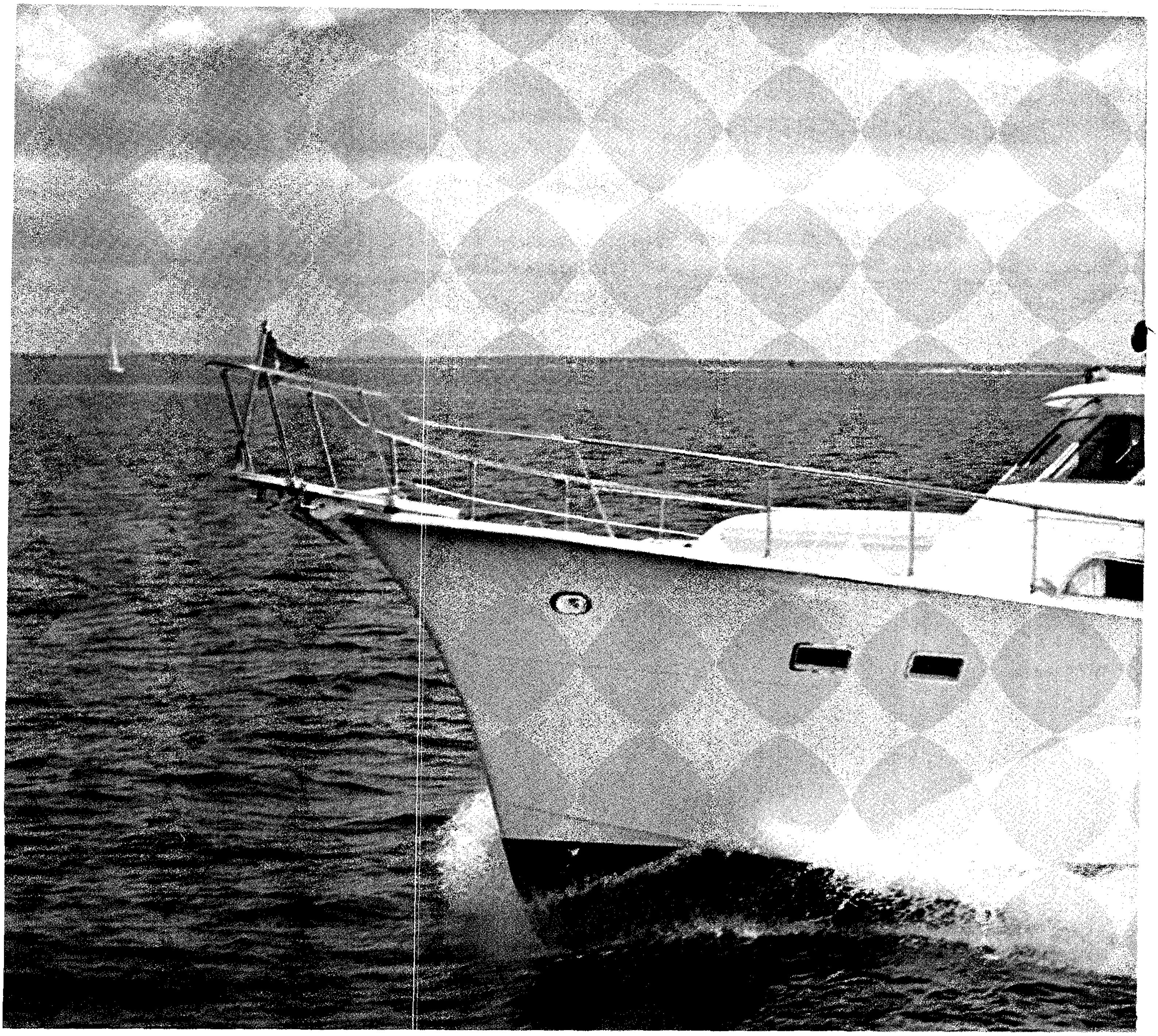

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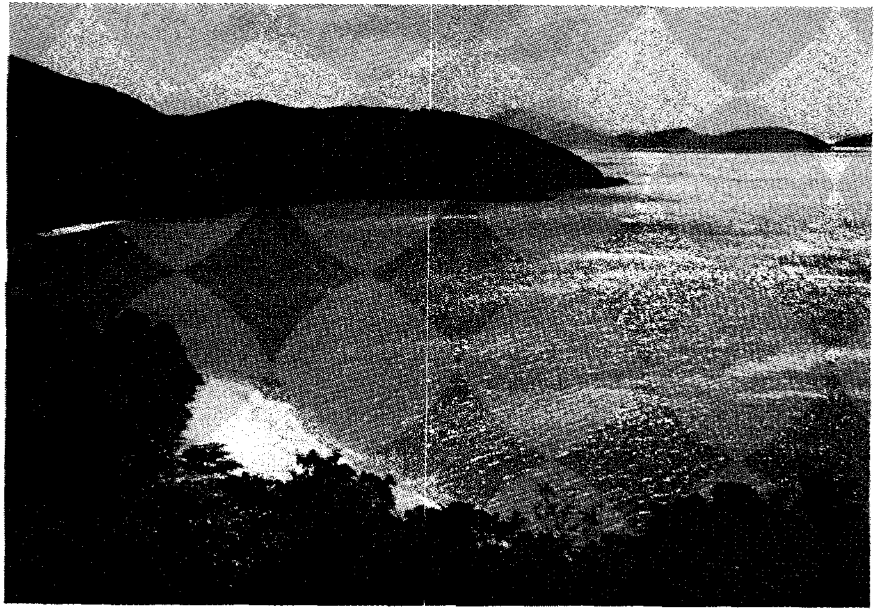

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 15

FOR some weeks now, the word from the mobile unit known as the White House has been that the President will this year devote most of his attention—or, at least, more of it than formerly—to domestic affairs. Since there are few politicians of any persuasion who nowadays address the public without working in a call for the "reordering of priorities," this meets approval just about everywhere, though many people are given to private doubts about the impact of Presidential "attention" on the political, economic, and social climate. There is probably something still to be said for Theodore Roosevelt's "bully-pulpit" theory of the Presidency, but a pulpit without a gifted preacher and a trusting congregation is just a piece of furniture. Eloquence has never been Richard Nixon's forte, and there has been a sharp national decline in receptiveness to sermons. En route from the Western executive mansion to the older one in the East, the President, addressing himself to the young and their concerns, tried his hand at uplift before nine thousand students and faculty members at the University of Nebraska; he couldn't have sounded more sympathetic, but he got a hearing rather than an accolade, and he shared the platform with campus leaders wearing black armbands. And even if his announcement that he planned to merge the Peace Corps with VISTA and other agencies had been received as a consummation devoutly to be wished, rather than as the bureaucratic reshuffling it appears to be, he would not have been much ahead of the game. For while it is obviously beneficial for a President to do what he can to improve his standing with the young, particularly now that the franchise has been extended to those between eighteen and twenty-one, Nixon's most pressing domestic problems at the moment have little to do with the young, or even, for that matter, with politics—except, of course, in the sense that politics and public opinion in one way or another impinge on all problems in a democratic society.

The price of steel and the wage demands of steelworkers are not arrived at by asking politicians or the public what they think is best; in fact, the economic leverage of politicians and political institutions seems to be feebler now than at any time in the recent past, particularly when it comes to such determinants of economic stability as wages and prices in basic industries and basic services. Critics of the Administration say that this would not be the case if the President were disposed to make full and imaginative use of his authority and to seek the coöperation of Congress in exercising it. There may be something in their contention, and certainly a government prepared to impose really Draconian solutions—forced nationalization, for example—could bring its economy under control. In the specific case of steel, it may be that threats to draw more heavily on foreign markets will lead the producers to limit their increases to something less than the twelve-per-cent rise that has been announced by one company—and if that happens the steelworkers may modify their demands accordingly. But this latter prospect seems dim at the moment, and even if it should come to pass it would be anti-inflationary only to the extent that the spiralling process would be somewhat shortened. In any case, there is evidence on every hand that the disrespect for authority which, accompanied by a disregard for the public interest, is so regularly deplored is nowhere more deeply rooted than among those contesting for what they conceive to be their rightful share of money and other forms of economic power. Many businessmen and many labor leaders, some of whom sound as zealous about law and order as the Attorney General, hold the courts in as much contempt as any of the people who openly proclaim contempt and have on occasion been found guilty of that legal offense. Indeed, disrespect for authority has once again spread to authority itself—to the police who symbolize it and, when on the job, enforce it.

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ministration has managed somewhat to lower the rate of inflation, and it may be that if things get no worse than they are—if inflation slows and the recession does not deepen—the electorate will be mollified on the "economic issue." Then the President will be able to direct his attention to what his new adviser on congressional relations, former Representative Clark MacGregor, of Minnesota, today described as the Administration's "bring-us-together" programs—as distinct, the perhaps overly candid adviser explained, from the "divide-us" programs of the past two years. In a way, MacGregor, an able politician who is out of elective office only because he made the sacrificial gesture of opposing Hubert Humphrey for the Senate last year, was selling his Administration a bit short, for most of the programs he had in mind had been put before the last Congress and—particularly toward the end of the session—had had fairly strong Presidential endorsement. They failed of passage for a variety of reasons, one of which may have been Administration tactlessness and ineptitude in dealing with Congress. These are failings that MacGregor now hopes to remedy. (There are probably *no* jobs in government that change hands more often than those of the men in the executive branch charged with congressional liaison. They come and go far more frequently than did the Premiers of postwar France and Italy.) MacGregor, who has placed an order for lapel buttons reading "I Care About Congress," to be distributed to White House staff members, says he sees signs of an "increasing receptivity" among senators and representatives to Administration proposals on revenue sharing, family assistance, extended Social Security benefits, and a new national health program. If he is proved right, it will be an interesting phenomenon for political scientists to explore, since, despite all that has happened in this country in the past two years, the balance of forces in Congress was changed hardly at all by last November's elections. Not only is the balance approximately the same; the faces are mostly the same also. This state of affairs must have come as a great surprise to many Administration planners, some of whom were in a state of near panic over getting the "liberal" programs through last year, because they had convinced themselves that the Ninety-first Congress would be the last for years that would be in the least sympathetic to these measures. Despite John Mitchell's shortcomings as

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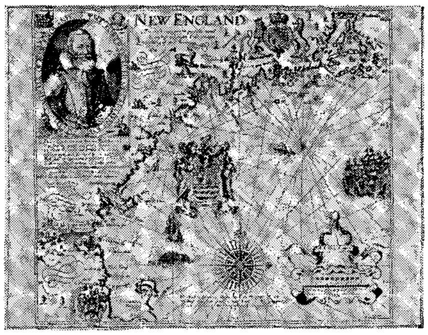

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a prophet, everyone seemed to think he had proclaimed a self-evident truth when he said, "This country is going so far right that you are not even going to recognize it." It was an acceptance of this judgment on the future that led Daniel Patrick Moynihan to say early last year that if the family-assistance program, of which he was the principal author, failed to be approved in 1970, it would be at least a decade before it would be even considered again.

Before long, it and the other measures will be taken up by the new Congress, which in the main is the old Congress newly reëlected. Offhand, it would seem that the new Congress will turn in the same kind of performance. Presidential lobbying, though its effectiveness in this period of history may be overrated, can be of some help in the Congress, especially if it is accompanied by an abandonment of Presidential arm-twisting on matters that provoke strong congressional resistance—such as the ABM and the nominations of Clement F. Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court. However that may be, the President must now do his lobbying among oppositionists who have probably been emboldened—by the elections and by the decline in the Administration's popularity—to persist in their old ways. Many Democrats are now quite confident that they can recapture the White House in 1972, and that their chances will be improved if they can deny Nixon the credit for reforms that they generally approve of and would like to see initiated under Democratic auspices. Appeals to rise above partisanship are most successful when there is little to be gained by continuing to play partisan politics. It would be surprising if many Democrats felt that this is the situation at present. To act very obviously on such a judgment is, of course, to invite justifiable charges of irresponsibility. But charges of irresponsibility were repeatedly made against the Democrats last year, and with little effect. There is, to be sure, another strategy available to the Democrats, which is to go along with the President and then claim for themselves the credit he would like to claim for his Presidency. This was Lyndon Johnson's strategy during the Eisenhower years. But that was a very different period, partly because Eisenhower was a very different sort of President from any of his successors. Eisenhower was invulnerable; Nixon is clearly vulnerable, and what happens to Nixon's legislative program is likely to be determined by

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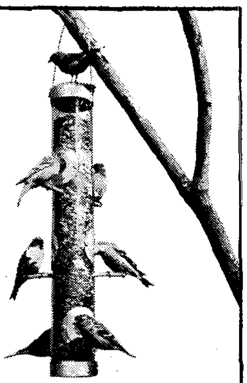

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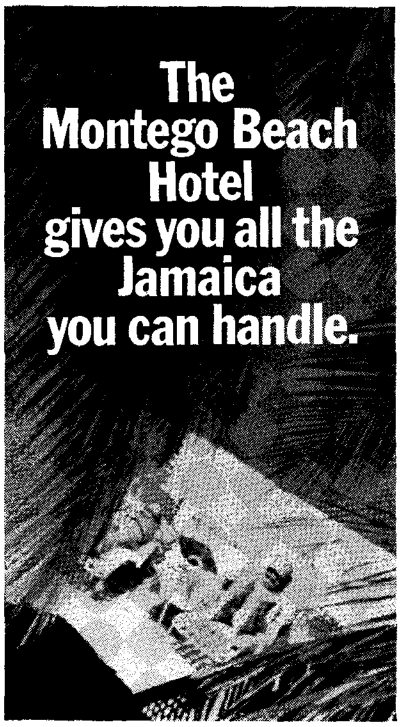

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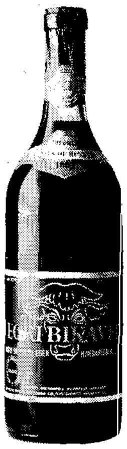

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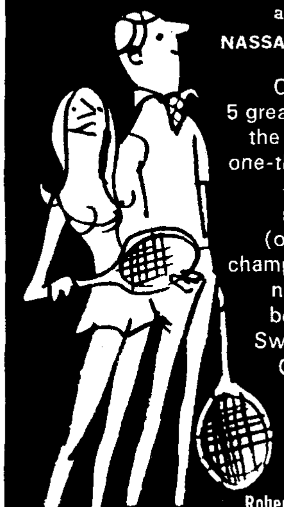

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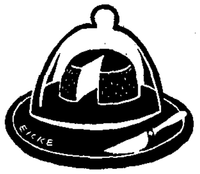
WHILE everyone thinks, or professes to think, that it is a splendid idea to have the President concentrate on domestic affairs, there are some who are not persuaded that this will really happen, and even a few who think it might be dangerous if it did. The war is far from ended, and even when it *is* ended, there will be no return to the *status quo ante*. There are many doubts about both the feasibility and the desirability of "Vietnamization" and more doubts about "the Nixon Doctrine," but the general view is that the President believes in them—though probably more as solutions to specifically American problems than as solutions to Southeast Asian problems or problems of American foreign policy. "Vietnamization" is at best a code word for "Bring the troops home," and "the Nixon Doctrine" a code phrase for "No more Vietnams." To the extent that the two aims are pursued, we will reduce our forces in Southeast Asia—or, in Nixon's phrase, maintain a "low profile" there. In themselves, these seem unassailable aims, and few people are bothered by the fact that they are cloaked in Aesopian language. What disturbs many, though, is that while we are manifestly changing our military policy, there are no signs that we are even thinking of changing the foreign policy that led to our military involvement in the first place. The President's enthusiasm for the Cold War may not be quite what it was when he was Vice-President, and, like any even halfway sane man in the nuclear age, he prefers "negotiation" to "confrontation." But in Vietnam, and in Asia generally, he and we are stuck with the diplomatic policies formulated at the height of the Cold War—with objectives that we failed to achieve by force of arms and are now committed to pursuing largely with talk and proxy soldiers.



The withdrawal from Vietnam has been accompanied by, and in part caused by, a general disenchantment with military ventures of any sort, plus a desire, shared by the Administration, to cut military spending. There is at least a hope that in time the military budget will be considerably reduced, with consequent benefits to competing civilian agencies and institutions. Since few people, even in the Pentagon, really believe that our national security requires all the forces—nuclear and conventional—that we now maintain, few object to reductions. But the danger that is perceived is that we remain bound, contractually and to some extent ideologically, to such purposes as "self-determination" in South Vietnam, the "containment" of China, and opposition to all Communist-led "wars of national liberation." The Nixon Doctrine reaffirms these purposes, but holds that the time has come when they can best be served by means other than those we have used up to now. Indeed, the President sometimes sounds like a man who has managed somehow to retain the beliefs of those liberals who once thought that a few lessons in contour plowing and civics would make democracy flourish anywhere. "Experience has shown that the best means of dealing with insurgencies is to preëmpt them through economic development and social reform," he has said. Putting aside the question of whether "experience" has shown any such thing, Earl C. Ravenal, who worked on Asian affairs in the Pentagon until two years ago, points out in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs* that this is essentially a wishful and evasive statement of the problem. He writes, "The hard question remains: What if these 'best means' are not successful? Under *those* conditions what kind of solutions does the Nixon Doctrine envisage?" And he finds the President explaining, "A direct combat role for U.S. general-purpose forces arises primarily when insurgency has shaded into external aggression or when there is an overt conventional attack. In such cases, we shall weigh our interests and our commitments, and we shall consider the efforts of our allies, in determining our response." In other words, in the event of another Vietnam we would approach the matter more circumspectly and perhaps judge by sterner standards the capabilities of the government we were being called upon to help defend.

No leader of a great power in today's world could be expected to foreclose entirely the possibility of armed intervention in other people's wars and revolutions; to do so would be to get out of the power game altogether, and to have no excuse for military forces other than those required to repel invasion of the homeland. But this Administration is making it quite clear, by words and acts, that it doesn't want any more ground wars, at least in Asia. Thus, intent as it seems to be on preserving the old Cold War objectives, it can pursue those objectives militarily only with air and sea power. It can drop bombs from the sky and shoot off missiles from land and sea emplacements. But we know from the course of the war in Vietnam that bombing—"conventional" bombing, anyway—hasn't worked even when used in conjunction with large land forces. Therefore, the only possible "escalation" of an air war would be a resort to nuclear weapons. Again, as Ravenal puts it, "the basic question is whether the Nixon doctrine is an honest policy that will fully fund the worldwide and Asian commitments it proposes to maintain, or whether it conceals a drift toward nuclear defense or an acceptance of greater risk of local defeat." The use of the word "conceal" is not pejorative. There can be very few people here who think that Administration policy is calculated to hide some secret intent to blow up the world. But there are many who think that it has been improvised under heavy political and economic pressures, and that its logic, if not its morality, is gravely faulted and dangerous.

There is one way in which the military side of the policy could be rendered logical and reasonably safe, and that would be to lower our political sights in Southeast Asia at the same time we lower our military profile. We could reassess our national interests in Asia and conclude, even by the Cold War standards of the early fifties, that they are less vital than they once were, or less vital than we once thought they were. Twenty years ago, a case could be made for the long-range policies we still adhere to. China, then formally allied with the Soviet Union, did appear to menace—potentially, if not immediately—most of its neighbors. Indonesia was a pro-Communist power that seemed likely in time to become a menace to its neighbors. Japan had no military and very little economic strength. China was not then a great military power—it is probably only a middling one now—but it seemed that it could prevail anywhere it wanted by sheer force of numbers, and no other country nearby was in a position to resist on its own. But all that has long since changed, and William P. Bundy, once a leading hawk and an Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, argues, in the same issue of *Foreign Affairs* that contains the Ravenal article, that events of recent and not so recent years not only justify but require a scaling down of earlier estimates of our interest in Southeast Asia. He reports that the Johnson Administration came close to doing exactly this five years ago. In 1966, he recalls, George

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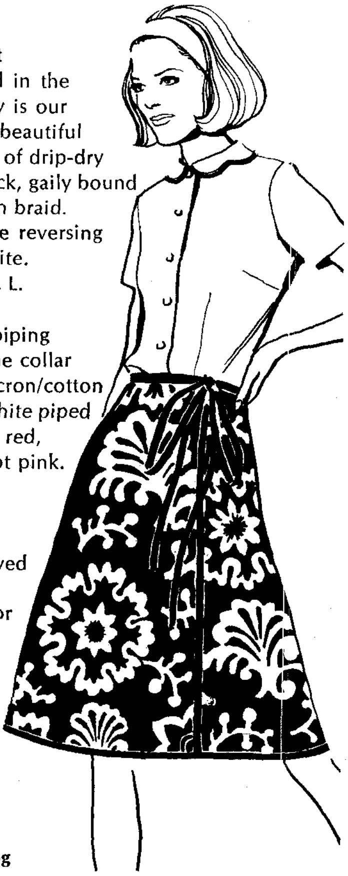

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Kennan suggested that "the change in *Indonesia alone [the downfall of the* Sukarno regime] had removed one strong argument for sticking it out in Vietnam." The point, he says, "was not lost within the Administration" and "would have had real weight" if the political situation in Vietnam had been in a slightly more advanced state of deterioration. And even before that there had been the Sino-Soviet split and the reëmergence of Japan. In any event, he says, it is now clear that "the real estate of the Southeast Asia mainland is not militarily crucial to any great nation or vitally threatening to any other. . . . The economic resources of Southeast Asia are . . . important to all the powers but vital to none [and] even the geographic importance of Southeast Asia may have been exaggerated."

This rather sanguine appraisal is in seeming contrast to some views that were expressed by Asian scholars who met at the Twenty-eighth International Congress of Orientalists, in Canberra, last week. Most of the participants evidently were in agreement with Richard C. Butwell, of the American University here, that "the conclusion seems inescapable that the rest of the nineteen-seventies will be even more bloody, destructive, and tragic than the past ten years." But the troubles foreseen by the delegates to this congress were not of the kind that lend themselves to elimination by an American military presence or by the continuation of a view of Asia formulated decades ago. The delegates had mainly in mind such things as famine, disease, civil and tribal warfare, and urbanization. The Nixon Doctrine, however interpreted and applied, can do little to help Southeast Asia or any of the rest of Asia solve the problems that have grown out of Asian history and—in part, at least—out of the history of the Western role in the East. On the contrary, it could, if applied in certain ways, do much to exacerbate them. But a realization that our strategic and economic interests in Asia are less than "vital" and don't have to be expressed in an elaborate military and political "doctrine" might free us to be of some assistance with the matters that will be of real importance to the Asian masses in coming years.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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THE RACE TRACK

Hialeah Opening

RACING in Florida never really begins to be worth talking about till Hialeah opens, which it did last Saturday. So here we are again. To this TV watcher, the opening was a good show, and the broadcast was first-class. It was easy to account for the generally ecstatic reception that greeted Lion Sleeps before the Super Bowl Handicap, for he'd won his last four starts at Tropical Park. But there was an even bigger reception for him after he won it, dominating the scene from start to finish as he led True North, Spotted Line, Silent Screen, and six others. His time for the six furlongs was 1:10, but he didn't have to run any faster than that to pass the post a length and a half to the good. A rangy five-year-old bay gelding by Johnasark out of What a Bird, he did not race at two and was claimed early last season from his breeder, Harbor View Farm, for $10,000 by Celestino DiLibero, for whom he's earned $138,722. Silent Screen, rated the best two-year-old of 1969 but a disappointment to his stable last year, was making his first start since he finished down the course in a race at a mile and a sixteenth at Liberty Bell last August. He looked fine, and was as good as third at one point, but he tired and finished sixth.

Al Hattab won the Tropical Park Handicap, which wound up fifty-two days at the track in Coral Gables. Wearing down Judgable halfway from home in the mile-and-a-furlong gallop, he went on to win comfortably. Dorileo was third. Attendance and betting at Tropical were down sharply from last year's totals, but the meeting followed the session of "summer racing" that began in May so closely that I've a notion Miami horseplayers were a little track-sore. Hialeah's opening was big; the crowd of 28,126 was close to a record, and the mutuel handle was $2,684,103.

SANTA ANITA is just booming along, with big crowds and lively racing. To begin things, Bold Joey beat a dozen runners, among them June Darling, in the California Breeders' Champion Stakes, and is now fancied for the Derby, on April 3rd. Also for the record, Cougar II, a Chilean-bred, showed a smart effort on the grass in the San Gabriel; King of Cricket won the Malibu; and last weekend Ack Ack won the San Carlos, turning the tables on Jungle Savage, who had beaten him in the Palos Verdes. Incidentally, the Alessios are out with the opening line of odds in their Caliente future book on the Santa Anita Handicap, which will be run on March 13th. Personality, who is pointed for the Strub Stakes a month earlier, is the favorite, at 5–1; Ack Ack and Fiddle Isle are 6–1 each; and Cougar II is 8–1. There are also plenty of long shots.

WELL, there was no off-course betting in New York last week. A jurisdictional labor dispute blocked it at Yonkers Raceway, and the same thing is likely to happen when Roosevelt Raceway opens in March. Another problem is that the New York Racing Association has declined to pay for the installation of the Off-Track Betting Corporation's computer equipment at Aqueduct, Belmont Park, and Saratoga, which could cost close to a million dollars. So I'll not even try to guess when you'll be able to drop in at one of those betting shops around town and buy a ticket on your fancy.

AS expected, a bill was introduced in the legislature in Albany on January 11th to legalize Sunday racing at both the thoroughbred and the trotting tracks. It went through channels to committees. They do things quicker in Delaware. On January 12th, a bill to allow Delaware Park to conduct Sunday racing was dropped in the hopper. It has passed the State Senate, and the chances are that it will have passed the House of Representatives and been signed by the Governor before you read this. —AUDAX MINOR

•

LONDON, England (Reuters)—British customs officers seized 407 pounds of macaroni aboard a ship from marijuana hidden in packs of India, it was learned Saturday. The haul, estimated to be worth at least $100,000, is one of the largest ever seized in Britain.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

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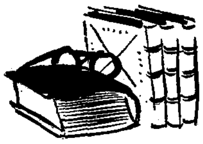


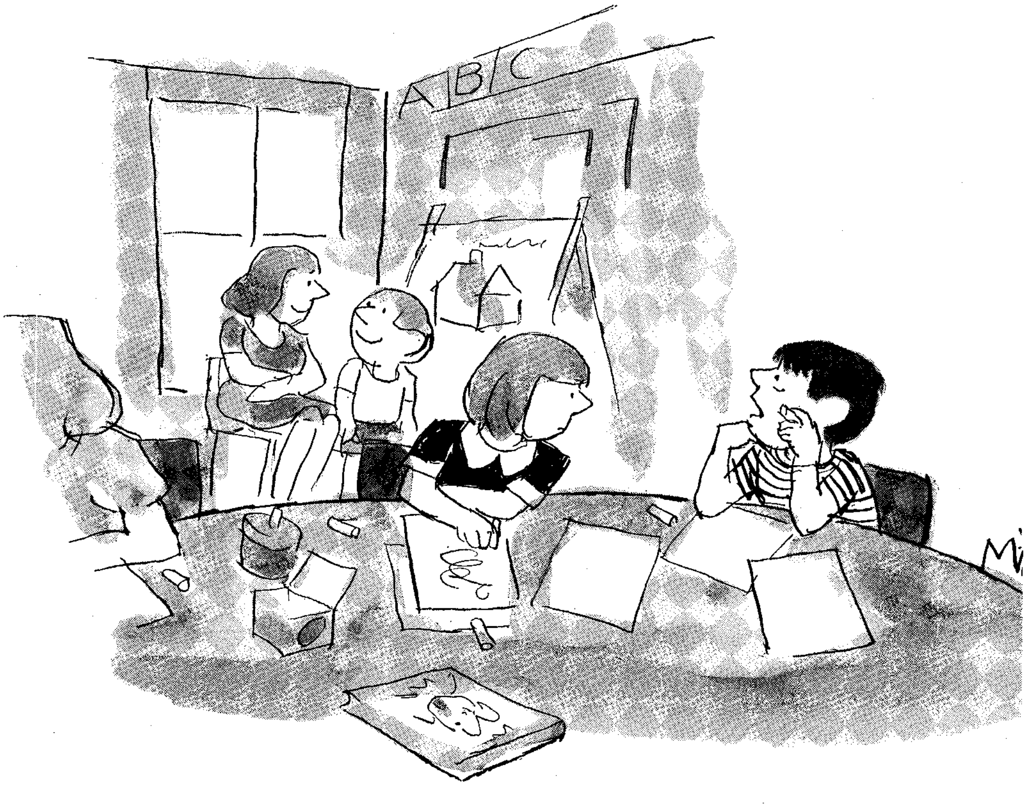
MAY I say an intemperate word about book publishing? It seems to me that, because of the proliferation and promotion of books of nonfiction (many of which, like "The Sensuous Woman," are also books of nonfact), the worthy first novel faces its gloomiest day. Movie sales are down and other subsidiary sources of revenue are threatened by the economy, so it's a brave publisher who will take on the first book of an unknown novelist, and an even braver one who will invest enough to save the book from eclipse by the surefire bestsellers on his own and other lists. And there is the notorious reluctance of reviewers to report on books by unknown people—a reluctance often matched by their eagerness to review the next bestseller, if only to put it down with vast scorn and thus revalidate their literary credentials. (Some publications of the highest reputation almost totally ignore the work of deserving new writers.)

My outburst is prompted by the critical neglect of two fine first novels published late in 1970. "The Killing Zone," by William Crawford Woods (Harper's Magazine Press), is one of the best books about soldiers and armies I have ever read; "The Bluest Eye," by Toni Morrison (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is one of the most painful and acute studies of black childhood I have ever read. Each deals with the moral dilemmas of a subculture in our society; each is remarkably well written; each brings an immense first-hand knowledge to bear on its material without sacrificing objectivity.

WARD JUST's recent and engrossing (if perhaps inconclusive) nonfiction "Military Men" dealt with the problems of relevance and worthiness faced by the men in our Army. In "The Killing Zone," William Crawford Woods treats fictionally of these problems. Like Just, he is less concerned with the draftee—who is only a temporary and unwilling part of the Army—than with the experienced noncoms and officers who consider the Army a career, or a part of one. The moral tension in his short but comprehensive book is generated by the conflict between two representatives of the old Army—First Sergeant Melton, a thirty-year man who has received high decorations for bravery and has refused a commission, and Sergeant Cox, a young platoon leader who is engrossed with the ideal of excellence in a soldier's work—and Lieutenant Track, their company commander and a computer expert, who represents the matériel-mindedness of the new Army.

Melton and Cox believe, on the evidence of their own experience, in the efficacy of discipline and expertness, maintained with rigorous pride and effort, in achieving the first objectives of an infantryman: to kill and not be killed. Track, anything but a professional soldier, is obsessed by the idea of using hardware—in this case, a sophisticated computer installation—to direct small-scale infantry operations with greater efficiency from behind the lines than an officer on the spot could achieve through his own judgment and initiative. Theoretically, there is a lot to be said for Track's ideas, but his subordinates hate and fear them, because they rob the soldier of his independence in combat and they supersede his human powers of decision with, literally, inhuman ones. Between these opponents, all in camp with an advanced-training company in the Middle Atlantic states, comes Private Pendleton, a college-educated draftee who finds, not entirely to his horror, that his humane distaste for killing is being eroded by the expert and elegant instruction of Sergeant Cox and by his own aptitude for a soldier's work. The story revolves around the planning for and execution of a combat exercise designed by Track to test his theories of computer management, and carried out by his company, divided into halves to act as opposing forces. The scenes of training—the inculcation of excellence in small and apparently inconsequent, degrading, or repugnant acts as a means of building pride, independence, initiative, and the ability to survive in battle—are brilliant, with dialogue that always rings as hard as money; the scenes of philosophical consideration and debate between Track and Cox and Melton, while sometimes portentous and unbelievable in dialogue, lead to conclusions of the highest importance for all of us, including this one:

> A glance expressing this went between them, and then they looked away and dismissed it; not because they feared sentiment—that Cox was close to being Mel-



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ton's son was too clear to be at issue or even of special interest—but because between men of taste the elaboration of virtues basic to their character is unattractive and unnecessary. They shared something that Lieutenant Track was not likely to know a great deal about—just honor, really. On the other hand, he did know a great deal about machines, and quite possibly that is a higher virtue just now.

And here is Melton as he considers explaining his idea of honor to Track:

> The only other option was to open that core of himself which was wedded to the center of the idea of the Army, and he would not do that for a uniformed civilian whose weapons were neither idea nor flesh, but sediment from technology, which so often weds science to crime, which makes armies stronger and armed men weak.

I will not deprive Mr. Woods' dénouement of its force and logic by telling it to you here; I do not think that you will be disappointed when you read it.

TONI MORRISON'S "The Bluest Eye" couldn't be more different. She is dealing with children, not men; she is dealing with the forties, not the present; she is dealing with the black subculture, not the military one. But the biggest difference is that she is dealing with people to whom no ultimate glory is possible. (One of her characters thinks, "There is sure to be a glory"—but that, pointedly, is in the afterlife.) She writes, affectingly and often in the freshest, simplest, and most striking prose, of young Frieda and Claudia MacTeer (Claudia is the narrator) and their friend Pecola, who is growing up with them in the steelmaking Cleveland suburb of Lorain in 1941. Pecola feels that blue eyes are a talisman of whiteness, of pride, of security, and she seeks them through prayer, through the intercession of a spoiled priest who has become a "reader and advisor," and, ultimately, through madness, when she believes blue eyes have been granted her. In carrying the reader through this short and tragic story, Miss Morrison carefully and powerfully builds up the dossiers of Pecola and the people around her: her father, Cholly Breedlove, driven to alcoholism, brutality, and incest by a life of appalling oppression and dislocation; her mother, Pauline Williams, driven back into her bitter and hard-bitten self by Cholly's rage and by the unbearable misery of her life; Soaphead Church, the "reader and advisor," who, having turned his back on life and become a quasi-hermit, finds that he has almost godlike power over the lives of others; Frieda and Claudia, whose life is only

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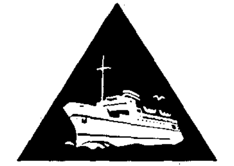

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marginally less hopeless than the Breedloves'. She gives us a fresh, close look at the lives of terror and decorum of those Negroes who want to get on in a white man's world—Negroes who would now be scorned as Uncle Toms; she puts her compassionate finger on the role of crude fantasy in sustaining hope, as in the experience of Pecola's mother:

> I 'member one time I went to see Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. I fixed my hair up like I'd seen hers on a magazine. A part on the side, with one little curl on my forehead. It looked just like her. Well, almost just like. Anyway, I sat in that show with my hair done up that way and had a good time. I thought I'd see it through to the end again, and I got up to get me some candy. I was sitting back in my seat, and I taken a big bite of that candy, and it pulled a tooth right out of my mouth. I could of cried. I had good teeth, not a rotten one in my head. I don't believe I ever did get over that. There I was, five months pregnant, trying to look like Jean Harlow, and a front tooth gone. Everything went then. Look like I just didn't care no more after that. I let my hair go back, plaited it up, and settled down to just being ugly.

Here again we see, as the overriding motif of this book, the desirability of whiteness, or, as the next-best thing, the imitation of whiteness; as a corollary, blackness is perceived as ugliness, a perception that must surely have given rise in later years to the overcompensatory counter-statement "Black is beautiful."

"The Bluest Eye" is not flawless. Miss Morrison's touching and disturbing picture of the doomed youth of her race is marred by an occasional error of fact or judgment. She places the story in a frame of the bland white words of a conventional school "reader"—surely an unnecessary and unsubtle irony. She writes an occasional false or bombastic line: "They were through with lust and lactation, beyond tears and terror." She permits herself some inconsistencies: the real name of Soaphead Church is given as both Elihue Micah Whitcomb and Micah Elihue Whitcomb. None of this matters, though, beside her real and greatly promising achievement: to write truly (and sometimes very beautifully) of every generation of blacks—the young, their parents, their rural grandparents—in this country thirty years ago, and, I'm afraid, today.

—L. E. SISSMAN

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THE MAKING OF A SURGEON, by William A. Nolen, M.D. (Random House). Dr. Nolen, now in practice in Minnesota, studied medicine at

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Tufts and trained in the Cornell Division at Bellevue Hospital. This book is an account of his training—a year of interneship, two years as an assistant resident, a year as first assistant resident, a year as chief resident. That was several years ago, but (as he knows from present experience) nothing much has changed: "It's still difficult to get a patient transferred to the psychiatry service, impossible to find enough blood. Interns often have trouble tying knots, and residents lie awake nights worrying about their decisions. Addicts still stumble in with abscesses at two o'clock in the morning, and operating on broken hips is no less hectic." It is a horrendous reminiscence, haunted by blood and bloodshed, by uncertain knots and daunting decisions, by pain and misery, by triumph and disaster, and, particularly, by the quality of hardboiled dedication that sets medicine apart from every other profession. A stirring, reassuring, truly worthwhile book. A Literary Guild selection.

THE EMERGING JAPANESE SUPERSTATE: CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE, by Herman Kahn (Prentice-Hall). This is an exceptionally engrossing study if only because it argues—and quite persuasively, too—that a culture bearing no resemblance to that of the West, where the Industrial Revolution arose, can master the most modern forms of industrialism without philosophically or emotionally Westernizing itself. Japan has never had the equivalent of Judeo-Christian monotheism, with its concomitants—the Western individual's sense of sin, on the one hand, and his insistence upon his right to equality and self-expression, on the other. But the moral convictions that the Japanese do have—for instance, their sense that there is a duty appropriate to every man, woman, and child in a hierarchical society, and their intense concern about the honor of their family, their business enterprise, and their nation—all contribute, Mr. Kahn thinks, to the country's continuing economic growth. He supposes that, having become economically the third most powerful state in the world, Japan will not long wish to play as modest a political and military part as she has since 1945. He imagines several new foreign policies that she might espouse, and the frictions that each might create. While he cautions his readers to appreciate Japanese qualities and cul-

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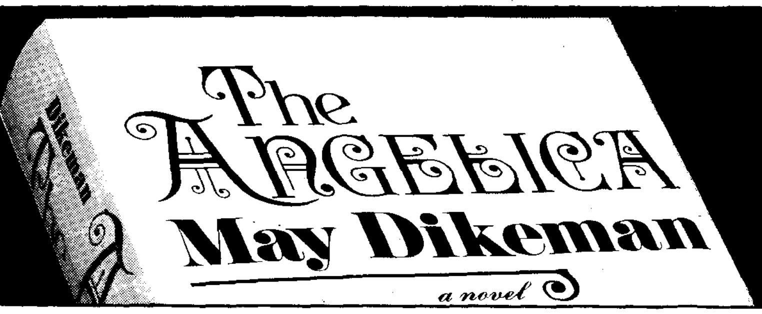

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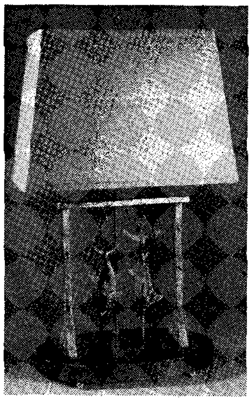

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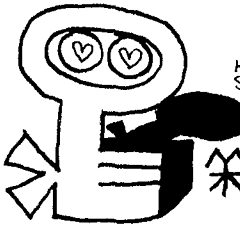

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ture in the hope of avoiding misunderstandings, he does not think that these will be grave in any case; in fact, he is extremely optimistic about what Japan can offer the rest of the world.

FIVE MILLION WORDS LATER, by Bruce Bliven (John Day). Mr. Bliven's autobiography is a document of considerable vitality; its deliberately quiet, modest, and reasonable tone is deceptive as he looks back, from the peak of his more than eighty years, on his career in American journalism. Although he reported from the theatres of many of the world's main events—from Stalinist Russia and the Europe of the dictators—he does not write in global terms; this is primarily a personal memoir. He tells of an almost period-style American boyhood on the Iowa prairies; of a hard-won education; of apprentice days on *Printers' Ink* and his first big job, as chief editorial writer on the New York *Globe;* and, to be sure, of his thirty years, twenty-three of them as editor on the *New Republic.* The *New Republic* chapters—the bulk of the book—are the most fascinating, for the editor's chair of that small but very influential weekly was an ideal vantage point for witnessing the history of our times, and for getting to know just about everyone who mattered, or thought he did.

LOUIS XI, by Paul Murray Kendall (Norton). The subject of this scholarly, appreciative, and thoroughly satisfactory biography spent his reign (1461-83) assembling France. Nation-building, then as now, was a sanguinary, uncertain process, and Louis's tale is as action-filled as any Western; by force and guile he fends off ambitious neighbors (Burgundy, England), beats down disloyal feudatories (Brittany), and cultivates tough little allies (the Swiss). Louis appealed to few of his colleagues, partly because he worsted most of them and partly because he was prudent, shrewd, and complex—nothing like the romantic, chivalrous knight that medieval warlords were taught to admire. Mr. Kendall, however, thinks we are ready to admire Louis, and he is right. Ten dollars.

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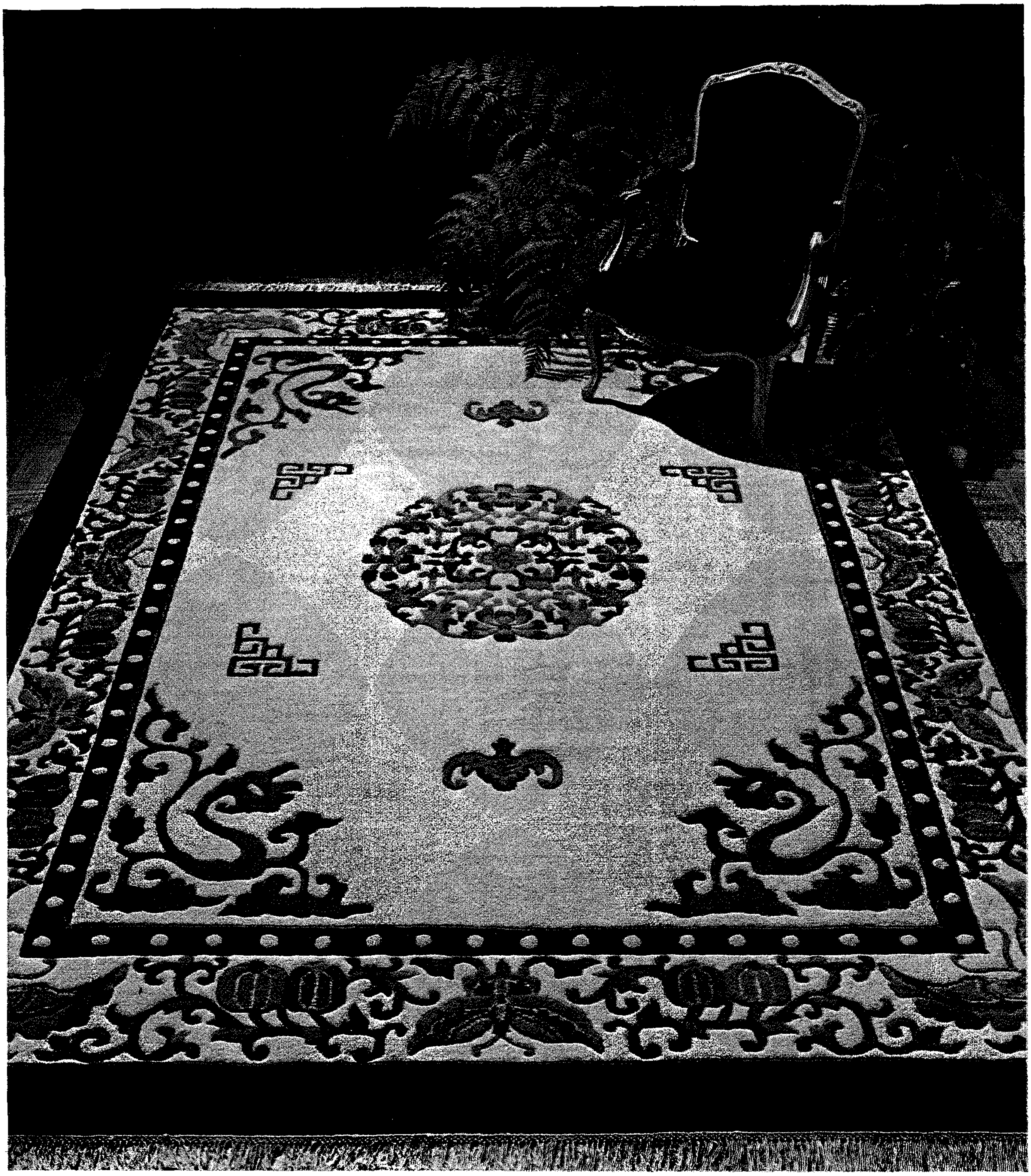

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